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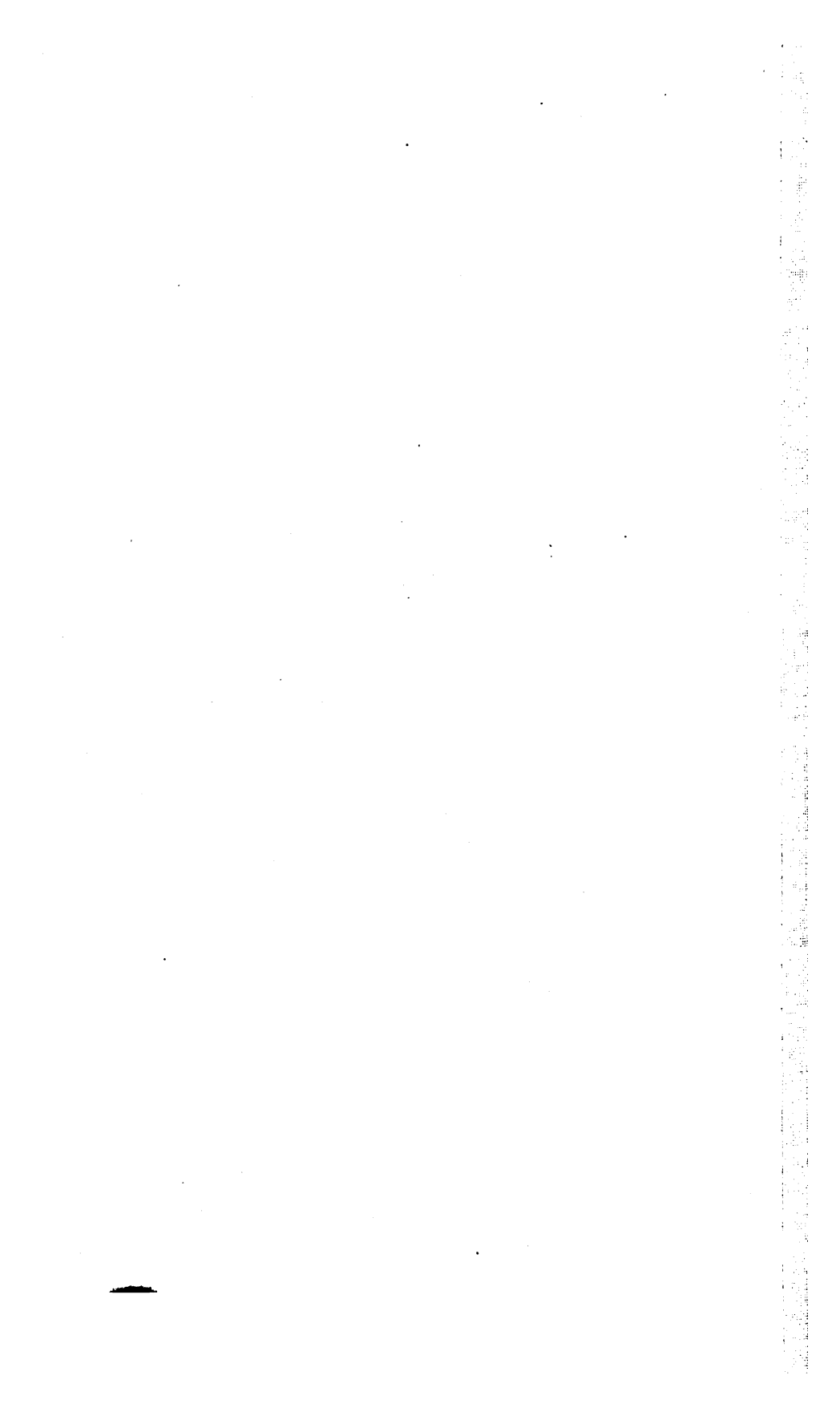
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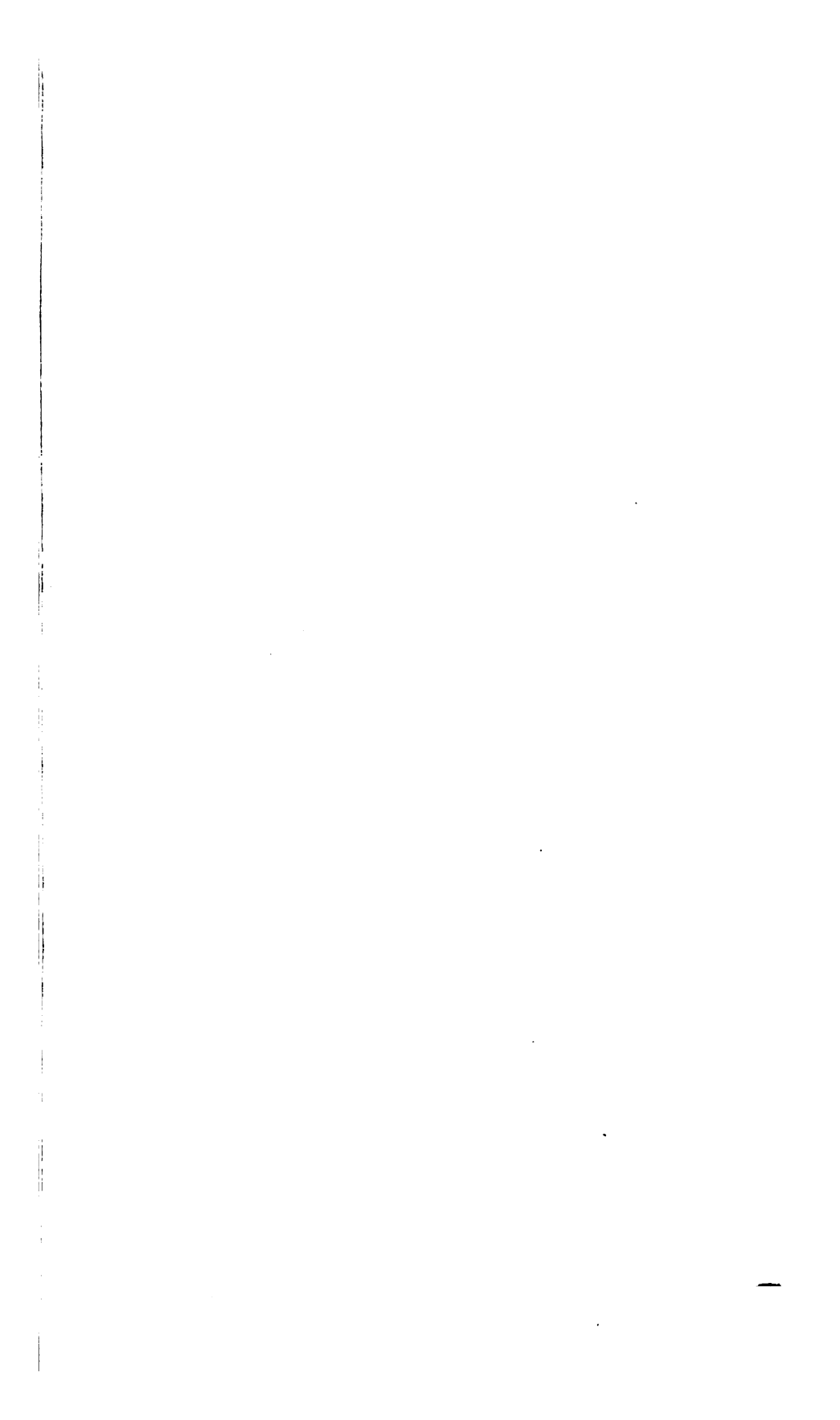


George Bancroft

Al  
(Denton)  
Denton









THE  
**Life and Errors**  
OF  
**JOHN DUNTON,**  
CITIZEN OF LONDON;  
WITH THE  
LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF MORE THAN A THOUSAND  
CONTEMPORARY DIVINES,  
AND OTHER PERSONS OF LITERARY EMINENCE.  
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
DUNTON'S CONVERSATION IN IRELAND;  
**Selections**  
FROM HIS OTHER GENUINE WORKS;  
AND A FAITHFUL PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

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VOL. II.

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# Selections

FROM

THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

JOHN DUNTON.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### DUNTON'S JOURNAL, PART II.

OR, A PANEGYRICK ON THE MOST EMINENT PERSONS FOR PIETY, LEARNING, COURAGE, MODERATION, CHARITY, AND OTHER ACCOMPLISHMENTS, NOW LIVING IN THE THREE KINGDOMS\*, 1706.

**I** SHALL begin the "Second Part of my Journal" with this assurance, that I will praise no person (whether rich or poor) but such as I think deserve it.

And the first person I intend to characterize is the *divine Sabina*; being obliged thereto by the following Letter, directed "To the Author of the Panegyrick on Eminent Persons: to be left at Claypool's Coffee-house in Swan-alley, in Birchin Lane."

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\* This and the Twelfth Chapter are selected from a small and very scarce volume published by Dunton in 1706, intituled, "The Whipping Post;" which contains nothing worth notice except what will be here extracted. EDIT.

"SIR, *Manchester, April 6, 1706.*

"I thought myself obliged, though at this distance, to make some return for the pleasure which the niceness and curiosity of your *Living History* has given me in effigy. I would have you begin your History with the Character of a Lady in these parts, commonly called 'The divine Sabina.' The accomplishments of this lady have sufficiently signalized her, though the bashfulness of her residence has done all that in it lay to shroud her from applause. I am very sensible she is like to suffer, as your most racy and generous liquors do, in the transfusion. She flourishes in her own soil, but will look faint and withering in comparison of the primitive piece. However, I hope it may provoke a hand as celebrated as her own to ravish the pencil from such a Dauber as I am about to shew myself. I confess, too, I were better have initiated my hand with an inferior draught; yet suppose me in the best circumstances, and I am only like to give it you in shade and miniature, and therefore ascribe none of the unfinished strokes to the original. I shall further add, that, if this first Character meets with encouragement, I shall send you the Characters of Dr. Row, Mr. Cunningham, Dr. Lee, &c. and of other eminent persons in Manchester.

"But to return to the Character of 'the divine Sabina.' She is a Lady by birth and fortune, and is not only an ornament to her own illustrious family, but to the age she lives in. She hath wit, not only above most of her sex, but even of that too which pretends so much to it, and values itself so much upon it; to which is joined a judgment very correct and solid—two things seldom found together in the Fair Sex. This is the reason that she never runs into those little extravagances, or commits those witty fooleries, which many of them who possess the first are guilty of for want of the latter (Wit in Women being often a very ungovernable thing); but she bears her advantages with less ostentation and more temper than those of her sex who have any excellency above the rest usually do; which is a virtue by which she is as much distinguished from them, as they are from the ordinary rank of women. She is a very good judge of persons; and as there is nobody more competently

qualified to give their opinion of another, so there is none who does it with a more severe exactness, or with less partiality; for she always speaks her mind, and spares nobody; but then (I know not how) she orders it so well, that it may be understood as an obligation; and her severest reproofs have something in them so sweet, so gentle, and so allaying of their own gall, that there is hardly any of the bitter to be found; like pills wrapt up in sweetmeats, you swallow them with a pleasing relish. And as dextrous Executioners perform their office with such a sleight, that it is with little pain, and almost insensible to the sufferers—so she manages her most *kill-ing* reflections with such admirable art and softness, that the persons concerned are never offended at it; for she does it in terms very ambiguous, like antient Oracles, that might be interpreted either way; it requires some consideration to find out which it is she intends; and what she designs as a reflection, without a very strict examination, may pass for a panegyrick.—She is extremely critical, and likes or dislikes upon great niceties. The last is much more frequent to her than the first, for she seldom finds any body to her mind: her friendship, therefore, is obtained with great difficulty, and very easily lost; for, to the keeping of it up, it is necessary one should have all that in the same degree which was the cause of her contracting it; for, upon the first discovery of any failure, her kindness fails too; that is, she cannot pass by the little errors and miscarriages of her Friends. So that it is in her Friendship as it is in Musick, where, if the instruments are not kept up to the same key and pitch, it disturbs the harmony; though, if she always continues to proceed by this rule, she will hardly ever have any very durable friendship, it being difficult for her to make it upon equal terms. She is very scrupulous in all the little and indifferent actions of her life; and a most rigorous observer of that which they call Decency, even to the smallest punctilios; and makes herself a great slave to Custom and Opinion: that is, she will never do any thing till she hath first very well considered with herself what other people may think of it.—Her conversation is very agreeable, and she hath complaisance enough, yet loves you should oppose her,

and delights very much in contradicting you ; but does it so handsomely, and in such a manner, as easily shews her design is only pleasure and divertisement, and she never fails of her end. She hath a sense of things by herself, very subtle and fine notions ; and is rather pleased with something particularly odd, than any thing in the common beaten road ; that is, she had rather make trespasses on Nature, and break into her inclosures, than keep the high-way. She never makes herself a slave to her opinions, nor believes she is always obliged to think as she once did ; nor is so obstinately constant to any one tenet as never to recede from it. By this I mean only such as are not material, but indifferent in themselves, and are the subject of ordinary dispute and conversation. And her design (as I have told you) being only divertisement, you shall see her one time defend a proposition with all the earnestness imaginable ; when, perhaps, the next time you meet her, the stream will be diverted into another current, and she will maintain quite the contrary, and say as many fine things against it as ever she did for it, if it serve better to that purpose of diverting. So that her opinions are like Laws in a State, which change with the circumstances of affairs ; and that which was before of force and valid is made void upon some present exigence and necessity. And for the rest of her life, it is nothing else but Devotion.—To sum up all : she hath a great deal of wit, a true and discerning judgment ; she is hard to be pleased, very nicely scrupulous, singular in her notions, uncertain in her friendship, pleasant in conversation, inoffensive in her raillery, sincere in her piety ; and all these are so qualified, and so intermixed, that, like different elements, they make up a most excellent composition."

I shall next insert an Epitaph on the Reverend Dr. *Manton*, written by the ingenious Dr. *Wild*. The Gentleman that sent it to me desires I would insert the Character of Dr. Manton in this Journal ; for, though he is characterized by Mr. Calamy, yet (to use my Friend's expression) "too much can never be said of so worthy a person." I agree to what this Gentleman says, that "too much can never be said of Dr. Manton, &c.;" but the Character that is given of him by Mr. Calamy is so com-



plete, that I shall not presume to add any thing to it; and therefore I hope I shall not disoblige my Yorkshire Friend if I only print Dr. Wild's Verses, which, I am told, were never printed before; and so refer the Reader for Dr. Manton's Character, to be found in "The Abridgement of Mr. Baxter's Life," written by Mr. Calamy.

"Two words (but ah! too hard)—*Assent, Consent*,  
 Had made this Stone a stately Monument;  
 Then it had run with a more lofty style,  
 "The Dean of Rochester lies in the Aile."  
 Nay, peradventure, higher, "Here lies dead  
 A Learned, Reverend, and Mitred Head."  
 Now a *small Character* must serve the turn,  
 So Gold lies hidden in an earthen urn.  
 Here lies a *Futher*, who in Jesus died,  
 With six dear Children sleeping by his side.  
 Here lies a *Great Divine*, a learned man,  
 Smart Disputant, well-read Historian,  
 Accurate Textman, Orthodox avow'd,  
 If our Church Articles may be allow'd;  
 Severe of brow, but in discourse serene,  
 Whose tongue could say well all his mind did mean.  
 Hearers inquir'd not how the time did pass,  
 Nor listen'd to the clock, nor look'd at glass.  
 Tedious he could not be, though much he read,  
 The warp and woof were both so fine a thread.  
 Black Envy look'd askint, gnash'd, swell'd, and swore,  
 To see so many Coaches throng his door.  
 His sentences to many a Noble Ear  
 Were richer than the jewels they did wear.  
 His Printed Books (pity they were so few)  
 Ten times perused, yet appeared new.  
 When his bright Soul enter'd the Blessed Place,  
 After the smiles of his great Maker's Face,  
 Methinks I see those two Apostles rise,  
 St. James and Jude, and, with delighted eyes,  
 Behold, embrace, welcome with heavenly greet  
 Their Scholar, feasting him at their own feet;  
 Then, by th' appointment of the Throne, and Votes  
 Of that high House, approv'd and prais'd his *Notes*,  
 So faithfully and fruitfully annex'd  
 To their Epistles, and the Sacred Text.  
 Then glorious David, from his sun-like throne,  
 Bedeck'd with stars and many a precious stone,  
 Welcom'd the Saint into the Heavenly Quire,  
*Thanking him for his Lesson on his Lyre:*

Moving an Order, which not one withstood,  
 They might be publish'd for the Church's good.  
 Next 't was resolv'd Heaven would be very kind  
 To his poor Wife and Children left behind :  
 His absence should not make them fare the worse,  
 God's *All-sufficiency* should be their purse ;  
 His Providence their all—and all this done  
 Without their Father's *Intercession*.  
 'T was lastly voted, his Remains below  
 Should to their dust with Love and Honour go ;  
 And that a wise Embalmer make and shed  
 A Box of Precious Ointment on his Head."

If any question whether this Poem was written by the ingenious Dr. Wild (though I think the very style sufficiently shews it) ; if Dr. Manton's Son-in-law will give me a private meeting, I will give him full satisfaction that it was written by Dr. Wild, and left by him with that very Gentleman who sent it to me.

I shall next step into Yorkshire ; for designing a "Panegyrick on the most Eminent Persons in the Three Kingdoms," I shall survey every Town and County that comes in my way. And here I shall present the Reader with the Characters of several Eminent Persons, both Men and Women.

The first I shall name is, the truly honourable, noble, and elect Lady *Hewly*, of York ; a person of exemplary piety and seriousness. God hath blessed her with a great estate, and also with a large and bountiful heart and hand. Her Charity is not only a Cistern to supply the present age, but a Fountain to supply generations to come—in that goodly Hospital she hath lately erected in the City of York, and so largely and liberally endowed for aged persons of her own sex ; in which she is so far from assuming any honour to herself, that, like David of old in his preparations to build the Temple \*, she gives all the glory to God, as appears by the inscription thereupon, "Thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the Poor †." And yet, notwithstanding this public structure, the principal streams of her charity run in secret, according to the rule, Matth. vi. 4. ; this Noble Person, in the distribution thereof, not letting her right

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\* 1 Chron. xxix. 11, 12.

† Psal. lxxviii. 10.

hand know what her left hand doth; many having been refreshed by the streams of her bounty, that never knew the fountain whence it came. Her endeavour (like our blessed Saviour's) is "to do all good possible, both to the souls and bodies of men, and that in sincerity and singleness of heart, having respect to God's glory; whatever she does doing it faithfully, both to the Brethren and to Strangers." This excellent Lady, notwithstanding her great love to the Public Ordinances, and her conscientious attendance thereupon, when her health and strength will permit, yet she leaves not her Religion there, but hath God duly worshiped in her own Family by the morning and evening sacrifices of prayer and praise. She spends much time also (in her secret retirements) in those sweet duties of prayer, holy meditation, and converse with her own soul; having that serenity of mind and peace of conscience which is the result of well-doing, and which most are strangers to.—God hath been pleased to continue her (though under frequent bodily infirmities) to a good old age, wherein, to use the Psalmist's phrase, she still "brings forth fruit, and is fat and flourishing." May it please the Lord yet long to preserve her precious life; and when her days are determined, that she may sleep with her Fathers, vouchsafe her an *Eὐκαιρία*, an easy and comfortable passage out of this World, and an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The neat and accurate Mr. *Thomas Colton*, of the same City, is a person of exemplary piety and seriousness; a very eminent Preacher, as appears in those two excellent Sermons of his lately printed; but would appear much more if the world might be so happy as to see his "Discourses upon the Heads of Divinity." He is a very prudent, peaceable man, of the primitive stamp, no bigot to any party, but a lover of all good men of what persuasion soever; and of such a sweet, regular, obliging conversation, as makes him to be beloved of all—another *Demetrius*, having "a good report of all men," and of the truth itself.

Mr. *Joseph Dawson*, of Morley, is a grave and Reverend Minister of Jesus Christ, "an Israelite indeed, in whom

there is no guile;" an angelical man for meekness; another Moses; a man of such a holy and exemplary conversation, and venerable behaviour, as gains him respect and reverence from all men; a deep Divine, of great ministerial parts and abilities, and of a sweet and happy delivery, being affectionately desirous of the good of souls; is willing not to impart to them the Gospel of God only, but his own soul also, because they are dear to him; exhorting and charging every one, "even as a father doth his children," as the Apostle speaks, 1 Thess. ii. 8. Though he is now such another as Paul the aged (being near the 70th year of his life), yet he is as indefatigable and diligent in his study as if but just entering upon his work (as our blessed Saviour before him), "doing the work of Him that sent him while it is day, before the night cometh, when no man can work." In a word, he is "a burning and shining light," a very pattern of holiness, meekness, humility, and zeal for God's glory, &c.; one whose whole conversation is in Heaven. He trained up four young men, all sons of a Friend of mine, in Academical Learning; three of which are now actually in the Ministry, and do worthily for God in their generation.

Mr. *Peter Peters*, of Leeds, is a truly good man, and faithful Minister of Jesus Christ; one that fills up his post to very good purpose; of a healing Christian temper and disposition; but, alas! under great indisposition, by reason of the stone or gravel, or some worse distemper, whereby we have great cause to fear his removal, though but a young man, in the midst of his days.

Mr. *Ralph Thoresby*, of Leeds, Fellow of the Royal Society, is a very ingenious, sober Gentleman, and industrious Antiquary, who hath a curious Collection of Natural and Artificial Rarities of many years' standing, and is still as diligent as ever to make additions thereunto. He is also a great Preserver and Ingrosser of Manuscripts of all sorts. He is kind and respectful to his Friends, and never better pleased than when they can present him with some piece of Antiquity, or valuable Manuscript.

Mr. *Nathaniel Priestly*, near Halifax, is of great parts, and excellent Ministerial abilities, an universal Scholar,

*"Cui est ingenium subtile in corpore crasso."* He is of a truly candid Christian temper, a lover of good men of what persuasion soever, and is generally well beloved and respected. He hath a good Collection of the best Books, which he keeps, not for ostentation, but for use and service, being a most industrious and indefatigable Reader. His love and delight in Books is such, that he may (as a great and learned man of this Kingdom once did) truly confess himself *"extatico quodam librorum amore potenter abreptus, et nullius rei preterquam librorum avarus."* He is much addicted to solitude and retirement. *"Bene vixit qui bene latuit,"* may be his motto in this respect; and I cannot better express the temper of his mind than in that wish of Cicero: "I would give," said he, "all the wealth in the world, that I might live in my study, and have nothing to hinder me."

Mr. Thomas Dickenson is a man of gravity and seriousness, reads much, and is happy in a tenacious and retentive memory; a hard student, excellent in prayer and preaching, temperate in all things, and of an exemplary conversation. He is a man of learning and worth, very scriptural, solid and substantial in all his Discourses, a judicious Divine, and Workman that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth.

Mr. Accepted Lister, of Thornton in Bradford-dale, is a little man, but one that has a great soul, rich in grace and gifts, of a strong memory, good elocution, Accepted with God and all good men, and one that serves God faithfully in the Gospel of his Son, naturally caring for the good of souls, and longing after them in the bowels of the Lord Jesus.

Mr. John Firth was forty-five years Vicar of Mansfield, and one of the most famous and eminent Preachers of the age wherein he lived; a man of courage and magnanimity, that feared not any man in the discharge of his duty; but, like John the Baptist, would reprove even a Herod to his face. A very hard student, leaving some thousands of Notes, written exactly, which well deserve the press: one that exceeded the most of his Brethren in his Ministerial parts and abilities. He was an excellent Orator, and engaged the attention of his Hearers by his grave, authoritative, and affectionate delivery,

preaching in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. He was indefatigable in his labours, preaching twice every Lord's-day, so long as strength would permit. He died May the 5th, 1699, aged 74; and whatever invidious reflections some that could not endure sound doctrine may cast upon the memory of this excellent person, Mansfield shall know they had a Prophet amongst them. He lives in his Son, Mr. *William Firth*, a truly candid, courteous Gentleman, an inheritor of his Father's virtues, and one that hath made it appear he can forgive his greatest enemies; who, though a man of the Law, hath at all times a Chancery in his breast and bosom.

Mrs. *Bathshina Brooksbank* of Ealand, is of a good mien and presence; but, which is much more, of a noble genius and elevation of mind and thought, above most of her sex. Her natural parts, which are extraordinary, being so greatly improved by her diligence in reading the best Authors, doth make her a very accomplished Gentlewoman. She is a great friend to Learning, and all laudable and pious designs, which she will spare no cost to promote. She understands a Book well, and hath her Closet richly furnished with a curious collection of the best Authors: in the ordering of which she affects a peculiar neatness, as she does in her other family affairs and concernments. In short, she is a solid and substantial Christian, of a candid temper, a lover of good men and Ministers, whom she esteems very highly in love for their Works' sake. She is, for her seriousness and constancy in the duties of Religion, another *Anna*; for charity and kindness, a *Dorcas*; and the *Phoenix* of her age, for a constant, faithful, generous Friend.

Mr. *Abraham Sharp*, of Horton, is one that enjoys the riches of both the Indies, the pleasures of Court and Camp, City and Country, in his beloved Retirement, and Mathematical Projections and Improvements, in which he is arrived to a great eminency; having a curious mechanical hand also, and performs his operations relating to that Science with an admirable and almost unparalleled neatness. "Through desire," saith Solomon, "a man having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom;" as doth this worthy

Gentleman, who hath such a passionate love for these Mathematical Studies, as I cannot better express than in the wish of one of his Predecessors of the same genius. "Crede mihi," saith he, "extingui dulce esset mathematicarum artium studio." However, he is not so taken up with these mathematical niceties, as to neglect the main matter, the One Thing needful, being also a very serious and solid Christian.

Designing "A general Panegyrick on all Ranks and Degrees of Men," I shall next present the Reader with

#### A SECRET HISTORY OF THE WEEKLY WRITERS, &c.

I call it *A Secret History*, as it discovers such things of our Town Authors, as have hitherto lain concealed. And I call them *Weekly Writers*, to distinguish them from "The Moderator," "Wandering Spy," "Rehearsal," "London Post," Interloping "Whipster," and that rabble of scandalous Hackneys, who merit no place in our "Panegyrick;" and for that reason, are kicked to my "Living Elegy," as being fit for no company or honour but a House of Correction. And there I leave them, whilst I give the World "A Secret History of those Weekly Writers that deserve a Panegyrick."

And here I shall send a distinct challenge to "The Review," "Observer," "Gazette," "Post-Master," "Post-Man," "Post-Boy," "Daily Courant," "English Post;" for these eight are Authors of credit; and for that reason I will say the worst that I know of them, to provoke them to a Paper Duel.

And the first that deservedly leads the way in our "Secret History," is *Daniel De Foe*. This man has done me a sensible wrong, by interloping with my "Question-Project." Losers may have leave to speak; and I here declare, I am 200*l.* the worse for De Foe's clogging my "Question-Project." His answering Questions Weekly put a stop to my "Monthly Oracle:" for, though his answers were false and impertinent, (and for that reason his interloping continued but a few weeks) yet, being published every Tuesday, they ruined my "Monthly Oracle:" for most are seized with the Athenian Itch, and chuse rather to be scratched *Weekly*, than stay till the *Month* is out for a perfect cure. Such a

dolt as I have laid the Plan of near Fifty Books (besides Sixty which I have written since my confinement). Then it is strange that such a first-rate Author as Daniel De Foe should be so barren of new Projects, that he must interlope with mine; but the mischief he endeavoured to do me will fall on his own head; for I have now set up a "Whipping-Post," and resolve to lash him (if he dare draw either pen or sword) until he has done me justice. And in the mean time I will take the satisfaction to tell the World, that whatever questions De Foe has answered shall be all answered again (with the best of his Thoughts, and my own Improvements); my resolution being to publish an entire Volume of the "New Oracle" every year, till the "Question-Project" is completed. To this sneaking injustice of interloping, De Foe has added that of reprinting a Copy \* he gave me. He could not but know that the *giving* or *selling* a Copy gives the same right to the Printer: and therefore, till he gives me satisfaction upon this head, "he continues to pick my pocket." And if he thinks that expression harsh, I am ready to meet him, when and where he pleases, to prove it. But, though De Foe has wronged me in these Copies, and once in protecting his Platonic Friend, yet I must do him that justice to say, "he is a very ingenious useful Writer." And I hope (as much as he talks of debt) he is in no danger from Serjeants.

His Body should not be confin'd  
 Who 's a true Monarch in his Mind;  
 One who with his majestic Pen  
 May give the Law to other Men.

Then, if De Foe quarrels with this "Journal," he shall never fail of an Answer. And, to provoke him to fall upon me, I now *draw* upon him in an honourable Challenge; I mean, I here dare him to answer the following questions. 1. Whether the Author of "The True-born Englishman," "Reformation of Manners," &c. has not, contrary to all Grammar and good sense, mistaken himself in the use of *this* and *that*, *these* and *those*? And, whether a Gentleman who does not know how to dispose of such little words as these may, notwithstanding, be

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\* "The Character of Dr. Samuel Annesley."



well enough qualified for a Judge of Style and good Language, and to answer all new and curious Questions; as he pretended? I must take the liberty to imagine that Author has never met with this rule in the common Syntax, "*Hic et ille, cum ad duo anteposita referuntur; hic ad posterius et propius; ille ad prius et remotius propriè ac usitatissimè refèrri debet.*"—2. What authority has the Author of the "Review" for his Metamorphosis of Time into a Female? where is the Rod and the Ferula!—3. Whether there be any such thing as a "Genus Epicænum?"—4. Whether have the Grecians a *Casus sextus*? If not, why do we meet with this verse in Juvenal,

"Penelope melius, levius torquetis Arachne,"

and with many mixed sentences, such as these, in other Authors, *ἐν ποικίλῳ* genere, ἀποδιδέσθαι nihil altius, nunquam in majore ἀπορία fui, *ἐν χερσίν, σὺν Θεῷ*, &c.—5. Whether can Father Lilly be defended for putting *Vir* among his "Masculina acutè crescentia;" and *Mulier* also as an exception to "Mascula in *er*, scil. acutè crescentia?"

When De Foe has given a satisfactory answer to this Challenge, I shall send him a third; for this is the *second Pass* I have made at Daniel De Foe in vain\*; so that if he does not answer it now, I will post him up for a — Friend. But, if he thinks good to answer my Challenge (I mean to *review* that nonsense I charge him with), I will either renew the fight, or fairly own him the Victor. But, to do him justice again, take him with all his failings, it must be acknowledged that De Foe is a man of good parts, and very clear sense. Whatever he says upon the subject of Peace and War is so true and correct, that (like Pythagoras's *ipse dixit*) it might almost stand for an infallible Rule. He is master of the English tongue; can say what he please upon any subject; and, by his printing a Poem every day, one would think rhimed in his sleep. It is his misfortune that a prejudiced person should write his Character. But (with all my revenge) I cannot but own, his thoughts upon any subject are always surprizing, new, and singular; and, though he writes for bread, could never be hired to dis-

\* As he will find, if he consults the "Athenian Catechism," No. 16.

grace the quill, or to wrong his conscience. And, which crowns his Panegyrick, he is a person of true courage. It is true, I have reason to think Daniel De Foe dares not quarrel with John Dunton: but I believe he fears nothing on earth but myself: and he says as much, in telling the world "I adhere firmly to Truth, and resolve to defend it against all extremities\*." He "reviews" without fear, and acts without fainting.—He is not daunted with multitudes of enemies; for he faces as many, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, as there are foes to Moderation and Peace. Loyalty to the Queen is his Guide, and Resolution his Companion; and a lawful occasion † makes him truly brave. It was this sent him to Weymouth, Exeter, Crediton, to preach Peace and Moderation to the High-flyers: and, though they had not the manners to thank him, yet I hope to see them all on their knees, for not listening to his wholesome doctrine.—"Peace!" It is a dangerous experiment the Western Tackers could not approve of; and for that reason the Weymouth Gothams had fettered him, whipped him, and perhaps burnt him, had not his known courage (and "great Party of Two Men ‡,") set him above their malice. To sum up all: De Foe has Piety enough for an Author, and Courage enough for a Martyr. And, in a word, if ever any, Daniel De Foe is "a True Englishman;" and for that reason, he is more respected by men of honour and sense, than he can be affronted by Alderman B——, Justice S——, and the rest of the Western Blockheads. Now, if such an Author as this should attack my Journal, I shall think there is reason for it, and will endeavour to answer him. And, to speak the truth, it is pity this Peace-making Traveller § should have any enemy but Error, and such a weak assailant as John Dunton.

Another Weekly Writer that deserves a Panegyrick is *John Tutchin*; a person no ways inferior to Daniel De Foe, for Learning, Wit, or Courage, &c. This Gentleman, if honest Roger would permit him to correct my

\* See his Review, Vol. II. No. 75.

† Ibid.

‡ They are De Foe's words, in his Review, Vol. II. No. 75.

§ See his Character more at large in the History of my Life and Errors, page 180. And in De Foe's Review, Vol. II. No. 75.

Journal, would be a person worth my contending with.  
 . . . . . \* Tutchin is a person of an even temper; not cast down in a Prison; nor elated when the World smiles. In Prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty Giver; and useth; not abuseth, Plenty. And in Adversity (as was seen by his carriage after his Trial) he remains unshaken; and, like some eminent mountain; hath his head above the clouds. Should ever Poverty fall to his lot, he would cheerfully entertain it, as knowing it the fire which tries Virtue; and he who, like John Tutchin, could want in a Prison † without murmuring, may be poor, but never miserable. Tutchin is a man of a daring spirit; yet not so bold to bring Divinity down to the mistake of Reason, or to deny those mysteries his apprehension reacheth not. He is a bigot to no party; but, like a true "Observer," has discovered the right way to Heaven between all extremes. His "Observers" have made him popular; but nothing can make him haughty. Pride he disdains, when he finds it swelling in himself; but easily forgiveth it in another. Nor can any man's error in life (I will scarce except his infamous enemy *Fuller*) make him sin in censure; since seldom the folly we condemn is so culpable as the severity of our judgment. *Lesley* and all the Tackers are his sworn enemies; but I cannot imagine for what reason, for he only strives to reform them, and pities, not despises, the fall of any man. To conclude his Character: He is a Gentleman of invincible courage and bravery. Death, how deformed soever an aspect it wears, he is not frightened with: he fears nothing but God; and loves nothing on earth like his Country, and the just Liberties and Laws thereof. And I speak this with the greater assurance, as Tutchin is the only person that ever had courage enough to petition for the *favour* (as he expressed it) of being hanged. In a word, he is a loyal, witty, honest, brave man; and, I might add, so very generous, that to forgive injuries is so easy to him, it is scarce a virtue.—Then, so ho! House, fetch a *Butt* of

\* Here is given Mr. Tutchin's character, as already printed in the History of Duntton's Life and Errors, page 356.

† See the Narrative of his Western Sufferings. Printed for John Marshall in Newgate-street.

*October*, and let us drink a health to Captain Tutchin, and Honest Roger his Countryman, &c.; and may they publish an "Observer" every Wednesday and Saturday till they are both Knighted, as was their Predecessor Sir Roger L'Estrange—only with this difference, that Tutchin writes for the good of his Country, and Sir Roger only to please Knaves. This is the true Character of John Tutchin (from the best observations I could make on his Life and Actions for twenty years); and as it gives the lie to all that Fuller and other scoundrels have wrote against him, so it sufficiently justifies (should he *twice* any thing in this Journal) the utmost pains I can take, in answering a man of such true worth.

The next Weekly Writer in fame and honesty is Mr. *Post-Man*; and for that reason, whatever faults Monsieur\* finds with this "Whipping Journal" shall ever meet with a courteous answer: for his Learning deserves respect, and his Gravity a Weekly Panegyrick—His sagacious look is an index of his thoughtful soul. *Fonvive* is one so wise and knowing, that a man would think Nature had made all the rest of mankind in jest, and him only in earnest. He is ever cheerful (the gaining 600*l.* a year by a Penny Paper would make any man so); but never dissolved into indecent laughter, or tickled with scurrilous or injurious wit. His "Post-Man" is that general Echo, whereby what is done in London, &c. is heard all over Europe. He cunningly searcheth into the virtues of others, and upon the first occasion liberally commends them: but for the vices of men, he buries those in a charitable silence, and reforms their manners, not by invectives, but example. In short, *Fonvive* is a Weekly Almanack, shewing impartially what weather is in the State; and, like the Doves of Aleppo, carries News to every part of the known World. Monsieur, to carry on this Weekly Chronicle (as to Foreign News), has settled a good correspondence in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Flanders, Holland, &c. And, as to Domestic News, that nothing may escape him that is worth notice, he sits quietly himself at the stern, and, calling all his *Athenians* together,

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\* It is Mr. *Fonvive*, a French Protestant, that writes the *Post-Man*.

he commands one to the Top-sail, another to the Main-sail, a third to the Plummet, a fourth to the Anchor, as he sees the need of their course and weather requires; and doth, in collecting of News, no less by tongue and pen, than all the Mariners with their hands; so that his intelligence is universal, of which his "Post-Man" (every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) and concise History of every Year is a sufficient proof. As his News is early and good, so his style is excellent. His fancy is brisk and beautiful, and his remarks witness he knows how to soar to a pitch of fineness when he pleases. Those that read his Papers must be very intent, if some beauty of expression, or stretch of reason, do not escape their notice, among that throng of delicacies which embellish his Writings. In a word, "The Post-Man" (or rather "Post-Angel") out-flies "The Post-Master," "Post-Boy," "Daily Courant," &c. (and those lesser-flyers, the "English" and "London Post")—so that Fonvive is the glory and mirror of News-Writers; a very grave, learned, orthodox man; and (would it not offend his modesty) I would here give a remarkable instance of his generosity to a Brother of the Quill under great distress.

The fourth Weekly Writer I would challenge to a Paper Duel is Mr. *Ridpath* (Author of "The Flying-Post.") This worthy Gentleman is Mr. "Post-Man's" equal in all respects; and, if he was not my Friend, I would say he exceeds him. Neither am I singular in this opinion; for Tutchin says, "the honestest of all the Newspapers is the Flying-Post \*;" so that, if any thing in this Journal displease the Post-Man, or Flying-Post, I shall be ready to engage in a Literal War with either of these Authors. For, as to the Post-Man, you heard before what fame he has in the learned World; and the "Flying-Post" (if a Flying-Post) must needs in a few years, leave the "Post-Man" sweating behind him. However, this is certain, Mr. *Ridpath* is a good Scholar, and well acquainted with the Languages, &c. † As Mr. *Ridpath* is a very generous, learned, courteous, humble Man; so he is a person of sincere piety, &c. His fair

\* See *Observer*, Vol. IV. No. 53.

† Here is given Mr. *Ridpath's* character, as already printed in the *History of Dunton's Life and Errors*, page 179.

conditions are without dissembling. He is a constant observer of the Golden Rule, and a perfect enemy to falsehood. He is a pious and devout observer of all the ordinances of God : and, as Religion made very early impressions upon his mind, so he dares subject every word and action of his whole life, to a high and just censure. He is a man of that strict justice, that in a controversy of 200*l*. I proposed Mr. George Ridpath for the sole Arbitrator, which (he being known to the whole company) was readily agreed to. In a word, Ridpath is a true "Temple of God" (though built with a low roof); and if there be a pious and honest man in the world, it is George Ridpath. I heartily condole his loss in the death of his Son; but I am the less concerned, as contrariety of events can but exercise, not dismay, so holy a person. He may see a Divine Hand invisibly striking with such a *sensible scourge* as is the sudden death of an only Son; but I ask his pardon, for I do not presume to be capable of giving any advice to such a person as Mr. Ridpath, who is every way so far above me. I have indeed more necessity to learn of him, who has attained to the maturity both of grace and age. All that I presume to do by these *secret* hints is only to refresh his memory with such things as he already knows; and what can he be ignorant of, that (like George Ridpath) can fetch his counsel and his sentence from his own breast, and is equally armed for all events? Such a man, should he lose a *Wife* (which is much dearer than a Son) he might speak of her with an unconcernedness, as if another's, not his own; and might say (as Dr. Annesley did in the like case) "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." To conclude: Mr. Ridpath hath a wise and virtuous mind in a serviceable body. He lives quietly at home, out of the noise of the world; and loves to enjoy himself always, and sometimes his Friend. "It is his very trade and recreation to do good!" He is well provided for both Worlds; and, having devoted his whole Life and Studies to the service of Religion, is sure of Peace here, and Glory hereafter. Whenever he follows his Son (for he is only gone to Heaven before him) he will make no more of dying, than of walking home when he is abroad, or of going to bed

when he is weary of the day. I could enlarge in this Gentleman's character, without suspicion of flattery; but George Ridpath is a modest man, and my good Friend, and I am loth to provoke him further by a larger Panegyrick. However, I have said enough to convince the World what honour I should get by a literal combat with this Author, and how kind he would be both to me and the world, would he let me know what errors he finds in this and the following "Journals."

The next I shall challenge is a Weekly Writer, whom I only know by his *Church-phiz* and spreading fame—for Mr. *Post-Boy* (alias *Boyer*) is a man I never saw—but I hear such a good Character of his healing temper, and weekly news, that, if he affronts any thing in this "Journal," *I shall draw upon him in black and white*. It is true, his Bookseller, Mr. *Raper*, is as generous and honest a man as any I know in London; and for his Author, he is as much a Gentleman as any person that can be named. But Self-defence is the Law of Nature; and he that *pushes* at John Dunton assaults a man that will fight him; neither will I give or take any quarter (in a paper duel), but more especially from such an Author as Mr. Boyer; for he is a Critick worth my anger; and, if he censures any thing in this "Journal," must expect to feel it. If you ask me why I put such a high value on a person that differs from me in many things—I answer, we agree in more things than we differ; nay, perhaps we agree even in what we differ: for persons do many times contest about words, while they do heartily think the same thing\*. And that is reason enough to oblige me to give Boyer a good character; and indeed I should wrong him if I did not; for he outshines his Predecessor *Thomas* in all respects, and is a most accomplished person. It is true, Boyer's simple uprightness works in him such credulity as cannot escape sometimes being imposed upon by his Correspondents; but it is seen by all our Newspapers that custom hath so far prevailed, both at home and abroad, that Truth now is the greatest News: but, if ever Boyer publishes a false thing, he is the first that tells it, and his very *Peccavi*

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\* See my "Living Elegy."

does him as much honour as the most authentic Relation published by another man. Drunken P——s may snarl if he please at his *freshet Advices*; but he can never find the least flaw either in Boyer or his Correspondents. No! Boyer is a faithful Historian, and scorns so much the vices of the World, that he will hardly stoop to a virtue which is not heroic; or, if he do, it is by his good improvement of it to make it so. He is a man of refined principles, and speaks nothing that needs correction. Boyer is one to whom "all honour seems cheap, which is not the reward of Virtue;" and had much rather want a name, than not deserve it. Every Weekly Writer I have yet named has some excellence that the rest are strangers to; and that which recommends Boyer above the rest is that nice and large account he gives of the "Spanish and Home News." So that Boyer's "Post-Boy" (published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,) might properly be called "The Spanish and English Intelligence." It is no small recommendation of the Post-Boy, to tell the world that the ingenious Boyer writes it. The bare naming the Author is a Panegyrick upon this Paper; for it is that Boyer who writes and translates like the famous L'Estrange. Mr. Boyer is the greatest Master of the French Tongue (witness his "French Grammar" and "French Dictionary") and the most impartial Historian (witness his "Annals of Queen Anne") of any we have in England.

Whoever reads Mr. Boyer's "Letters of Wit, Politics, and Morality," must own that the accuracies of his observations, and the matchless beauties of his style, have deservedly given him the name of being a master of the English Tongue. It is in these Letters that all sorts of Men and Professions have their palates pleased, and their wit refined: but more especially all pretenders to History are extremely gratified; for, as I said before, Mr. Boyer is an impartial Historian; or, if any doubt it, let them read his "Annals of Queen Anne." It is here they will be fully acquainted with all the changes and transactions in England, Holland, Germany, &c. since her Majesty's glorious Reign. In these "Annals" are many examples of Virtues, as copies drawn for our imitation; and not a



few of Vice, as Sea-marks to warn us. It is impartial History that gives us the best prospect into human affairs, and does, as it were, consociate the remotest Regions. This we find verified in Boyer's "Annals;" for I have read it three times over, and find it so faithfully written, that it reduces tradition into profitable knowledge; tempers our minds, and forms them to a perfect shape and symmetry. We may, by reading Boyer's "Annals," reconcile the future and present tense; see Hungary in England; travel Italy, Spain, and Portugal; visit the fighting Camisars; go to Vienna with Dr. Brown; behold the Illustrious House of Hanover; hear the States in their grand Debates; sail with Lord Peterborough to Barcelona; hear Charles III. proclaimed at Madrid by the Earl of Galway; sit and consult with Prince Eugene of Savoy; review the Irish and Scotch Parliament; go to School at Paris; and, with a free access, hear all the secret and public transactions in her Majesty's Court, &c.—Thus you see, Reader, though I am a stranger to Mr. "Post-Boy," I am very familiar with all his Writings, but more especially his "Annals of Queen Anne;" so that I verily think, were it thoroughly known who (since Thomas's death) writes the "Post-Boy," it would certainly have the *loudest cry* in the streets, and no Coffee-house in the Three Kingdoms would be without it. To conclude: Whatever Boyer writes is admired, especially by men of sense; and for that reason, if he ever persecutes this "Journal," I am resolved to hang in the skirts of him till I am stifled with argument.

The ingenious *Buckley* is another News-Writer, that, should he quarrel with this "Journal," will deserve an answer. This Weekly, or rather Daily Author, was originally a Bookseller, but follows Printing. He is an excellent Linguist, understands the Latin, French, Dutch, and Italian Tongues; and is master of a great deal of Wit. Sam Buckley, by a liberal education, has been softened to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men profess is an indigested chaos, which may contain the seeds of Goodness, but it wants form and matter: yet Buckley is no flatterer neither; but, when he finds his Friend any way imperfect, he freely, but gently, informs him; nor yet shall some few errors cancel the

bond of Friendship, because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailty. He is a thoughtful man, but not in the least exceptionous; for jealousy proceeds from weakness or guilt, and Buckley's virtues quit him from all suspicions. In a word, he is a generous Friend, yet he is as slow to enter into that title as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disoblige, because an extraordinary virtue did first unite. Buckley is a great master in the Art of Obliging; yet he is neither effeminate, nor a common Courtier. The first is so passionate a doater upon himself, he cannot spare love enough to be justly named Friendship; the latter hath his Love so diffusive among the Beauties, that he has none left for his own Sex. He is engrossed in a world of business, as is seen by his writing and printing a "Daily Courant," and "Monthly Register;" yet he is not accustomed to any sordid way of gain. He is a sober honest man, and just to a nicety. He never exacts of either Author or Bookseller; and if his Servant mistake but a word in an Advertisement, I speak what I found by him, he will print it again for nothing. As Buckley is a person of general Learning, of strict Justice, of obliging Carriage, of great Diligence, and of generous Friendship; so he is also a Critick in all these, as is seen by his frequent and ingenious answers to Mr. "Review:" yet, when he looks on other men's errors, he values not himself virtuous by comparison; but examines and confesses his own defects, and finds matter enough at home for reprehension. And indeed every good man sees enough in his own breast to damp his censuring others. Or, if any Athenian might sit as a Judge upon other men's Writings, it is Mr. Buckley; for he has many perfections that no other Newsmonger can pretend to. In a word, his "Daily Courant" is an abridgement of all News, as his Life is of all Virtues; and, as he orders the matter, is a sort of universal intelligence. Then, Sam, be thinking of the great horse; for, if the "Courant" flies as it has begun, it will soon overtake the "Post-Man" in fame and riches: and less could not be expected; for Buckley, besides his admirable Genius and critical Learning, is a person of extraordinary judgment, which always governs the heats of his

imagination, and makes even his silence considerable. So that to war with Mr. "Courant" would be a Daily improvement in all Literature; but he writes and prints too much to be at leisure for Paper Duels. Then, Sam, good bye t' ye; for (as De Foe is your enemy) your fame is so ticklish a point I shall leave it, and desire the World would take a fairer draught of Mr. Buckley's Character from the living Original, to be seen every day at the Dolphin in Little Britain.

I shall next *leer*\* on my Neighbour *Crouch*, as a Weekly Writer worth my notice. It is said he is the Author of "The English Post," and of that useful Journal intituled "The Marrow of History;" which "Marrow of History" was first begun, and continued with increasing reputation, by my worthy and ingenious Friend Mr. *George Larkin*; and, had it still been carried on by the same hand, might perhaps have found a better acceptance; though, as it is, it is a very useful and valuable History, and makes a shift to bear its own charges. But why Mr. Larkin continued it no longer, is a secret I know not how to justify; and it appears so much the more unaccountable, as Mr. Crouch was no ways concerned in taking it from him; but, being warned by the unkind treatment that Mr. Larkin found from those that engaged him in it, he was so wise as to make better terms for himself. But, though this "Marrow of History" suffered some disadvantage by the change of its first Author, yet, as it is a useful Book, I hope it will get ground every day: for, to say the truth, Mr. Crouch collects his News with so much accuracy and judgment, that he is only outdone by the "Post-Man," and those High-flyers I named before; so that I admire "The English Post" should still continue in the number of the Lesser-flyers; for Crouch prints nothing but what is very useful, and very diverting: so that *R. B.* (alias *Nat Crouch*) is become a celebrated Author†. But "I think I have given you the very soul of his Character, when I have told you that his talent lies at Collection. He has melted down the best of our English Histories into Twelve-penny

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\* Why *leer*, you will see in the History of my Life and Errors, p. 206.

† As you find in the History of my Life, p. 206.

Books, which are filled with wonders, rarities, and curiosities; for you must know, his Title-pages are a little swelling." However, Nat Crouch is a very ingenious person, and can talk fine things upon any subject. This Weekly (and Monthly) Author endeavours to fit his matter to the capacity of his Readers, as desiring rather their profit than his own applause. In any controversy (and I had many with him in days of yore) he more delights to shew the strength of truth than his adversary's weakness; using soft words (as we used to say) but hard arguments. He is very circumspect in ordering his own conversation, as knowing that ignorant people learn as much, if not more by their eyes than their ears. In a word, Nat Crouch is a Phoenix Author (I mean the only man that gets an estate by writing of Books); and, if he *leers* upon this "Journal," I have a broadside at his service: not that I have any thing to say to his morals; for as to them he either is, or should be, an honest man; and I believe the former, for all he gets will wear well, he *collects* and enjoys it so quietly. So that Nat Crouch runs an even path in the World, and juts against no man, myself excepted; for his conversation is a kind of a continued compliment, and his life a practice of honesty. Yet I do not think he is perfect; for, though I have a hearty friendship for him, yet I must say "he has got a habit of *leering* under his hat, and once made it a great part of his business to bring down the reputation of 'Second Spira' \*:" yet his natural temper is some excuse; for he is exceedingly in love with his humour, and cannot bear to be contradicted. But, to this day, I find it hard to forget his unmannerly treatment of "Second Spira;" for certainly no action of man hath so great a soul of malice in it, as to endeavour by unjust slanders to abate the esteem of others: for such endeavours tend to the murder of a man's good name, which is the noblest part of life; and therefore so much the more ungenerous and inhuman. But, abating but this fault, and where is the man but has this, or worse? his whole life is but one continued Lecture, wherein all his Friends, but more especially his two Sons, may legibly read their

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\* Of which the Reader has a large and faithful account, in the History of my Life, p. 154, &c.

duty. By what I have said, it appears, it will be no dishonour to enter into a Literal War with Nat Crouch. And if he says but half as much against this "Journal" as he did against "Second Spira," I will sound his *bell*, and attack him in good earnest; for the design of this "Journal" is great and good; and however weak the performance is, I ought to defend it to the last extremity: or, if Crouch is contented to hold his tongue, I have nothing further to say to him, till we meet and embrace in Heaven.

The eighth and last Weekly Writer I would challenge to a Paper Duel is Mr. "Gazette." And I name the Gazette in the last place, as it is guilty of more blunders than all the other Newspapers. I own, "The London Gazette" has the stamp of *Authority* upon it, and for that reason I shall ever obey and respect it: but it is not the saying "Published by Authority" that makes an Author infallible: and therefore, till such time that Mr. Gazette thinks good to refine his style, and avoid blunders, he must not think he is unmannerly treated that I make him the last of those Weekly Writers that I challenge to a Paper Duel. Having shewn the dark side of Mr. Gazette, it is but justice to him that I shew his light; for, as Bishop Tillotson says, "If there were any need that a man should be evil spoken of, it is but fair and equal that his good and bad qualities should be mentioned together; otherwise he may be strangely misrepresented, and an indifferent man may be made a monster\*." Therefore, as I have named the blunders of Mr. Gazette, it is also fit that I tell his virtues. And here I shall do him the justice to say, that, in all capacities but that of an Author, Mr. Gazette is an excellent person. It was eminent loyalty and virtue that did first direct him in the way to honour; and they do not leave him now he is in it, but are his constant attendants, and resolve to accompany his whole preferment. He merits the *Post* that he has at Court; and though he is no Critick at writing News, yet he is a person of great integrity, and does not make any wilful mistake: so that we may well forgive him a few blunders in writing,

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\* Archbishop Tillotson's Works, p. 515.

for, to make amends, he is almost perfect in Loyalty, Justice, Charity, and every other Virtue. In a word, take him with all his faults, he is a pattern for imitation, and would be accounted more than human by those that know him, were not one part of him mortal. However, it is his first care and endeavour to make this mortal part of him such as may make it apparent to the world, how great an excellence may be the companion of so much frailty. Reader, learn by this Character, never to slander a man till you know him thoroughly: for, as satirical as De Foe is upon this Author (and indeed his many blunders have given occasion for it), yet you see, by a review of his Life and Virtues, that Mr. Gazette is a finished Christian. And though I affront his honour so far as to make him the last of those Weekly Authors that may expect an answer if they snarl at the Author of this "Journal," yet my design is not to expose his frequent blunders, but rather to excite him to such accuracy in all future Gazettes, that even Envy itself may not be able to find more faults in his Writings than the most critical eye is able to see in his Life and Practice.

Thus have I finished "The Secret History of the Weekly Writers;" viz. "The Review;" "Observator;" "Gazette;" "Flying-Post;" "Post-Man;" "Post-Boy;" "Daily Courant;" and the "English-Post." Now, if you ask me which of these Eight Newspapers are the best, I should answer, "They are all best;" for, "The Observator" is best to *towel* the Jacks, &c.; "The Review" is best to promote Peace; "The Flying-Post" is best for the Scotch News; "The Post-Boy" is best for the English and Spanish News; "The Daily Courant" is the best Critick; "The English Post" is the best Collector; "The London Gazette" has the best authority; and "The Post-Man" is the best for every thing. And they are all so *good*, or rather *best*, as to deserve an answer, if they quarrel with this "Journal."

I have here challenged eight of our Weekly Writers to a Paper Duel; and, as they are men of learning and worth, I hope they will accept of it. But as to "The Rehearsal;" "Moderator;" "Wandering Spy;" "London Post;" Interloping Whipster, &c.; they are

such a *rabble* of Hackney Scribblers, they merit no place in our "Panegyrick Journal \*." But, though they are kicked out for Wranglers in this place, yet they are all whipt in "The Secret History" annexed to my "Living Elegy." I have often wondered what should persuade "The Rehearsal" and his Hackney Brethren to write so much of Religion and Government (for that is their usual theme). If you say their eyes are not open to discern their own weakness, and the ill success of their Tacking Projects, I wonder the more how they can see to write in the *dark*. But, be it as it will, they have no right to a Panegyrick, and indeed, are not worth my Satire; but for this once I have given them a few lashes in my "Living Elegy."

Having dispatched "The Secret History, or Panegyrick on the Weekly Writers;" I will conclude this "Second Part of my Journal" with the Character of my worthy Friend Mr. *George Larkin* senior.—His very Life is a sort of Panegyrick on Dunton's misfortunes. He has been my constant Friend for Twenty-five Years, and the first Printer I had in London †. He is of an even temper, not elated when Fortune smiles, nor cast down with her frowns; and though his Stars have not been kind to him, he having had great losses, yet he has borne all with a great presence of mind. He is a particular Votary of the Muses; and I have seen some of his Poems, especially that upon Friendship, that cannot be equalled. He formerly wrote "A Vision of Heaven," &c. (which contains many nice and curious thoughts); and has lately published an ingenious "Essay on the Noble Art and Mystery of Printing;" which will immortalize his name amongst all the Professors of that Art, as much as his Essay will the Art itself. His conversation is extremely diverting, and what he says is always to the purpose. "A Friend is born for Adversity;" and sure I am Mr. George Larkin does sympathize with me in all I suffer, and I was going to say in all I think. I ever thought my acquaintance with Mr. Larkin a special blessing; for,

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\* As is proved in my "Living Elegy."

† As was formerly hinted in the History of my Life and Errors, p. 245.

like the Glow-worm, the emblem of true Friendship, he has still shined to me in the dark. True Friendship, like the Rose, flourishes best amongst thorns. I hate a noise where there is no performance. And in this we are both agreed; for George is no Summer Friend, but, like myself, loves a Friend the better for being poor and miserable. So that in George Larkin I have a true Friend, and one that loves me. I am his soul; he lives not but in me, nor can I act without him. His bosom is a safe closet, where I can securely lock up all my complaints, my doubts, and secrets; and look, how I leave, 'so I find them. We are so closed within each other's breasts, the rivers are not found that joined us first, that do not reach us yet. We are so mixed as meeting streams, both to ourselves are lost. We are one mass: we could not give or take, but from the same; for George is I, I George. We are two souls transformed into one; our joys and griefs are the same. All kindness done to him, is the same as done to myself.

Yes, dear George Larkin, my esteem for thee  
Is equal to thy worth and love for me:  
Oh, dearer than my soul! if I can call it mine;  
For sure we have the same, 'tis very thine.  
'Twas thy dear Friendship did my breast inspire,  
And warm'd it first with a poetic fire,  
But 'tis a warmth that must with thee expire.

But why should I say *expire!* for, though Death should divide our bodies, that is all it can do; for our souls have a true sympathy for each other, and will meet and caress were we dead and buried.

Thus we may double bliss, stol'n Love enjoy;  
And all the spight of place and death defy.  
For ever thus we might each other bless,  
For none could trace out this new happiness,  
No make-bate here to spoil or make it less.

By a sympathy, or intercourse of souls (a new way of converse which Friendship has found out), in Life or Death we are never parted.

So that nothing can deprive me of the enjoyment of my Friend, while I enjoy myself. If I have any joy when he is absent, were such a thing possible, it is in



his Picture, which adorns my chamber, or in his Letters, that divert my mind. Cowley says,

"There are fewer Friends on Earth than Kings."

And George Larkin is one of them. He is all, and the only man I can call a Friend. And therefore, Larkin, in thy death, I bid Friendship an eternal farewell, except, Phoenix-like, from thy ashes another Larkin could arise; and then I cannot say but I might enter on a new Friendship, for I love to look on thy image, though but in a dead picture, and shall ever receive thy children with honourable mention of thy name. But why do I talk of Survivors? No! part us, and you kill us: for, when soul and body part, it is death. Then live, my better half, and add to thy 64 (for thy blooming looks and temperance speak as much) 150 years; that so, by living to the age of Parr, thou mayst give me all myself, for thou art all! So great our union is, if I have any life or pleasure unknown to thee, I grudge it to myself; methinks I rob thee of thy part. Then let us publish the banns of union, and sign articles of Friendship, that so by Marriage of Souls our Friendship may be immortal.

In a word, Mr. Larkin is that noble, undesigning thing, we call a Friend; and was ever so from the first moment I saw him. And, which makes me respect him the more, he is the only Friend in the World of whom I can positively say, he will never be otherwise. Friend! The name of Friend is too narrow for him, and I want a word that is more significant to express him. So that Mr. Larkin is my "*Alter ego*," or rather my very self in a better Edition. And, to sum up his character in nine words: Whatever he does it is upon *the account civil*.

Mr. Larkin has a Son now living, of the same name and trade with himself; and four Grandsons (besides *Larkin How*, his Grandson by his Daughter); which, humanly speaking, will transmit his name to the end of time.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE LIVING ELEGY:

OR,

DUNTON'S LETTER,

BEING A WORD OF COMFORT, TO HIS FEW CREDITORS.

"Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." Matth. xviii. 26.

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MY GENEROUS FRIENDS,

*April 10, 1706.*

MR. *Thorp*, being much in debt; retreats to the Mint; where he falls to writing "A Poem on himself," which he calls "A Living Elegy;" and invites all his Creditors to his Funeral, to lament his death. But, Gentlemen, though I call this Letter "The Living Elegy," you will have no reason to lament my *Life* or *Death*, on the account of any loss you will receive by me; for I have taken care, as you will hear anon, that, if any Creditor come to my Funeral, he will have cause rather to lament the loss of my *Life* (were it worth a tear) than any thing else he can lose by me. So that if a fixed resolution to pay my Creditors, whether I live or die, will dry up your tears, and make you cheerful, you will laugh when other Creditors weep; and I shall not miss of as much compassion as this "Living Elegy," or word of comfort to you that trust me, mourns and laments for. And the truth is, I greatly admire that men that stand in need of mercy themselves should be hard-hearted and cruel to their poor Debtors. I own, Gentlemen, this is none of your temper or practice; for I have traded with you for many years, and can say, from my own experience, none can be more pitiful to the distressed, or more willing to succour the unfortunate. And I must say, if there be such a thing as a Friend (which some question) it is only he who has the courage and honour to defend and assist us from the beginning of Winter to the end of it; for, when the Summer (of health and prosperity) comes, all the World will caress and serve us.

But where are these Winter Friends? For my own share, my few Creditors excepted, I never saw the man that would own a Friend in adversity. I confess, if any thing could beget us Friends, it would be the freely venturing all one has to serve others in their distress. This I have done for several; but, upon the first cloud that arose, I found those that I most obliged the very first that would cut my throat.

However I am treated now by ungrateful persons (or *Summer-friends*, for they are synonymous terms), I have all imaginable reason to be thankful to the goodness and care of Providence. I had my length of prosperity as well as other men; nor am I yet such a forlorn hope, but my Sun may rise again, and chase those shadows in which I am now a wanderer. And I have always entertained a very grateful sense of the goodness of Almighty God, that Providence smiled on me so long as dear Iris\* lived; and indeed, ever since, my Life has been no more than a waking dream, or rather a living death. And for that reason I call this Letter "The Living Elegy;" for all such as are poor or unfortunate, though alive and well, are dead to their rich Friends. Whilst I lived in Ireland, my Friend Mr. Larkin brought me acquainted with a Gentleman who in his perfect health sent for the Sexton to ring his knell. Being asked the reason, he replied, "Because he was dead; that is," said he, "in a civil sense I am dead, though I walk about: for my money is gone, and I were as good be out of the World.:" This Gentleman, that thought he was as good as dead when his money was gone, might have some cause to think himself really dead, though he walked about, perceiving the fear every one's countenance discovered at the sight of him. Those also that grudge themselves the conveniences of life may be said to be dead whilst they are yet breathing, as much as the aforesaid Gentleman; for the one is starved for the want of money, and the other is starved with his abundance; and in this sense each Miser is dead: like a dog in a wheel, he toils to roast meat for others eating, and therefore is a fit subject for "A Living Elegy." So that you see, Gentlemen, it is a clear case: if I have a great deal of

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\* My first Wife.

money and no heart to use it, I am dead (and buried in my useless heaps). Or, if I want money to pay my debts, I am dead to my Summer-friends; which is my case. And as I am civilly dead, "A Living Elegy" is the fittest title for this Letter. But, when an enlarged fortune shall make me alive again to my *quondam* Friends, that is, when I can breathe so much as to tell the World I am out of debt, I shall then come into being again: which is such a word of comfort to all my Creditors, as will, till I close my eyes on this vain World, further prove this Letter "The Living Elegy;" so that my want of money (in the opinion of fools and knaves) hath changed my now living body into a dead carcase. But, if I can grow rich, my Summer-friends (like Timon's admirers) will think me alive again, and be as sweet upon me as heretofore; and, if I be not partial to my great losses, I have as much reason to expect this resurrection from civil death (or new life of credit) as any Debtor whatever. For, Gentlemen, I do assure you, I am not more forward to ask compassion to my own misfortunes; than I have been ready and willing to shew it to others in the same circumstance (of which *Fineaux* of Canterbury, *R——d* of St. Omers, and *M——ry* of Cornhill, are three late instances); but, till that enlargement happens, the best, I might add the only Friends I have in the World, are my very *Creditors*, who have known my life and dealings for twenty years. But though, Gentlemen, by trading with such as you, I have fallen into generous hands, yet it must be confessed that Debtors are commonly the most abject creatures in the World; and there be very few Traders, yourselves excepted, while they pity and relieve them, but at the same time have a great deal of contempt for them; so little reflection is made upon the wise disposal of Providence, which has made us all Debtors, not having the least right to the poorest blessing upon earth (for what was given at our creation was forfeited by rebellion): so that every thing lives under a necessity of owing something; for to God we owe all we have and are; and this debt I can never pay.

As to the moneys I owe you, it is more than I can pay at present: but I do not owe more than I am willing and able to pay; and therefore, as no man will lose a farthing

by me, I presume I have still a title to your good opinion. I have ever had a great aversion to be in debt, in small as well as in greater matters. I suppose, Gentlemen, most of you will own this, when you call to mind *my evening* with you, and all the world, every six months. It was this made you forward to trust me for twenty years (the time I traded in public\*); and as ready to compassionate that melancholy circumstance some people's † *unnatural avarice* had laid me under. You considered, when I ceased to be less punctual than formerly, that it was owing to my great losses, and not to any neglects or injustice. For this reason, like generous Creditors, my misfortunes did but excite and enlarge your Friendship; for you have been as willing to trust me since I lived *incognito*, and out of your reach, as you were when the World smiled: so that the 200*l.* I am still indebted is chiefly owing to the trust you gave me since *D—y* ‡ and my Summer-friends treated me like a Bankrupt.

Gentlemen, how far I have deserved your good opinion, will appear by that full payment I hope to make you in a few months. I confess I have just finished a merry paradox, proving "No Man is honest but he that is Rich." But this is only a paradox to divert that melancholy I groan under for being so long your Debtor; for I will make it appear that you are not deceived in Dunton, but that he is and will always be as honest as you can desire.

Gentlemen, whatever my losses in trade were, I still took effectual care they should be none of yours (saving the waiting for your just debts a little longer than usual). And, to convince you of this, I shall now (as a word of comfort after long waiting) tell you the *very day* when I shall pay you all to a farthing. It is true, as I said before, I had great losses in trade (many of which have been owing to *Malthus* telling me there was 400 sold of a Book when there was not 60)—and have had a much greater disappointment in the sale of my Woods; for, on the account that the mortgage on my estate || was expired,

\* Viz. In Princes-street, the Poultry, and Jewin-street.

† His Mother-in-law's, Madam Nicholas. EDIT.

‡ Darby the Printer, see p. 247. But of this I have my doubts. EN.

|| At Chesham in Bucks. EDIT.

I was forced to sell that for 300*l.* which, could I have helped it, should not have gone for 600*l.* But, as good as the bargain was (my three Farms being jointured), had I not surmounted a hundred difficulties, been at a great expence to secure the Title, and, besides that, met with a generous Chapman (the only good Samaritan that would part with money to heal my wounds), I could not possibly have cleared so far as I did: but now, the mortgage being paid off, 200*l.* is all I owe in the world; and could my Sister *B*— now pay me that 200*l.* \* I can prove she owes me, I would clear with the whole World before I slept. However, this 200*l.* is a further argument to convince my Creditors that I shall pay them all at the time I promise; for my Sister *B*— is a very grateful and just person, and as I never asked her till now for the money she owes me (in mere compassion to her great losses), so now I expect to be paid in a few months out of her Jamaica windfall, which will amount to some hundred pounds.—But perhaps you will say; “Suppose your Sister should never pay you, what, must we lose our money?” No, Gentlemen! no man shall lose a farthing by me; for, as I have now cleared the mortgage to the full satisfaction of those concerned, so I have made provision (as you shall hear anon) to satisfy those *few Creditors* that are yet unpaid. But, though I do not wholly depend on the money my Sister owes me, yet it was necessary to mention it in this place, to humble those who forget to own it (and the voluntary offer I made of boarding *gratis* a fatherless Brother and Sister), and, which is ten times blacker, to abuse me for it.

It is the misfortune of some men to run in debt to mere *Upstarts* (I mean such as are distinguished from all others by their ingratitude to their old Friends); and the insults and contempt they frequently meet with on that account are such as no flesh can bear.—But to return to my generous Creditors.

Gentlemen, I can now assure you, that the trust you gave me in Trade will be but few months longer unpaid than the credit others gave me in Ready Money. It is true, Gentlemen, I cannot pay you at the time I pro-

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\* Or rather more, in Principal and Interest-money. See before, p. 84.

mised ; for my Woods did but just clear the mortgage and old arrears for physick, cloaths, and very subsistence : yet you may depend upon this (except I should disappoint you so far as to pay you sooner), that October the 10th, 1708, I will sell the reversion of *Bottom Farm*, but I will clear with the whole World.

It is true, Mr. *Tookey*, an old Creditor, importuned me for work that very week my goods were *attached* ; adding this friendly expression (which I can never forget, as it was spoke in my greatest extremity), “ that I was served but right, for going to Printers that did not know me.” And Mr. *Brudenell* was so kind and generous as to tell my Friend Mr. Larkin, that, if I would still employ him, he would never ask me for a penny of money till some windfall happened. And another Creditor has been so noble as to send me word “ he would take Ten Shillings in the Pound, and give me the remainder to trade with.” But I scorn to pay either him or any man else less than Twenty : for, it was ever my thoughts, that Composition (where it can be avoided) is plain cheating ; or, at least, it would be so in me ; for as hasty as the two \* *Attachers* † were for their money (loo’d on by Malthus to delay her accounting with me ‡), I am able to prove (if my Relatives do me justice) that I shall have Ten Thousand Pounds to enjoy §, after every penny I owe in the World is paid. Then, how base was Malthus and her associates || to call me “ Bankrupt,” “ Jail-bird ;” and to tell the World “ I was starving,” &c. when none of my Creditors ever questioned their money, and are here told to a day when they shall be paid every farthing I owe them. Had Malthus called me *Sot*, or *Madman*, for trusting such a Hedge Publisher, perhaps those that did not know me might have believed her ; but to call me “ Bankrupt, Jail-bird, one that writes to

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\* A legal process within the City of London.

† Benjamin Harris and M——ls.

‡ M——ls (one of the Attachers) hinted this to myself and another person ; and with this addition, “ That, had he not been put upon attaching my goods by Malthus, he had never done it.” And, to shew his sincerity in this matter, both he and his Partner in the Attachment, withdrew it at their own charge ; which engaged me to write a paradox, proving, “ To imprison a Debtor is to set him at liberty.”

§ In possession and reversion.

|| The Moderator and Wandering Spy.

prevent starving," is a malicious falsehood. Nay, says another of Malthus's Hackneys (for she hired these fellows to blast my credit if possible) "Would I hang myself, no Chandler in Town would trust me with a penny cord."

"Bankrupt, Jail-bird!" &c. Why, poor Dunton, is thy own estate of Four Thousand Pounds\*, and Six Thousand Pounds that is owing to thee from near Relations, of so little value as to be worth nothing—no, not so much as a penny halter to dangle thy wretched carcase? Why, Malthus, with what face can you publish such known and ridiculous lies as these? for you cannot deny my Printers and Stationers knew the misfortunes I laboured under; and as they had the product of their own trust to a farthing (so far as I have yet received) it is both base and sordid to reflect thus for present deficiencies, seeing they will be made good to a tittle. And it is yet the baser in these detractors, as one of them (Malthus) is still in my debt, and the rest never saw my face.

As fractured and starving as Malthus would now make me; till I had great losses, I even dunned the Printers to take their money; and shall do it again in a little time.

The "*Wandering Spy*" was sentenced in the Old Bailey for a fabulous, obscene, scandalous Writer. His word is, "A merry life and a short." I know not how merry it is, but I am sure it is short enough, he consuming just like a candle at both ends, betwixt wine and women; without which, he holds, there is no pleasure in this world; and for the other, he would fain be an Atheist, and believe there is none at all, whilst his manners and ignorance supply his want of faith, for he lives like one, and knows no soul he has; for he cannot but own, he repents more the omitting an evil action than any Saint would the committing it. He makes a jest of repentance and modesty, and is an artificial fool (or Jack-pudding) that gets his living by making others and himself ridiculous. In a word, he is the rich man's antick and the Devil's factor, that, by a strange "Fable of Invisibility," sends men laughing to Hell. And all this is the true character of the "*Wandering Spy*."

As to "*The Moderator*," he is rather worse than the

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\* In present possession and reversion.



former; for, being a designing hypocrite, and mere Hackney Author, there is no hopes of his repentance or amendment; whereas the "Wandering Spy," owning himself a rake, may with the Prodigal return at last. But there are no hopes of the "Moderator;" for all his papers are so abusive, dull, and foolish, they can be writ for no other end but to get a penny, and distract the Kingdom. This fellow is a cunning archer, that, looking to the public service as the mark he aims at, yet squints aside at his own ends (*viz.* bread to keep him from starving), which is the true butt all his "Moderators" are shot at. He fights with a *tacking-gun*, and yet has the impudence to tell the world his "Moderator" is published for promoting of peace, and reconciling of differences between parties. St. Jerome tells us there was a woman that to every body appeared a beast, to Hilarius only a woman. The same may be safely asserted of this weathercock the "Moderator;" he seems to all men a blockhead, a parasite, a *boutefeu*, a scoundrel; to himself only he seems a "Moderator," the only wise man, and reconciler of differences; but he seems so to nobody else: for, as Tutchin\* observes, "Let the 'Moderator' look to his title, and see whether his paper answers it; and, whilst he reflects on others for unmannerly language, let him consider whether his Readers may not say, '*Clodius accusat Mæchos*,' and what difference there is betwixt the words *moderate* and *exasperate*." The "Moderator" is the unfittest changeling that ever was to reconcile parties; for, being neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm (for that is all the *moderation* we find in his dull papers), he is detestable both to God and man. In "Moderator, Numb. 1." he tells us, "Here are scandalous Clubs†, to expose Citizens' vices, and teach the Government what to do; and here is a scandalous 'Observator,' that cooks up his puns, and dishes out his malicious bombast, to render the High Church ridiculous." But consult him in other papers; and you will find Mr. De Foe much in his favour, and the "Observator" a useful paper. The "Moderator" is a mere polypus, always of the same colour of the side he meets with; for he varies his shape

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\* Observator, Vol. IV. Numb. 58.

† Meaning Mr. De Foe's Reviews.

and Religion as often as his company. In short, the "Moderator" is a mere every thing; and if he have two ears (which I much question), honest men have been deprived of theirs. His Religion is yet to chuse; what he shall be he knows not, nor what he is; for he tells us\*, "he writes for no denomination of people in particular;" yet I hold him an Independent; for, whilst he sides with all Religions, he will be sure to none; like a pair of compasses, the one end of him stands fast, whilst with the other of his speeches he walks the round of every prevailing faction. No man pretends more to Religion and the public good than the "Moderator;" and yet no man intends it less: and well may he in shew advance that which keeps his grinders a-going—like that notorious Pick-pocket, that whilst (according to the custom) every one held up their hands at rehearsing the Creed, he by a device had a false hand, which he held up like the rest, whilst his true hand was false in other men's pockets. In a word, the "Moderator" is a very blank; wherein you may write any thing that will make for his profit: with the hedge-hog, he turns his den which way soever the wind of prosperity blows. He proposes "to have all papers but his own suppressed:" but, as a judgment upon him for telling so many lies of their kind reception, his own papers have led the way. "*Ears!*" can such an *ambidexter* have ears? No! it is to call in question the understanding of men of learning and temper to say he has had either *ears* or *credit*, ever since he disgraced that excellent virtue of Moderation in pretending to write for it.

Thus have I given a brief (but true) character of those *Earless Fellows* (if they had their due) the "Moderator" and "Wandering Spy;" that, to oblige Malthus, said all they could to blast my credit with Printers and Stationers.

I come next to "*The Whipster*" (drunken Alecto), who stole my title of "Whipping-post," and then spits, and froths, and drivels as much nonsense, malice, and vanity at me, as *Tom S*— would pay him for. This sot of an Author is a compound of all that is vile, dull, and abusive, in the "Moderator" and "Wandering Spy,"

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\* Moderator, Numb. 1.

with this addition, that P——s \* is the greater sot. In order to his preferment, P——'s friends sent him to Oxford, where he ate, and drank, and slept; played a match or two at foot-ball, perhaps stole a pig, ran away from the Proctor, and studied three or four years to as much purpose as was his stealing my "Whipping" title; or, if they did not steal my title, let them clear themselves by an affidavit—and then I will fairly own there is no thieving, but only good wits jump in the case. But without this, let the world judge how basely they have waylaid me; as if it was entailed upon S——'s Family to steal both Titles and Projects from John Dunton; for this bulky *Whipster* is Son to that very S——s who undermined my "Question-project," till he lost about twenty pounds, and then flung up his "Lacedemonian Mercury †," as his Son has done the "Whipping-post," as the just reward of an interloper. So that, if I am not mistaken, here is *Trim-tram*; or, whatever the Master is, sure I am the rake, or tool, he employs, is both sot and coxcomb. His head is like an Irish bog, a spongy quagmire; his brains are in a perpetual souce-tub: the pickle (since he stole my Title) is only changed from Ale to Wine. This profound Soaker is one of the common scorns of all civil people, as carrying about him all the signs and tokens of a shameless sot. His eyes are ready to tumble out of his head; and, as the Beast hath on him the Drunkard's mark, so he hath their rewards, Shame and Poverty. If you dare take his word for it, he studies only at the Tavern; for, in his "*Miscellanies over Claret*," he tells his Readers, "But, as Mottieux desired his Letters (after postage paid) to be sent to the Coffee-house, so we have two or three among us such exceeding Drunkards as to submit to no place but the Tavern. At present our Office is kept at the Rose Tavern without Temple-bar; which may be as well called an Office of Credit as the Land Bank, for we pay our reckonings after the same manner Dr. *Chamberlain* does his salaries; that is, not at all. But no matter; our Landlord is an honest man, that he is; though I believe he will be soon weary of his Poets, for we have just now

\* Phillips, the Translator of the "*Present State of Europe*," see before, page 181. EDIT.

† See before, p. 190.

chalked up a crown with him." These are his own words in his Preface, by which he insinuates, "He that drinks well, sleeps well; and he that sleeps well, thinks no harm;" the falsehood of which may be soon confuted, because he *staggers* in the argument, and, which is yet worse, he glories in his Drunkenness; for, to convince the world he is a shameless sot, in his Dedication he tells his Patron \*, "My Lord, We are four or five, some say honest, others foolish, but all say drunken fellows, now drinking your Lordship's health at the tavern; and our poetical inclinations are all attended with poetical pockets. Some of us have sixpence and eight farthings; some neither eight farthings nor a sixpence; so that the chiefest of our dependance is upon the strength of this Dedication. And since the majority of us are too dirty for your Levee, we have picked out the nicest spark of us all to make this present by. He is our Plenipotentiary; and we give full power to receive, &c. any thing your Lordship shall order towards the continuance of your Lordship's health. Your Lordship may guess by him what a figure the rest make, for he is the very quintessence of gentility among us all. But the rogue of a Drawer will bring up the reckoning unless we call for more wine; therefore, to avert that judgment, we beg leave (though abruptly) to subscribe, my Lord, your Lordship's most dutiful and obedient servants, &c."

Thus, Gentlemen, you see that P—— is a drunken sot by his own confession; and for that reason, if he have any *ears*, the Pillory, or Stocks, is the most likely place to find them. And, that he might want no accomplishment necessary for a Town Rake, he is as great a Sharper as he is a Drunkard; for "he will offer a dinner, or bottle of Claret, out of his joy to see you; and, in requital of this courtesy, you can do no less than pay for it." So that no man puts his brains to more use than P——; for his life is a daily invention for Punch and Claret, and each meal a new stratagem. — *Ears!* can such a mercenary shameless Topper as this have ears? It is to whip all the Beadles of Bridewell, to say he had either ears or a sound back ever since he tricked Dr. Read of 3s. 6d.; reeled to the Star Inn, &c.; abused

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\* The Earl of Dorset.

Dr. Willis for his Healing Sermon before the Queen; and stole my Title of "Whipping-post."

My last undeserved and public Enemy (and consequently the last I shall lash in public), is *Lesley*, the tacking Author of that scandalous Paper called "*The Rehearsal*." This Hackney Writer has more wit and learning than either "The Moderator," "Wandering Spy," or "Drunken Whipster;" and therefore I would lash him more severely than I do those empty Block-heads, did not his Reverend Gown protect him. This scribbling Levite hath flung a great deal of dirt at me and the present Government; and for that reason his hands and soul are so foul and black, I will not stain my paper with answering of him. However, I will draw his picture, that my Porter (the fittest man to correct him) may find him out. What I shall say of him will chiefly respect, 1. His Scholarship; 2. His behaviour towards Dissenters; 3. His Religion; and 4. His Loyalty.

As to his *Scholarship*. He should be learned, for he is always in controversies about the Government. His "*Rehearsal*" is a mere horse-fly, engendered of the corruption of a Kingdom, when too much Peace and Learning hath set men a-quarreling. His sophistry lies in telling the world that some sort of Government must necessarily be *jure divino*. One would think he had had a kiss of his Holiness's slipper, as the first step to the Popedom; for he would be thought infallible in what he says of the Primogeniture\*; and disputes Liberty and Property out of the World. He is a Critick in Royal Titles, and can prove (if you dare believe him) "that one man is marked by God above another; that Kings come booted and spurred into the world; and may (*jure divino*) ride and tyrannize over their subjects, &c." But it is Treason to follow him here; for De Foe has proved that *Lesley's* Project of Divine Right is no other than "a denying and invalidating the Queen's Title; a superseding all Parliamentary authority; and the introducing a tyrannic and arbitrary power in its full exercise." So that, whatever skill he has in the Sciences, it is plain he is Master in the Art of Bullying† and Tyranny; and, if ever *young Perkin* return, he will prove

\* *Rehearsal*, No. 57.

† See *Rehearsal* on that subject, No. 81.

persecution a Royal virtue. So much for his tyrannie and jesuitical knowledge. I come next to his *gown*; and here I must tell the world, he took his degrees in Dublin, and had, what he never deserved, Episcopal Ordination: yet I cannot call him a Clergyman, for he sometimes wears a Grey Coat and Sword, instead of a Gown and Cassock. But, whether he embrace the title of *Doctor* or *Captain*, whether he use the martial or spiritual sword, I will not determine. Yet this I am sure: he has impudence, I should say courage, enough to hang or burn all the *Cuckoos* \* (for so he calls the Whigs) in the three kingdoms. He thinks De Foe's "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" might justly be made yet a little shorter; or, if any one doubt this, let them read his spiteful remarks upon that book.

And this leads me, having done with his Scholarship, to the second head I promised to treat of, his *Behaviour towards Dissenters*. And here I shall prove he cares not how maliciously he spits at and abuses the loyal Dissenters: witness his *look* † into Mr. Burgess's meeting, and hunching the moving stars. He will rail at the plainest truths, if a Dissenter speak or write them. Read his answers to De Foe, or Tutchin, or what he says of the Oxford Weathercock, Salters' Hall, and of the Dissenters keeping the 30th of January, &c.; and you will find lying and slandering his Master-sin. How many false stories did he tell about the affair of Sandwich ‡, and Tutchin's Trials, &c. ! He is not inferior to a woman in malice, for she is that way limited, though determinable, but he transcends; accounting it his pomp to be infinitely abusive, if the subject be a Dissenter. Dissenters! he thinks them Fanaticks, and had rather be a Rebel than a conscientious Whig. In brief, Lesley is an absolute Bigot, or, which is worse, a Tacker; and, having lost all moderation and candour himself, is loth to find it in another; but "curst cows have but short

\* See his Rehearsal, No. 50.

† In his Rehearsal, No. 18.

‡ At an election for Sandwich, May 10, 1705, a Flag was asserted by one party to have been displayed, in honour of Sir Harry Furness and Mr. Burchett, at the Anabaptists' Meeting-house, whereon was the old Common-Wealth Breeches, a crown reversed, &c. This was denied by the other party; and the subject afforded matter for the Newspapers for a few days. EDIT.

horns ;” for this Bigot’s religion consists much in venting his malice against that people and truth he never well understood. Could he have his will, to use one of his witty sayings, he would massacre all the Dissenters and Low Churchmen “ by way of moderation. Yet who can blame him ? for he tells you, “ The Dissenters attack the Creed \* ; that Popery is at the bottom, and that the Dissenters are the cat’s foot, &c.” But he that is so well acquainted with the Religion of other men, I doubt, can give no certain account of his own ; for he puts his foot into *Perkinism* in France, into the *Faction* in Scotland †, into *Tackism* in England, tenderly as a cat in the water, and pulls it out again ; and still something unanswered delays him : yet he bears away some parcel of each, and you may sooner pick all Religions out of him than one. And this leads me to consider his Piety.

For his *Religion*, if he have any, it is altogether for liberty of conscience ; but, whilst he keeps loose his own, he stickles hard for an Occasional Bill to bind other men’s. He would make a bad martyr, and a good traveller : for his conscience is so large, he could never wander out of it ; and in Amsterdam, as much as he hates Dissenters, could pass for a stiff Independent ; for things that are furious never last ; and he that is a bigoted Churchman to-day would, should the wind of Government turn, be as much a Dissenter to-morrow.

This is the arch, or Spiritual, guide to the Lay-Tackers. He talks high for the Church, &c. ; but could like the grey hairs of Popery, did not some dotages there stagger him. In our differences with Rome, he is strangely unfixed ; for he wants to see which side will be uppermost ; yet would be a Papist, Jew, Turk, &c. or any thing rather than a Presbyterian. Yet, which is a great paradox, he has not any design of Religion in what he writes against the Dissenters ; for he cares not, as Tutchin proves ‡, “ whether the Directory be in Scotland, the Mass-book in England, or the Alcoran in Ireland. His business is to create feuds and animosities, to clear the way for his little Master at St. German’s. And for this

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\* Rehearsal, No. 32.

† See his Rehearsal, No. 26.

‡ Observer, vol. IV. No. 91.

reason he always sides with the Tackers, and is more furious against Protestant Dissenters than he is against Papists or Libertines. He would come wholly over to the Church of Rome, did not the scandalous name of Turncoat affright him; so that his Religion is Tyranny and Popery, and he is a Jesuit or nothing. If he commends Moderation, it is to banter the Government; and his pretending to be a Protestant is a greater satire upon the Church of England than he is able to write. Or, if he be a Protestant, it is a fiery one; for Peace and Union are two words that fright him. Neither will he hearken to Moderation; for he thinks it a canting word, till he lacks his ears, if he has not lost them already for rehearsing treason, and jesting with sacred things.

Lesley (after all his noise of the Church's danger) is a Monster in Religion, having not the right mark and shape of a Christian. He is deficient in what he ought to do, and redundant in what he ought not; and is a mere Heteroclite in Divinity. Religion, that should be a matter of practice, Lesley has made a business of controversy. He rails against Moderation as an empty thing, a studied cheat; Occasional Conformity as an artifice to subvert the Church; and, as if Persecution were the air he breathed in, he studies strange arguments to defend his heterodox and fiery tenets, as though the Spring of Living Water were a Fountain of Contention. Lesley, by his intemperate zeal (which he calls Religion) would set Church and State in a flame. His very looks, as well as his fortune, seem desperate for High Church; that is, as Bishop Burnet explains it, "the Church of Rome\*"; as though he had a design (like another Guido) to attempt some solemn mischief, with a dark lanthorn, in another Hellish Powder-Plot. But, before he writes for the Church (if he means the Protestant Church), I would advise him to take Tutchin's advice: "In the first place, take the Oaths to the Queen, live in obedience to his Spiritual Fathers, and then set up for Monarchy and the Church†." But this (with all his Religion and zeal for the Church) is what he will never do; for Lesley is a

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\* Speech in the House of Lords about Occasional Conformity.

† Observator, vol. IV. No. 58.



High Flyer in the worst sense that the word can bear : nothing terrifies him so much as to think of our Healing Parliament, and being punished (as he justly deserves) for his Weekly Lampoons. It is therefore his policy to be an Evil Angel ; and, by his " Rehearsals," mud the waters, like the fish Sepia, that he may go away undiscerned. He calls Tutchin " the Observator confounded \* ;" but if one Observator (to use his words) " is enough to hang a County," his " Weekly Rehearsal" is enough to poison the World. And this is all the Religion I can find in him.

I come next to his *Loyalty*. But I ask his pardon for calling him loyal, for he scorns to be so to a Protestant Queen ; so that, to do him justice, he is only a rotten sepulchre newly painted over with a colour of Loyalty. By refusing to take the Oaths to her Majesty, he does, as it were, wear the livery of *young Perkin* ; and all his policy is, if he can carry it undiscovered, as it is likely he will ; for he tells his Friends (if I may believe a person that had it from his own mouth) " that he refuses to take the Oaths to the Queen, that he may do the greater service to the Church of England." But what Friend can he be to the Church or State, that scruples to take the Oaths to be loyal to it ? So that Lesley is an essence needing a double definition : for he is not what he appears ; but, like some of the Spheres that besides their general motion with the others, have a particular one to themselves, " like a waterman, that looks one way, but rows another." But for all his *out*, he cannot change his *in-side* ; so that he differs nothing from an Hypocrite. He says, " the Observator is of no Church, and Mob Principles ;" which, by the way, is a great mistake ; or, were it true, I think it a better character than for a man to enter into Holy Orders, and then disgrace his Gown by Tacking Principles, and lampooning the Government. He extols and commends the Bloody Reign of James II ; and despairs (except the French Tyrant should conquer England) of ever seeing the like ; yet is he always desiring of change, like sick folks, thinking unquietness would procure rest. Loyalty is as often in his mouth as seldom in his heart ; for, like a corrupt Chirurgeon, he

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\* In his Rehearsal, No. 24.

lives upon keeping the sore raw. All his "Rehearsals" are invectives against the Government; and, like a froward child, because he cannot be happy according to his own will, he will be miserable in spite. He rails against Church and State in that very "Rehearsal" that treats of Loyalty; and, though he has not courage to do it openly, speaks Treasons confidently to himself alone, expecting an event of his desires. He is a mere bladder, puffed up with the wind of hope; and, could he prove the Succession in the Primo-geniture from Adam to Noah, and so down to these present times, he would take the Oaths to the *Sham Prince*. But it is "past Twelve o'clock" with this Weekly Incendiary; for, whilst he wishes harm to the Queen, it rebounds to himself; and the Loyal Dissenters (like camomile) grow the better for his envious treading. I could say more of his sham Loyalty; but all his "Rehearsals" prove, he wishes all things turned topsy-turvy; and for that reason (were there no proof of his Treasons) he deserves to be hanged by an *inuendo*; and, were I his Judge, this Sentence would pass for *Lex Talionis*, or a just judgment upon him; for all must own that his "Rehearsal, Number 21," was designed for my utter ruin, that remembers I published my first Edition of "The Tackers" whilst the Parliament was actually sitting: and for this reason he tells the world, "the most considerable men in the House were Tackers; but yet," continues this French Tool, "you see John Dunton defies them, and dares publish his 'Character of a Tacker' \* while the House of Commons is sitting." But, though the Tacking Members were provoked by my Satire upon them (and Lesley said all he could to procure me a visit from the Serjeant at Arms), yet these Pinacle Gentlemen, being ashamed of their Tacking Bill, never winced at my Satire upon them; nor did they give Lesley the Thanks of the House for making such a noise about it; but would have been glad that the very word *Tacker* might have been forgotten. However, Lesley shewed his teeth; and none would question his being a *Perkinite* (or spite and malice to John Dunton) that reads his "Rehearsal, No 21."

\* Dunton published this Character in his "Athenian Catechism," No. 17, for Dec. 13, 1704. EDIT.

*Ears!* can such a Rebel as this have ears? It is to impeach the Law, and to say the Hangman neglects his duty; to say Lesley has had either ears or head, ever since he wrote that treasonable and scandalous Paper called "The Rehearsal."

So much for his Scholarship, Religion, Loyalty. Now, in mere respect to that Coat and Church which he strives to disgrace by his Weekly "Rehearsals," I leave him hatching Plots against the State, and building Castles in the Air for the reception of *young Perkin*. And who knows but an hundred years hence he may chance to creep (as a Saint) into the Roman Calendar, for turning Nonjuror? I could enlarge; but he is an everlasting argument, and I am weary of him; and, perhaps, some will think I have said too much. But I have dwelt the longer on this Character, that Lesley (and the other *Attachers* of my person and goods) may see what a pretty figure they make when they are drawn at length.

I come next to *Malthus*, that spiteful Woman that hired these fellows to slander me. S. Malthus was the famous Publisher of Grub-street News. She copies her Religion and Honesty from Hackney Authors; and, if she have any *Ears*, it is more than I dare assert of any one that writes for her. Malthus is one in whom good women suffer, and have their truth and fidelity misinterpreted by her flattery and ingratitude. She is one she knows not what herself if you ask her; for she recommends "Funeral Sermons" and "Wandering Spies," &c. with the same breath. She rails at other women. Her purity consists much in her linen; her wealth in strutting and talking big; but her cunning is chiefly seen in preserving her ears. However, she sets up for a Wit; and, if she can say no ill of a man, she seems to speak riddles, as if she could tell strange stories if she would; and, when she has wreaked her revenge to the uttermost, she ends, "But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace." She is a private slanderer; but (where she is known) all her words go for jests, and all her jests for nothing. Her very courtesies are intolerable; they are done with such arrogance and design upon you, and she is the only person you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungrateful. I may justly reckon it among my

calamities, that ever I listened to her double tongue, or suffered myself to be treated by her. But I am not the only person that was deceived; for Malthus, having learned to wheedle from *Dick Nutt*, and the art of shamming from her first husband, she has put such tricks on the Printers and Stationers, &c. she can now pay but two shillings and six pence in the pound. This is the Woman, and these are the earless Fellows (if they had their due) that were trying for ten months to blast my credit with Printers and Stationers, to advance their own. I own that Lesley, Malthus, &c. and all the rest of my scribbling enemies, are such a rabble of noisy, empty, scandalous Authors, they are scarce worth my notice; and, if they should provoke me a second time (as they are beneath my pen and sword) I will only stoop so low as to hire some able Porter to kick them into better manners. But I thought it needful to draw their Pictures in this Letter, that my Creditors might all see what sort of Hackneys they are, that were so zealous to blast my credit, and (had it been in their power) to ruin me quite.

But I will not enlarge, for (except they are hardened) they now see their sin in their punishment. But, if they reply to this, I have now drawn my pen (and a brighter weapon is always at hand in a just cause), and resolve to humble them.

Yes, Malthus, know, since thou 'rt grown so proud,  
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown,  
 Thou 'dst else in the forgotten crowd  
 Of common Midwives liv'd unknown,  
 Had not my Books proclaim'd thy name,  
 And imp'd it with the plumes of fame.  
 That boasted credit 's none of thine;  
 I gave it to thy shop and *Spies*.  
 Thy *Moderator* too is mine \*;  
 Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies.  
 Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere  
 Lightning on him that plac'd thee there.

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\* Reader, do not mistake me here; for I do not mean by these lines, that I have any hand either in writing or printing that dull and foolish Paper, called "The Moderator," or that more scandalous one called "The Wandering Spy;" but purely, as Malthus owes all the credit she had with Printers and Stationers to that great trust I gave her at her first setting-up for a Publisher.

Treat me then with abuse no more;  
 Lest what I made, I uncreate.  
 Let *Clark*\* thy haughty looks adore :  
 I knew thee in thy begging state †.  
 Wise Poets, that wrapp'd Truth in tales,  
 Knew her themselves through all her veils.

Thus, with the Phœnix, I do, as it were, flourish in my own ashes, or rather revive from those attachments and slanders, &c. that Malthus and her Weekly Hackneys thought they had buried me in. So that all they got by their two attachments and private slandering was the pleasure of musing upon the mischief they would have done me, had it been in their power. But I shall say no more of these detractors ; for Alexander ‡, at the Olympic Games, would run with none but Monarchs. And, though I think as meanly of what I write or print as either prejudice or malice itself can do ; yet, as no man will lose a farthing by me, I shall not condescend so low as to think Dunton (with all his weakness and losses, &c.) a fit match for such Jack puddings ; and therefore, as the generous mastiff is above minding the yelping of little curs, so for the future (except they will put their names to what they print) I shall take no notice of any of our Weekly Writers, except it be Mr. *Review* and the *Observer* ; and only those as they have the courage and honesty to subscribe their names to all they publish.

The ingenious Tutchin puts his name to his " Observators ;" and De Foe says, " I never write Penny Papers (the " Review" excepted), nor ever shall, unless my name is publicly set to them §." But as to Malthus and her two Scribblers, they stab a man in the dark. Like a serpent, they bite Dunton by the heel, and then creep into their hole again (alias garret, the chief residence of

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\* This is a Printer in Thames-street, who was very zealous to oblige Malthus ; but what he has got by her (except an opportunity to trust her with twelve pounds) he that knows can tell.

† Begging indeed ! for Malthus was so low at first as to promise me to *even every day*, if I would but deal with her.

‡ Alexander, when his Father wished him to run for the Prize at the Olympic Games (for he was very swift), said, " he would, if he might run with Kings."

§ *Review*, vol. III. No. 16. "

Hackney Authors), for want of courage to abet their actions. This is such a sneaking cowardice, that I shall answer no man that is ashamed of his name, or has not the courage and honesty to vindicate what they write,

If Malthus thinks this too hard treatment, she must thank herself; for would any but Malthus (if her name be Malthus) endeavour to lessen the reputation of "her best Friend;" for so she called me, till (by advertising my Books) she began to make a figure in trade; and, as private as she now lives, I scarce think she will deny this; for I can prove, by her own Letter, "that, without my assistance she had never got so much as the name of a Publisher;" and (which further shews her ingratitude) she tells me in the same Letter, "that all her Friends in Town, but myself, either had, or at least had endeavoured, to make a prey of her."

Now, for such a Woman as this to call me "Bankrupt," &c.; and, to heighten the impudence, to be the first aggressor (when my bare trusting of her was a sort of attachment) is such ingratitude as has no parallel. But why should I wonder at her, when I have Neighbour's Fare; for (not to mention her re-printing a Copy\* I brought her to publish, her dispersing falsehoods in the "Wandering Spy," and fifty things that will keep cold) she slandered so much as her own Father, of which I will give a particular account if she *loo* her whelps any more at me.

I had never discovered Malthus's ungrateful treatment, or once mentioned the service I did her, had not her public detraction rendered a public vindication necessary. And what greater provocations could be given than for Malthus to seek my overthrow, after I had ventured my all to serve her, and that too at a time when her rich Friends refused to appear for her? so that I merely trusted her in her extremity, and was so hearty in it, that I told the World, "that though her Husband Malthus was very unfortunate, yet I hoped his Widow (our new Publisher) would have all the encouragement the Trade could give her; for she was not only a Bookseller's Widow, but a Bookseller's Daughter; and her-

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\* Delaune's "Plea for the Nonconformists."

self free from all that pride and arrogance (for so I thought by her great care to oblige at first) that was found in the carriage of other Publishers \*."

Having as publicly vindicated my credit with Printers and Stationers, as Malthus and her two Hackneys endeavoured to blast it, I now forgive them; and, except they fling any more dirt, I have nothing further to say to them; but advise them to practise my *Idea of a New Life* (published, or rather *attached*, by Malthus), and to sin (I mean slander) no more, &c.; and then, I hope, we shall all meet in that pure and holy place where none transgress so much as in thought.

This is a brief hint of those many losses and wrongs I have groaned under (and that from persons that owed all the credit they had in Trade, and in Usurers' Bonds, to my appearing so heartily for them); by which it appears, that an over-credulity, and readiness to serve the unfortunate, has been the great misfortune of my whole life. But Justice was still in my eye under all my losses; and whatever treatment I have from others, no man shall tax me with being a monster—I mean ungrateful; and this resolution has so far blessed my affairs, that, as I said before, "I can now tell to a day when I shall pay every farthing I owe."

I wish B——l, S——ge, and Malthus, that were so zealous to lessen my credit with Printers and Stationers, could give them the same assurance; for it is what I can make good, and I hope will satisfy all my Creditors: or, if it does not, my crazy body is at their service. But, were I now in prison, I could neither say nor do more than I here promise; but it is such a promise, if it gives satisfaction to all my Creditors, that I will make good to a tittle; for that generous person to whom I sold my Woods has obliged himself, by a writing under his hand, either to release *Iver* Estate, which secures his bargain; or else to purchase the reversion of *Bottom-Farm*, which will pay six times more than I owe. And when I am out of debt, having given a Farewell to Trade †, I will then purchase an usefully pleasant Library, throw off the

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\* See before, p. 220.

† In an Essay now ready for the Press,

drudgery of the Press, live at liberty, and get ready for Heaven, and that shall be the last Act of the Play.

So that you see, Gentlemen, as I said before, "I have taken effectual care that my losses in Trade should be none of yours:" for, if I live till October the 10th, 1708, I have secured your money every way; or, if I die before that time, it is a clause in my Will, "That my Heir shall not receive a penny till all my Debts are discharged." It is true, my heir will think this a hardship upon him; but a just debt ought to be paid, though it were but a verbal promise\*, and I will rather displease my heir than wrong my Creditors: and as all are alike kind, so I will make no distinction in my justice to them; but will pay them all at the same time, *viz.* October the 10th, 1708—or next week, would my friends enable me, as perhaps they may; for there is such a fair correspondence between me and Valeria, that, in answer to a letter, wherein I request her to assist me in paying my debts, for this reason, that we must live asunder till then, as an heir to her jointure would cheat my Creditors; she writes thus:—"My Dear; I was resolved to let you see how much I loved you, in getting my Mother to pay for my food and raiment, and all my expences in other things." And she adds in the same letter: "Considering, my Dear, your frequent fits of the stone and rheumatism, &c. it is necessary you should take a servant to look after you. And you may assure yourself I shall like any servant that is tender of you; and my Mother will like any staid person (that you approve of) to be with me, before she leaves the world, which she is very likely soon to do. In the case she is in, every one thinks her dangerous, and her life short. Which is all at present from your loving Wife till death,

SARAH DUNTON."

Gentlemen, I give you this brief account of my Wife's letter, to convince you and the world, how happy we shall be when Providence brings us together; and not to insinuate as if I intended only to pay you with Dead Folks Shoes. For, though my Mother, Uncle, Aunt, Cousin, whose deaths give me a just title to four estates, should prove an exception to the common law of mor-

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\* Here Dunton quotes a passage from "The Whole Duty of Man," as already given in p. 406. EDIT.



talities, yet I so little need or desire their death, that, if my Creditors are contented with what I have here promised, if they please, and can bribe Death, they may live for ever. And therefore, as I never waited for Dead Men's Shoes \*, so I hope mine are as little desired; for the sale of what I mentioned before will pay all I owe, and leave me a clear estate, and that without the least thanks to any Relation. And when my debts are paid, which is a word of comfort your other Debtors do seldom give; I will not desire that *six months credit* which is usually given in Trade, but will always be a *ready-money* customer to all my Creditors, that so I may make them a large and constant amends for their kind and long forbearance. But I shall not need to say any thing more to make you credit my promise; for I challenge all the persons I ever dealt with, both before and since my misfortunes, to prove I ever over-reached or deceived them in any one instance.

It is true "The London Post" had the impudence to say, "Nor is it any of the celebrated Authors of this age, no, not John Dunton himself; who, in spite of *native Dulness* [a better name for a Fool] resolves to be a Wit, as he always did to be a Knave, in spite of "Second Spira," and a whole volume of repentance." As to my being a Fool, I confess my serving ungrateful persons, but more especially Malthus, &c. has given too much reason for that reflection. But as to my being a Knave, I appeal to the narrative of "Second Spira †," to my *Idea of a New Life*, how little I deserve his infamous reflections. I should have been much concerned if Ben Harris had given me a good word, for his commendation is the greatest reproach that an honest man can meet with. He is so far from having any dealing with Truth and Honesty, that his solemn word, which he calls as good as his bond, is a studied falsehood, and he scandalizes Truth and Honesty, in pretending to write for it. His "London Post ‡," or weighing of Truth and Honesty, resembles the Bird of Athens; for it seems to be

\* As I have proved in "An Essay upon Dead Men's Shoes, &c." now ready for the Press.

† To be found in the History of my Life, p. 154.

‡ In the "London Post" were often given, "Resolutions upon the Present Posture of Affairs, by Truth and Honesty." EDIT.

made up of face and feathers ; for, setting aside his Billingsgate language, and hunting up and down the world for any occasion of venting his fulsome slander, there is very little of wit or honesty in him, but what he hath stolen from "The Wandering Spy," or his own hypocritical heart. His employment, or rather livelihood, is to blast other men's credit, and to steal their copies. He is a mere *F—y* for slander, falsehood, tricking. And for this reason Dr. Partridge ought to lash him in such manner as will best atone for the wrongs he did him, which are so notorious and frequent, that the ingenious Partridge, in his Almanack for this year, tells the world :

"Whereas, for the two years last past, 1704 and 1705, I have been abused, and the country also, by a Supplement added to my Almanack, forged and contrived by Benjamin Harris and his Son, and printed as mine, though I knew nothing of it till it was printed : This is therefore to give notice, if any such knavish Supplement, or any thing like it by another title, is added to the Almanack this year, or any other, you may be certain it is not mine ; but contrived and done by some Knave, to abuse the world, And therefore, if there is any thing in print beyond this hand at the bottom, it is a cheat, and he a knave that did it. So says your friend,

J. PARTRIDGE."

Dr. Partridge, by this advertisement, proves all I have said of Harris. And had he called me "honest man," I should have thought it a great slander ; but, seeing he has the boldness to acknowledge he called me Knave, were I to assign his punishment, that Harris might see how much I forgave him, he should only be lashed every Monday and Friday, the two days he published the "London Post," at his own door, by the common hangman ; and every Monday and Thursday own himself a knave and coward, &c. in the "London Gazette," till such time he had asked pardon of Dr. Partridge, John Dunton, and the other persons he wronged in the "London Post." Or, should he escape doing penance in the *printed sheets*, yet we shall find him a second time in the pillory, with his Wife, like a kind rib, standing by, to defend him against the mob. Yet, to shew, after he is well lashed and pilloried, I know how and where to forgive him :

Ben, take this pass, ere we for ever part:  
 Then hang; and then farewell with all my heart:  
 Mark'd for a thief, long mayst thou raving lie,  
 Envyng an halter, but not dare to die.  
 And, when condemn'd thou dost thy Clergy plead,  
 Some frightful fiend deny thee power to read.  
 Slander, *Ned Ward*, confusion, rage, and shame,  
 Attend you to the place from whence you came,  
 To Tyburn thee let carrion horses draw,  
 In jolting cart, without so much as straw;  
 Jaded may they lie down i' th' road, and tir'd,  
 And, worse than one fair hanging, twice be mir'd;  
 Mayst thou be maul'd with Pulchre's \* Sexton's sermon—  
 Till thou roar out, "For hemp sake, drive on, Carman."  
 Not one good woman, who in conscience can  
 Cry out "'T is pity troth—a proper man!"—  
 Stupid and dull, mayst thou rub off, like *Hone*,  
 Without an open or a smother'd groan.  
 May the knot miss the place, and fitted be  
 To plague and torture, not deliver thee;  
 Be half a day a dying thus, and then  
 Revive, like *Savage*†, to be hang'd again.  
 In pity, now, thou shalt no longer live;  
 For, when thus satisfied, I can forgive.

Let Harris call me Knave and Fool as long as he please,  
 I will never busy myself, having told the world what mere  
 rubbish my enemies are. In searching into other men's  
 lives, the errors of my own are more than I can answer  
 for. It more concerns me to mend one fault in my-  
 self, than to find out a thousand in others. Two things  
 I never trouble myself to know; other men's faults, and  
 other men's estates. My own soul, and the amendment  
 of my own faults, is all my study. Nor do I think any  
 sin less because it is hid; for to Him that shall judge me  
 it is open. But, though I was never the first aggressor  
 in any quarrel, nor ever complied with the world to  
 slander him that is down, &c.; yet, as De Foe observes,  
 "self-defence is the law of nature; and a man ought no  
 more to be passive under the murderer of his reputation,  
 than of his life."

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\* "The Sexton of St. Sepulchre's Church makes a kind of Preachment  
 to such as go by to be hanged." J. DUNTON.—This Ceremony has  
 lately been dispensed with. EDIT.

† One that was hanged twice.

Then sure, Gentlemen, you will not blame me for this vindication : for, as Harris had the impudence to call me Knave, so I was also attacked by that enigmatical quack that wrote "The Tale of a Tub." This fleering *Squirt* tells the world, "That the history of my life is a faithful and painful collection, &c." Yes, Dr. *Know-Post*, so it is ; for it was wholly gathered from my own breast ; neither is my *Idea of a New Life*, which Dr. *King*\* never did, nor intends to practise, stolen from any thing else but my own thoughts of becoming a new man.

And Mr. *F*——, without either generosity, sense, or manners, takes upon him to slander my new Project for Reformation †. Nay, so much as that doggrel Poet *Jack Wi*——, that writ "A New Year's Gift for the Scribblers, &c." had the boldness to tell the World :

" Let the renowned Dunton next,  
With scribbling and with cares perplex,  
With all the *Errors of his Life*  
Oblige the World, and cease from strife †.  
For Print and Paper give him trust,  
I'll warrant you he will be just.  
If not, if *D*——y, *M*——ls, and *H*——l,  
Have patience, he will pay them all :  
Patience, perforce, must be their cure,  
Till he a chapman can procure,  
To purchase an estate that lies  
I know not where, beyond the skies ;  
Or else, till he can get possession  
Of an estate that 's in reversion.  
All the right owners once in Heaven,  
'Tis his ; and then he 'll make all even."

These lies were writ to oblige Malthus for *Wi*—— was her constant Hackney and Partner ; but the rhymer, I cannot say Poet, is such a contemptible wretch, he is not worth my notice ; but, as he did me all the mischief he could, it is necessary the world should know him. He is a poetical insect ; a mere Grub-street Poet ; the worst sort of Hackney ; a murderer of paper ; nothing he writes sells ; the common scribbler of the town, that writes and drinks, as he can steal or borrow, coin or wit.

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\* To whom Swift's "Tale of a Tub" was for some time attributed. EDIT.

† Published by Mrs. Mallet.

‡ This line is a little altered.

His brains lie all in Notes : Oh, how he'd look,  
If he should chance to lose his Table-book.

His wit at best is but a tavern-tympany, the dregs of Poetry. He makes Helicon a puddle, not a spring. In brief, Jack Wi—— is a very Poetaster, that speaks nothing but lies and bombast. A good conceit or two bates of his stock of wit, and makes such a sensible weakening in him, that his brains recover it not a year after. How did he stare, and sour his face, when he wrote "The Hymn to Money !" To vent his brains, in the composing this dull Poem, he ate his very fingers' excrement, and continually scratched his noddle, his rhymes were so hide-bound, to tear them out. The very best of his poems are, "The Baboon à-la-mode ;" "The Welcome to Victory ;" "The After-thought ;" and "New Year's Gift for the Scribblers." But these are so very silly and impertinent, that even John Bunyan would be ashamed to own them. And for the rest of his Poems, which now serve under mince-pies, they are doggrel hymns, and flashes darted out on the sudden, which, if you take them while they are warm, may be laughed at ; if they cool, are nothing. But yet, which made Malthus so proud of her Author, he writes Poems best extempore ; for meditation stupifies him, and the more he is in travail, the less he brings forth \*. Nay, Wi—— is such a mere dolt of a Poet, that he takes such pains to make a verse, or a little nonsense tagged with rhyme, that at the birth of each he twists his face as if he drew a tooth. He blots and writes, and sometimes hunts an hour, with the whole kennel of the alphabet, for one single rhyme. And all this pains is only to make him a poor ragged scoundrel ; and, to do him justice, he does not desire to be thought otherwise : for, in his Poem to the Scribblers †, he there says :

" Now, Brother Scribblers, let me tell ye,  
Bare lines will never fill the belly.  
This Poem, and that Satire too,  
As little for the back will do ;

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\* Of which his Baboon Satire is a notable instance.

† To be found in Wi——'s "Hymn to Money," p. 15.

And often 't is the fate of many  
 A Poet, not to have one penny :  
 But, like Philosophers of old,  
 Thro' pocket-holes you may behold  
 Their ——— exposed to the cold. }  
 Hard hap indeed it is of wit,  
 But so the Fates do think it fit :  
 And seldom it is they dispense  
 Money to the same man, and sense.  
 But why is gold such a cross devil \* ?  
 When you are so submiss and civil,  
 To pawn your very souls, and sense  
 To Hell, and every fool for pence.  
 Yet ne'er a Broker in the town \*,  
 On Wit would lend you half-a-crown.  
 Who then would scribble, that has sense ?  
 That cannot live on abstinence.

Gentlemen, if you wonder why these verses are lame and foolish, you must know they sympathize with the Author ; for, in his " Hymn to Money," he there says, " he hath been so long beating the hoof in quest of money, that he hath worn the skin off his ten toes ; and no wonder if the fancy limp, when the body is uneasy." So that, by his own confession, he writes for bread, and lives by defamation. Had he never pretended to Poetry, he might have passed for a half-witted fellow, which is a quarter more than he has ; for he is something the less unwise that is unwise but in prose. But, when a goose dances, and a fool versifies, there is sport alike. He is twice an ass that is a rhyming one ; which is the case with respect to Wi——, for he is only a Wit in jest, and a Fool in earnest ; and yet, like a right Hackney, he is so big of himself, that, when he has written any thing which has passed with applause, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the extacy his hearers were in at every period. Nay, he is so vain and foolish, as to hope in time to be Poet-laureat : for, in his " Advice to the Sons of Parnassus," he there says,

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\* These two lines are a little altered from what they are in the " Hymn to Money."

"Don Projectero still in vain,  
Plagu'd with the windmills in his brain,  
By Scribbling strives to raise himself  
Unto the laurel, and to pelf."

For this reason he is always talking of Dryden, Congreve, and new Poems, &c. ; for, though he knows nothing, he would not have the world know so much. Or, if he have any wit, he wears it as bravos do their swords, to mischief and offend others ; not as Gentlemen, to defend themselves. In a word, he is a mere empty fellow ; and, though he talk much of the Question Oracle, Learning, and Athenian Catechisms \*, he learns all from talking. Two encounters with the same man pump him ; and then he only puts in, or gravely says nothing. In a word, his "New Year's Gift" shews he has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar ; and where he is known, his poems are bantered and laughed at.

Having given Wi——'s character as a Poetaster, I shall next consider him as a Perfumer, or master of half a dog-hole in Leadenhall-street. And here I should tell the world, he has been a Printer † ; a Salesman ; a Taylor ; a Pattern-drawer ; a Jack of all Trades. But he thrived in none, and broke of all ; so that he stinks in the nostrils of all he dealt with. It is true, he endeavours to sweeten his credit again with perfume and wash-balls ‡. "His mind to him a kingdom is ;" but it is a kingdom wanting form and matter.

When Beadle Death does him at last attend,  
Let him go where he will, in this he 's sure to mend.  
Death kindly House and Land provides him ; more  
(Besides the Cage) than e'er he had before.  
Thrice miserable they whom Want and Fate  
Eternal mumpers made at Learning's gate.  
Their Souls, indeed, they cram with notions high ;  
But let poor Colon live by sympathy :  
To honourable beggars they give place,  
Lean younger brothers of the lousy race.

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\* Wi——'s "New Year's Gift," p. 6.

† Or, if he was not a Printer, he intended to be so.

‡ The trifles he now sells.

But to proceed in my account of Wi——. First, he is a mere make-bate, and would set Man and Wife at dissension the first day of their marriage, and Children and Parents the last day of their lives. He is an old dog at stealing of mutton; His very courtsbip and wedding was theft; and where he cannot intrigue, he will be sure to make mischief. To prove this, consult the angry Vintner in Tooley-street. Nor will innocence ever be safe, or conversation honest, till such as he leave the world the shortest way; I mean, till he is fairly hanged. Had I been as poor and needy as this broken Salesman, &c. would represent me, yet Wi—— should have been the last should have made it known; for no Printer will trust him with two farthings; he might well cry \*

“As poor as any Owlet still,  
A curse that doth attend the Quill.”

Is not this a sweet fellow, to tell my Printers, &c. “I should never pay them?” when it is thought his whole estate, either in perfumes, or beyond the skies†, will not pay for that doggrel poem, “A Hymn to Money;” for, of 1500 printed, he never sold 100; so that his Printers can never expect a farthing. And it is well if his very Porter be ever paid; for, after hawking a whole day his “Hymn to Money,” left him so bare of cash, that he did not sell enough to pay his Porter for his day’s work. Amongst other of his shipwrecks, he bath happily lost shame; and this want supplies him in his shop, trade, cloaths, diet, &c. But, though he has home-spun impudence‡, yet, were his debts honestly paid, he has not a rag to cover him, but must, had he as much innocence, live as they did in Paradise.

Thus I have largely proved that Wi—— (who sent “Advice to the Sons of Parnassus§”) is as poor and base in his trading as he is in his rhiming capacity. He only buys and sells (when he dares be seen) to ruin himself, and to wrong others. In a word, he is a poor silly broken

\* In his “New Year’s Gift,” p. 5, 6.

† See his “New Year’s Gift,” p. 7.

‡ A phrase of his own, in his New Year’s Gift, p. 2.

§ It is the name of a Poem, wherein he abuses Sir Bartholomew Gerbier, Sir Charles Duncombe, De Foe, Tutchin, Dunton, and several others.



Pedlär, that merely cūmbers the ground, and will be only able to render this account of his Life and Rhymes when he comes to die: "That he was as long a-dying as he did live."

Gentlemen, having wiped off all the dirt that my Enemies have flung at me, I do now in this "Living Elegy" (what I do every night before I sleep) forgive all the damage they ever did me: even that person that forced me (under a pinch) to pay three pounds for that which other men would have thought *nobly* rewarded at twenty shillings\* does not miss of my nightly and hearty forgiveness. And I find the injured Tutchin follows the same practice; for, in his *Observator*, vol. IV. No. 95, he says, "I can pass by a thousand indignities and affronts offered by so mean a scoundrel as the Author of *The Rehearsal*;" and, to shew he forgives all his Enemies (in vol. IV. No. 94), he further adds, "It is the property of all good Christians to die in charity with all men; and, as they launch into Eternity, (and what is sleep but a sort of dying?) to forgive even their Enemies;" which I do in so hearty a manner, that I never close my eyes (or sleep) in malice, or rise with the thoughts of revenge: and if I have ever wronged any person myself (either in thought, word, or deed,) I as heartily ask their pardon as I here give them mine. Or, if we must quarrel at the Bar to please our Clients (*alias* Readers), yet, I hope, we do afterwards forgive, and embrace each other, when we meet at the Tavern to drink "a Health to the Queen, and our Healing Parliament." Sure I am, however we expose each other in *Print*, if we live in malice we are much to blame; for it is the duty of all men to receive the Sacrament. However ready we are to quarrel, yet I hope we are as ready to forgive, and love as brethren. For my own part, having done myself public justice for the public wrongs I received, I am willing to lead the way in a hearty forgiveness of all my Enemies; but (as was said before) self-defence is the

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\* Yet I will pay even this debt, October 10, 1708, (the time set to even with all the World,) if the person to whom I gave a note for the money (after considering of it till that time) thinks he may receive it with a good conscience.

law of Nature, and a man ought no more to be passive under the murderer of his reputation than of his life.

The little "Review" (my private and worst Enemy) by aping my "Question Project," only got an opportunity to shew his teeth; or, could he have *bit* (*i. e. stolen*) my Project, I had teeth growing in Bow-lane, Enfield, St. Alban's \*, should have bit through his Athenian Club, and all the Satires he ever published :

Thus Interlopers do betray  
Their bad success the *shortest way*.

"The Moderator †," (my dull Enemy) after all his noise of promoting peace (and his Papers selling), went out with a stink and a lie in his mouth.

"The Wandering Spy ‡" (my third Attacher) was arraigned; and his "Spy" became invisible in a literal sense.

Drunken *Philips* (my reeling Enemy) has interloped so long with my Whipping Project §, that a London Jury have found him (and his Tacking Master) guilty of writing and printing scandalous libels; and, if he have justice done him, has whipped himself into the pillory.

"The London Post ||," my roguish Enemy, is proved a knave and cheat by Dr. Partridge; and his useless and thievish paper is suppressed for want of receivers.

"The Rehearsal" (my Tacking Enemy), though he continues to scribble at present, yet may soon expect the fate of a Rebel; that is, to expire at Tyburn, and to have his bowels, and all his "Rehearsals," burnt.

*S—l*, my turn-coat Enemy, it is said, is run distracted; or, if he be not, it is what he is to expect, for whispering lies, and for defaming the *Noncons*. This broken Levite has written at least twenty or thirty Books; but what they are, he does not desire Dunton

\* From January 9, 1697.

† Published by S. Malthus in London-house Yard. EDIT.

‡ Published by S. Malthus. EDIT.

§ "The Whipping-Post; or, a New Sessions of Oyer and Terminer for the Weekly Scribblers, No. I." was published June 12, 1705. Advertisements taken in by B. Bragg, in Avemaria Lane. EDIT.

|| "The London Post" was published by B. Hairs, Golden Bear's Head, Gracechurch-street. EDIT.

should discover; nor will he, though the wrong he did me was base and private, without just provocation.

*Malthus*, my ungrateful Enemy, as a just judgment upon her, has now neither Books nor Moderators, &c. to publish; and, after all her bounce, can hardly pay 2s. 6d. in the pound.

And *Wi—*, my Grub-street Enemy, and *Malthus's* Poet, is now so far from writing of Hymns and Satires, that no Printer in town will trust him.

And the same fate has attended my *Dublin Enemies*. But I scorn to triumph over men in distress; and for that reason my other *Attackers* shall be concealed, that is, if they will grow honest, and forbear slandering a person that never wronged them.

But, could I refine myself to an Angel, or were as free from knavery as those in Paradise, there are some in the world, could it save them two-pence, would rail at me: for you know, Gentlemen, (I wish you did not) I am guilty of the sin of being in debt; and, until the sun shines, I mean till October 10, 1708, I must pass for a poor fellow, as the vulgar think and generally call such as are not able to pay their debts; which makes me to remember the opinion of the Chinese, who "hold men's poverty for an infallible mark of their sins." But, my generous Friends, you are men of a better principle; "not," if I may presume to use the words of the Princess Sophia \*, "that I judge of people's friendship for me by the good words they give me;" but your friendship, Gentlemen, is generous actions: and therefore I hope will not take it amiss that I only visit you in this Letter; for, as I said at first, debt has been the aversion of my whole life; and I had much rather endure a prison than to see any person I owe money to, till I am able to pay him.

This is "The Living Elegy," or mournful state of my present case: but, if it meet with any ill treatment, as I do not deserve it, so I do not value it; for, Gentlemen, I wrote this Elegy to satisfy you, and to please myself; and I am sure I shall have my end in the latter, whatever I have in the former. But, for all others, they are mock-Mourners (*alias* Summer friends), and may go about

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\* In her Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

their business ; for I neither value their censure, nor shall court their favour.—Favour ! I might be a little satirical on that word ; but, as Malthus said (when she loo'd her Beagles to attach my Books, being ashamed to be seen in it herself)—“ a word to the wise is enough.” But I shall not enlarge ; for I have as little reason to humour the Criticks as Wi—— had to be Malthus's setting-dog (I mean to offer in person to attach my Books). However, this matchless impudence (I call it so, as I owed him nothing, and scarce know him) justifies the character I gave him in page 468. And here, Gentlemen, perhaps it will be said (for Creditors have reason to look into the lives and souls of their Debtors) “ Dunton, we find you have enemies in all Religions : Lesley is High-church ; The Moderator, Low-church ; The Whipster, No-church ; S——ge, a Tacker ; F——, a Dissenter ; Malthus, a Trimmer, &c. Then what are you, that oppose them all ?”

To this I answer \*, “ My Religion is—Christian ; I mean, entirely disencumbered of all those Names, and Sects, and Parties, that have raised so much dust and noise, and have done the greatest prejudice to Christianity and the Reformation. The World, it is true, has given me that partial and precise name of *Presbyterian*, which I renounce for ever ; and take this opportunity to tell those strait-laced souls, who are for fixing bounds and enclosures in the flock of Christ, that I am neither Churchman, Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptist, Quaker, &c. That title is the best, and sufficient for me, which obtained at Antioch under the Christian Dispensation. I desire no character for the future but Christian ; a lover of Jesus, and one that intends for Heaven and happiness in the life to come ; and it is of small moment with me, whether a malignant World will allow me this measure of charity. My right to the Covenant of Grace, and my eternal Interest, have no dependance upon ill-nature and envy.” This, Gentlemen, is the Religion (call it what you please) that I desire to live and die in ; and, whilst others wrangle for this or that party, or way of worship, I desire to practise it. But

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\* As I formerly hinted in my “ Introduction,” p. xx.

though, as I said before, "my Religion is entirely disincumbered of all those names and parties which promote divisions, and as it were, pine and shrivel right Christianity into a bare skeleton; yet I profess myself an impartial lover of all good men, by what names soever dignified and distinguished; and do presume every man to be good till I find him otherwise. I have as little zeal about things that are manifestly indifferent (either *pro* or *con*) as any man in the world, and chuse to reserve it for those things which are truly worthy of it. It is a great principle with me, that the real differences of good and intelligent people are not so wide as they seem; and that, through prejudice and interest, they do many times contest about words, whilst they do heartily think the same thing.—And this, in answer to the question "What are you?" is Dunton's Religion, or the uncommon principles upon which he hopes to be saved \*. This is also the title of a large Essay intended for public view, wherein are so many Theses different from what is generally believed and practised, as will make Lesley and my other Enemies say, "Dunton had rather err by himself than hold a common truth." However, I shall advance nothing in this Essay but what really are (or I take to be) orthodox truths, and such on which I intend to venture my soul and eternal happiness. But I will not anticipate my own design, having said enough at present to satisfy all my Friends (and I hope my Enemies too) of what Religion I am, or should be. Gentlemen, I hope I have fairly proved that, as to my Morals, I am, or shall be, an honest man as soon as I get money; and that Dunton's Religion is such (did he seriously practise it) as will bring me to Heaven at last. I know a system of healing principles, &c. will be bantered by Lesley and the High-flyers; but moderation to such as dissent from us, is what all men own to be reasonable, and wish they had practised on a death-bed; for then persons are open and plain-hearted, find themselves as fallible as other men, and dare not depart in malice to the serious Christian of any persuasion. This made King William

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\* By "uncommon principles," I only mean such as are seldom believed, and more rarely practised.

declare with his last breath, "that he died a Christian of a comprehensive Charity." This with every serious mind must surely have a much greater and better sound, than to have said, "I die in the inclosed communion of one or other party, or denomination of Christians."—Nor do I see how any one can safely leave the world, however they make a shift to live in it, without a charity that reaches to all serious Christians under whatever distinguishing name they pass. And let others confine their candour and communion within narrower limits, if they dare; but I could never hope to be joined to the General Assembly and Church above, if I should willingly, and out of choice, cut off myself from any part of the body, or refuse upon truly Catholic terms to hold communion with them. And upon this very principle it is, that many Protestant Dissenters do and may justify both their Occasional Communicating with the Church of England, so called, and their not daring to do it constantly \*.

*Lesley and D——ke* may banter this moderation, &c. as much as they please; yet I do not fear (if my Morals are good, and my Religion as sincere and charitable as here described) but I shall meet all such persons in Heaven that practise this healing Doctrine. And here all the debt will be Love; for, as Herbert says,

All we know of the bless'd above  
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

I have in this "Living Elegy" briefly, and publicly, lamented, 1. The death of a flourishing Trade; 2. The character and ingratitude of those Summer-friends that caressed me as long as the World smiled; 3. The spiteful and ungrateful treatment of Malthus, that would have blasted my credit with Printers and Stationers; 4. The little or no Religion and honesty that has appeared in the lives and writings of "The Moderator," "Spy," "Whipster," "Rehearsal," &c. And as this "Elegy" has wept over, and fairly answered these impious wretches: so, in answer to this question, "What are you?" I have briefly shewn what Religion and Justice

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\* See my "New Practice of Piety," p 54.

ought to be found in my conversation. But, having publicly treated on these heads, the Criticks are now desired to withdraw a little, whilst I have some private discourse with my few and generous Creditors.

Thus, Gentlemen, have I finished my "Living Ælegy:" (or all the words of comfort your poor Debtor can give at present). But seeing in all Ælegies, Verse is rather expected than Prose; and that in a fit of the Stone, &c. I scarce know whether I live or die; a Rhyming Ælegy is the most proper conclusion of this Letter.

My body is besieged with the rheumatism, scurvy, and consumptive cough, &c. (which shews death is not far off): but, in a fit of the stone, I actually stand (as Aaron once did in the camp) betwixt the living and the dead; and, whilst I reflect on myself, I find I participate of both: so that, if a Rhyming Ælegy was ever proper for a living person, it is so for me; not only as it justifies the title of this Letter, and shews I have one foot in the grave, but as I was born seemingly dead\*. (It was thought I was lugged out of my natural cell into my grave.) And I could have been content, had I had no more than the Register, or Sexton, to tell the World that I had ever been. However, I may venture to say, that from the first laying of these mud-walls in my conception, they have mouldered away, and the whole course of life is but an active death: nay, every meal we eat is, as it were, a ransom from one death, and lays up for another; and while we think a thought, we die; for the clock strikes, and reckons on our portion of eternity: nay, we even form our words with the breath of our nostrils, and we have the less time to live (were we not dead already) for every word we speak—I say it again, were we not dead already, for I have undertaken to prove † what we call Life is actual Death: or at best I am but half alive, and half dead; for half my body is dead, and hath already taken seisin of the grave for me: and all my Friends (that hour I grew unfortunate) died. So that if I would adhere to the greater number (as many do in factions) I must repair to the dead, if I am not with them

\* See Dunton's "Life," p. 22.

† In a paradox, intituled, "The Funeral of Mankind: or, an Essay proving we are all Dead and Buried," &c.

already; for my habitation (my body) moulders apace; and the very top and cover (my thatch above) turns colour, grows grey, and withers. So that you see, Gentlemen, not only my civil death (by reason of debt), but my crazy and dying body calls for a "Living Elegy:" and for that reason, as I have written a Living Elegy in Prose on my civil death, so I will conclude this Letter with a Poem on the Arrest of Natural Death, which Dunton (did my Creditors forgive all I owe them) can never escape.

Death is my house, for I perceive I have  
In all my life ne'er dwelt out of a Grave.  
The Womb was first my Grave, whence since I rose,  
My Body, grave-like, doth my Soul enclose;  
That Body, like a corpee with sheets o'erspread,  
Dying each night, lies buried in my bed;  
O'er which my spreading teater's large extent  
Borne with carv'd antiques, makes my monument.  
And o'er my head (perchance) such things may stand,  
When I am quite run out in dust and sand.  
My close low-built chamber, to my eye,  
Shews like a little Chapel, where I lie;  
While at my window pretty Birds do ring  
My knell, and with their notes my Obits sing.  
Thus, when the day's vain toil my soul has wearied,  
I in my body, bed, and house, lie buried;  
Then have I little cause to fear my tomb,  
When this (wherein I live) my Grave's become.

Then, crazy Dunton, why dost take such care  
To lengthen out thy Life's short Calendar?  
Each dropping Season, and each Flower does cry,  
"John, as I fade and wither, thou must die."  
The beating of thy pulse, when thou art well,  
Is but the tolling of thy Passing-Bell.  
Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopy  
Covers alike deceased Day and Thee;  
And all those weeping Dews which nightly fall  
Are but as tears shed for thy funeral.

Whilst thus I musing lay, to my bed-side  
(Attir'd in all his mourning pride)

The King of Terrors came;  
Awful his looks, but not deform'd and grim  
(He's no such Goblin as we fancy him);  
Scarce we ourselves so civiliz'd and tame.



Unknown the doom assign'd me in this change,  
 Though justly I might fear Heaven's worst revenge,  
 Yet with my present griefs redress'd,  
 With curious thoughts of unknown Worlds possess'd,  
 Inflamm'd with thirst of Liberty,  
 Long lov'd, but ne'er enjoy'd by me,  
 I sued for leave the fatal gulph to pass.  
 My vital sand is almost run,  
 And Death, said I, will strike anon.  
 Then to dull Life I bid a long farewell;  
 And stretch'd for flight—but, as the last grains fell,  
 Death fail'd my flatter'd hopes, and turn'd the Glass.

But, Gentlemen, this is but a "Living Elegy," for my soul and body are not yet parted: or, if they were, should you put a bag of guineas into my hand, I should let it fall; or could you give me Sampsil \*, it would be too heavy to carry to the other World; for you will see, when I die in earnest, that my eyes are closed, and I observe nothing.

I have nothing further to add, but to tell you again, at parting: "October the 10th, 1708, I shall pay you every penny I owe you; and that I am till then (and for ever)

Your much obliged, and very humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON."

From the Athenian (*alias* Smith's) Coffee-house,  
 in Stocks-market, April 10, 1706.

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\* The name of a good estate which my honoured Mother [Madam Nicholas] once offered to secure to me by a writing under her hand, which I refused to take, as not doubting but she will perform her promise of giving it to me and my Wife after her death. J. DUNTON.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## DUNTON'S SHADOW;

OR, THE

## CHARACTER OF A SUMMER-FRIEND\*.

WHEN as the Sun flings down his richest rays,  
 And with his shining beams adorns my ways;  
 See how my Shadow tracks me where I go:  
 I stop, that stops; I walk, and that doth so:  
 I run with winged flight, and still I spy  
 My waiting Shadow run as fast as I.  
 But, when a sable cloud doth disarray  
 The Sun, and robs me of my smiling day,  
 My Shadow leaves me helpless all alone;  
 And when I most need comfort I have none.  
 Just so it is; let him that hath the height  
 Of outward pomp expect a Parasite.  
 If thou art great, thy honours will draw nigh;  
 These are the Shadows to Prosperity.  
 'Tis then the Summer-Friend makes suit to thee,  
 With cap in hand, and with a bended knee;  
 But, if disastrous fate should come betwixt  
 Thee and thy Sun, thy splendour's all eclips'd;  
 Thy Friends forsake thee, and thy Shadow's gone,  
 And thou (poor sunless thou) art left alone.  
 The giddy people follow Fortune's flows;  
 'Tis adverse Fortune real Friendship shows.  
 As gold's unknown, by fire not purify'd;  
 So Friendship by adversity is try'd †.

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\* First published in 1706; and reprinted in 1710.

† For my own share, I never saw the man that would own a Friend in adversity. I confess, if any thing could beget us Friends, it would be the freely venturing all one has to serve others in their distress. This I have done for several; but, upon the first cloud that arose, I found those that I had most obliged the very first that would cut my throat; so that, as Cowley says,

“ There are fewer Friends on earth than Kings.”

Friends! what hard word was that? Reader, did you ever see any of

Whilst we can give, or Fortune seems to smile,  
 Friends follow sunshine as the soldiers spoil.  
 Whilst I was rich, I was the best of men ;  
 'Twas then proclaim'd (so high my praises ran)  
 " Oh, what a blessing is our brother John !"  
 But, when my fortune did begin to wane,  
 But two of all my crowd of Friends remain \* :  
 The rest were Fortune's rabble, and not mine.  
 That reverend sacred name of Friendship lies  
 Without regard, as things they most despise.  
 Whilst thou art wealthy, thou some Friends may'st count ;  
 If Fortune cloud, thy ~~Sun~~ will scarce amount  
 To Shadows : for these Friends, like Ants, will run  
 To better stocks, when all thy store is gone.  
 Yet here 's my comfort, Lord, if I can see  
 My Shadow, I must needs a substance be.  
 Oh, let me not with worldly Shadows clog  
 Myself ; grant me more wit than *Æsop's* dog.  
 Thus Man 's a Shadow, and his Friendship is  
 That Shadow's Shadow ; yet don't judge amiss ;  
 For, though our Summer-Friends are Shadows all,  
 We have a Friend in Heaven will never fail.  
 But Shadow-Friends of different sorts we find ;  
 Some rich, some poor, and some of spiteful kind ;  
 And some so base they only stab behind.

those creatures? are they men and women? If they are, they come from Bantam or Japan ; for my part, I never saw any such born in England (save those few excepted in this Poem). It is true, I have seen something like them, called by the delicate name of Well-wishers ; persons that have it often in their mouths, " Well, Mr. Dunton, I am glad to see you well, and should mightily rejoice to see you as happy as formerly ;" when these Shadows of Friends would not step over the threshold to do me a kindness. So that, except I would put myself in the Gazette, or stand at the Exchange, like an Irishman, with my breeches full of Petitions, delivering them, like Doctors' bills, to all I see, I shall get nothing ; nor scarce so neither ; for, now my purse is empty, nobody knows me (neither Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, &c.) The surest Friend I have found in my retirement, and since I have abdicated the world and business, is an embroidered waistcoat, presented me by Mrs. *Anne Godfrey* ; it has stuck to me for twenty years, and I could almost grow superstitious over the very ruins of it. I might also mention my dog Mettle ; for, like a Winter-Friend, he sticks close to his Master in all weathers. He is a dog of honour, and teaches fidelity, love, and gratitude, to all such as slight their Friends in distress. Well might Job say, " Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee." There is such true love and gratitude in some brutes (but more especially in the English Spaniel), that my Summer-Friends (the greater brutes of the two) are mere strangers to.

\* Sister *Wesley* and Sister *S*——ry are here meant.

The thing is true (when ev'ry word's a lie)  
 That some Friends whisper as a secrecy,  
 "But, when you tell 't, ne'er own you had 't from me!"  
 By which your honest reputation 's toss'd  
 From one to t' other till your credit 's lost.  
 From all such Shadow-Friends I 'm wholly free,  
 I know no person 'ever slander'd me,  
 Save *W——*, *F——*, and *Thou Humility* \*.  
 And if these durst but once approach my face,  
 They 'd eat their words (and spew their own disgrace).  
 But, when lies spread with, "Sir, I dare not name  
 The man who said it, for he won't be known.  
 The thing was spoke—but I must not pretend  
 To tell the Author—then I lose my Friend!"  
 When lies are told thus, ne'er to be reveal'd,  
 Good names are murder'd, and the rogue conceal'd.  
 Such Friends (such Monsters) when they are in vogue,  
 Deserve to hang more than the Highway Rogue:  
 For, when he robs, he fairly bids you stand;  
 But these same cut-throats never shew their hand.  
 From all such Shadows in adversity  
 "Good Lord, deliver!" is my Litany.  
 Another sort of Shadow-Friends I'll prove,  
 Who are Relations, but are void of love.  
 Go to their house, or meet them in the street,  
 'Tis then, "Dear Brother" (and with joy they greet)  
 "How have you done? I hope you 're come to stay!  
 What can you eat? you 're welcome as the day."  
 And twenty other tender things will say.

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\* By "Thou Humility" I mean a certain Quaker, now living in St. Alban's, who might with as much honour and justice have cut my throat, as have listened to the hearsays of Madam Nicholas, who would have slandered her own Husband to have saved two pence; not considering (for what does a scraping miser consider, that prefers the world to a good conscience?) a man's eye and his honour are two tender things. The one cannot abide the rough touch of the hand, nor the other endure the smart jerk of the tongue; and therefore, by the owners, they are carefully preserved; so, by others that deal with them, they should be tenderly used. This made Plato commend the Law of the Lydians, that punished Detractors with the like punishment as they did Murderers; for one takes away the life of a man, and the other his good name, which is more worth (saith Solomon) than any worldly wealth; for what is so precious to a man as his fame? which, to a good man, is above all his goods, and life itself; for riches and life are things brittle and fleeting, our goods going often away before us, and our lives always with us; but our fame is that which doth always eternize us, that only remains when we are rotten; which made Herbert say,

" 'Tis only the religious actions of the just,  
 Smell sweet i' th' grave, and blossom in the dust."

But be but poor, your company they shun ;  
 For Shadows vanish with the setting Sun.  
 This is my Friend for ever, one would think,  
 Where blood and inclination ties the link ;  
 But all 's amusement ; there 's no Friend but chink ;  
 For Friends and fish in three days ever stink.  
 I have no Friend in consanguinity !  
 If I have Friends, 'tis only such as be  
 Mere strangers to my Father's house and me. }  
 Sisters, 'tis true, by Nature should be kind ;  
 But to a haughty or a scraping mind,  
 In love with gold, which does true Friendship prove,  
 There 's no more honour, tenderness, nor love.  
 " Children," said Dad, but just before he died,  
 " Love, dearly love ;" (and at those words he cried)—  
 " Let every one a tender Father be  
 Unto the rest, and love by sympathy :  
 Visit your Brother, and remember me." }

But stately *Moll* can pass my very door,  
 To visit *T*——, where she expects the ore \* ;  
 But never calls on Jack, for he is poor. }  
 And *Betty* too, whom I should most commend †,  
 Is such a Shadow of a real Friend,  
 She 'll pass through London unto Brentford Town,  
 To visit this and that, and all but John.  
 No ! he 's eclips'd, and can 't deserve respect :  
 For Shadows vanish when the Sun is set.  
 They 'll speak me fair, and cut my throat anon ;  
 They are such very Shadows every one.  
 Then farewell, Summer-Friend ; for at the best  
 Thou art a Trencher-snake, a Swallow-guest,  
 That flies in Winter, and still loves in jest.  
 When Fortune shines, " Dear Friend" was then the word ;  
 " Come oft, come borrow what my house affords."  
 But, now my Sun is set, you han't to lend :  
 You are but just the Shadow of a Friend. }

Then view the chances of inconstant Fate,  
 And you 'll abhor the thoughts of being great.  
 Who would on favour or on words depend,  
 When there is no such thing as real Friend !  
 No constant love, no grateful action due,  
 No man that 's profit-proof, nor woman true.  
 Your Friend, if wanted, shall soon weary prove,  
 Your Mistress tempted shall desert your love. }  
 All Friendship 's Shadow, but what shines above.

\* A good Estate.

† As she made me a noble present, and is a Sister that once writ to me.

Yourself against your better self shall hold ;  
The vices of your Body damn your Soul.

If this be Dunton's Shadow, some may say,  
What is his Substance ? has he such a stay ?  
His Substance is, who smiles when wealth is gone,  
(For Shadows fly when Sun is but withdrawn).  
Fam'd Cowley has describ'd the Friend indeed ;  
Just like *Will Lutwich* ; he 's a Friend in need.

Like *Climene* \*, he dares not flatter you ;  
He hates your vice, or else could not be true ;  
He is in Substance all he is in shew.

*George* † was that Friend ; and he does still survive  
In honest *Will* ‡ ; the noblest Friend alive.

How freely always would he give or lend !  
Like *Lutwich*, he was Substance to the end ;  
Then only proud, when he could serve a Friend.  
Upon his word you as on Fate might rest ;  
The rather, if it cross'd his interest.

To Truth ev'n his most trivial thoughts did tend,  
As heavy bodies sink, and flames ascend.

Ev'n contraries his meekness reconcil'd ;  
As soon as anger touch'd his breast, 'twas mild.  
His frown 's so stern, when he did Vice reprove,  
Through his aversion made, you see his love :  
From most resentment does in hate conclude ;  
But his concern was always for your good.

Fix'd to his Friend, inviolably true,  
And wisely chusing, for he chose but few.  
Some *George* must have, but in no one could find  
A tally fitted for so large a mind.

*George* was no Shadow-friend (that 's knave refin'd).

Then wonder not to see his soul extend  
The bounds, and seek some other self, a Friend !

As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,  
To seek repose, and empty out the tide ;  
So his full soul, in narrow limits pent,  
Unable to contain him, sought a vent  
To issue out, and in some friendly breast  
Discharge his treasures, and securely rest :

T' unbosom all the secrets of his heart,  
To take advice, but better to impart.  
For 'tis the bliss of Friendship's holy state,  
To mix their minds, and to communicate ;  
Though Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate.

\* My present Wife.

† Mr. *George Larkin*, senior, lately deceased. See before, p. 245.

‡ My worthy Friend, Mr. *William Lutwich*, now living at the  
Sword in New-street, is here meant.

George was in Substance what he was in tongue,  
 And what he said you might depend upon.  
 He said the same of me (true Friendship 's blind)  
 For in his Book \* these compliments I find :  
 " What have I got ? Why I have got a Friend,  
 Whose Friendship does itself to me commend.  
 From Summer-friends (thanks to my Stars) I 'm free ;  
 None can for private ends be Friends to me.  
 In this then I the richest man exceed,  
 He that 's a Friend to me, 's a Friend indeed.  
 The union of two Friends is nearer far  
 Than man and woman join'd in wedlock are.  
 Man and his Wife indeed One Body be,  
 But here a union of Two Souls we see,  
 'Tis verified in Dunton's love to me.  
 True to his Friend, as to the North the Stone,  
 And is that Substance I can rest upon,  
 I know none like him, he 's a Friend alone.  
 And, since this Phoenix to my share does fall,  
 I still am Rich, though I have lost my All."

Dear George, " thy All !" my loss did highest fly,  
 When you launch'd into vast Eternity,  
 (That solemn journey you describ'd to me †).  
 Yes, dear George Larkin, my esteem for thee  
 Was equal to thy worth and love for me.  
 Oh, dearer than my soul ! If I may call it mine,  
 For sure we had the same—'twas very thine.  
 Thou wert no Shadow, but a real Friend ;  
 But George is dead, and Friendship 's at an end ;  
 An End !—No ! It has got one more reprieve  
 In honest *Will*, the noblest Friend alive.  
 He scorns to borrow where a Friend would give  
 Without once asking (had he but to live) ;  
 He 's truly honest, and above deceit ;  
 He scorns by little actions to be great.  
 Or, if by chance he drops what causeth strife,  
 He would not eat his words to save his life,  
 But sticks as close to Truth as to his Wife.

\* A book he was wont to carry in his pocket, in which he occasionally wrote some extempore verses, among which this compliment to me is one.

† Alluding to that Letter he sent to me whilst lying on his death-bed (to be found in my first Answer to Dr. Kennett's Sermon) ; where is this expression : " My best and dearest Friend, I think and hope I shall be before you in that Mount Sion which is above, even the City of the Living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. Thither I am hastening : the Lord be my good speed in this most important and momentous journey."

He ne'er betrays what 's in confession given,  
 Nor represents you wrong, cries " Six is seven ;"  
 Could mortal do't, Will Lutwich merits Heaven.  
 Quarrel with some \*, all secrets then come out ;  
 Will ne'er betrays—he'd starve before he'd do't.  
 In's breast you may yourself and secrets lay,  
 He locks it up, and gives to you the key :  
 Kindness less true can have no faithful end,  
 ('Tis Shadow, Trencher-snake, and Summer-friend).  
 Some are huge kind, whilst you caress and pay ;  
 But cease to shine, such Shadows fly away.  
 Such Shadow-friends can be no Friends of mine,  
 Their greatest kindness is but mere design,  
 They deal in Friendship as men trade in wine.  
 Thus Lutwich's Friendship is by Shadows prov'd ;  
 'Tis Substance, and as such 'tis truly lov'd.  
 Still to one end we both so justly drew,  
 As courteous doves together yok'd would do.  
 No weight of birth does on one side prevail,  
 Two twins less even lie in Nature's scale.  
 We mingle fates, and both in each do share ;  
 Where Lutwich grieves, go look for Dunton there :  
 If any joy to one of us is sent,  
 It is most his to whom it le: st is meant :  
 And Fortune's malice betwixt both is crost,  
 For striking one, it wounds the other most.  
 Never did Marriage such true union find,  
 (For Marriage-friendship is but Lust refin'd).  
 'Tis but a Shadow to this Friend of mine,  
 For there is still some tincture left of sin,  
 And still the Sex will needs be stealing in ;

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\* Friendship once broken is hardly pieced, and pieced enmity never surely soldered ; yea the very guilt of having done a wrong to a generous Friend hath such a deep impression in the Injurer (or Shadow Friend) as he never after trusteth in the party injured, nor treateth with him in any sincerity. Reconcilement among such is like the supple ointment, which only caseth the present smart, and skins the sore ; but searcheth not the root, to eat out the rank flesh, and draw out the malign humour. It is therefore impossible to cure this exulcerate wound, and establish a sound and sincere Friendship between them, because the old rancour of Malice is never well purged from the dregs of Diffidence and desire of Revenge. There is no security against such an one but diffidence, and holding him out at the sword's point : but I will say no more of this Shadow, or seeming Friend (the Flatterer) ; for I should be more troubled to keep measure, than to be furnished with matter, if I had a mind any further to expose this Judas-like Traitor ; and therefore, without any hopes of his repentance and amendment, I will leave this Judas (the false Friend) to hang himself.



Those joys are full of dross, and thicker far;  
 These without matter, clear and liquid are.  
 O ye bless'd one, whose love on earth became  
 So pure, that still in Heaven 'tis but the same:  
 There now you sit, and with mix'd souls embrace,  
 Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face;  
 And pity this base World, where Friendship's made  
 A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.

Will is exempted from this Summer crew  
 Of Cupboard-friends; he loves not yours, but you.  
 Ah, noble *Will*, who a true Friend couldst be,  
 When all the World turn'd Shadows unto me,  
 Save honest *George*, and pious *Climene*.  
 To this strange pitch our high affections flew,  
 Till Nature's self scarce look'd on us as two.

Will, think on this; for, now *George Larkin's* dead,  
 My fate depends upon your single thread:  
 Therefore with care pray cultivate your health,  
 For in your cargo doth consist my wealth.  
 I wish your constitution still serene,  
 Not a discolour'd feature may be seen.  
 Bodies are follow'd by obsequious shades:  
 When sickness makes you droop, my pleasure fades:  
 I feel the previous symptoms of your urn:  
 When the least fever warms you, I must burn;  
 And when anom'lous cold doth make you quake,  
 If in the *Torrid Zone*, yet I must shake.  
 That which did kindle shall put out our light,  
 Our Needles the same Magnet did excite:  
 A Circle terminates where 't first begins,  
 We'll die like old *Hippocrates's* Twins;  
 As we in life, in death we'll be the same,  
 Our piles shall make one pyramid of flame.

Thus, *Will* is *Dunton's* Substance; for you'll find  
 No Shadow-friend with such a noble mind.  
 He can't be match'd, his Friendship is so sweet,  
 So true, so great, so every way complete.  
 And when he (and *Climene*) goes to rest,  
 Go ring the bell, my Friends are all deceas'd;  
 Save pious *Wag*—\*, and bookish *Sudbury*,  
 Dear *Cock*, kind *Field*, and *Dick* † that guarded me,  
 Who had their ups and downs as well as me:

\* Mr. Daniel Waghorn, now living in Noble-street, near Old-street, is here meant.

† Mr. Richard Taylor of Islington, who attended me in my late Chesham adventure, to secure the income of Madam Nicholas's estate.

Being men of thought; and 'bove a selfish end,  
 Whilst these Five live—I have a Winter-friend.

But, Dunton, pr'ythee, Dunton, now importune  
 Your Friendship from yourself, and not from Fortune:  
 For your estate, affection, and opinion,  
 Are things still subject to your own dominion.  
 'Tis n't Friends, nor Lands, such Shadows but bewitch,  
 That can advance you to a wealthy pitch;  
 Be but contented, you are truly rich.  
 He's poorer far, and still will have that title,  
 That covets much, than that possesseth little:  
 For 'tis an empty Mind inflicts the curse  
 Of poverty, and not an empty purse,  
 Which is the Devil, and nothing can be worse,  
 Except a Summer-friend, that worst of evil;  
 For he's ungrateful, that's he's twice a Devil.

Once more then, Timon's Summer-friend, adieu,  
 Thou'rt but a Shadow, and I'll not pursue.  
 Give me the Glow-worm Friend, that noble spark;  
 For he's the Friend that shines to me i'th' dark.  
 But, Summer-friend, I need not bid you go;  
 When Fortune flies, you freely will do so:  
 Worship the *rising*, not the *setting* Sun.  
 When houses fall, the vermin quickly run;  
 Then Friends and Riches still should cling together,  
 For both are Shadows, and deceive us ever:  
 May Dunton's Substance \* ne'er be plagued with either!  
 Fam'd Cowley tried, and found there are such things  
 As Friends—and "that they fewer are than Kings."  
 I've tried as long as he, and found but three,  
 Dear *George*, kind *Will*, and pious *Climen*,  
 And all the rest are Shadows unto me.

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\* By "Substance" here is meant the immortal part.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXTRACTS FROM

“THE DUBLIN SCUFFLE\*;

BEING A CHALLENGE SENT BY JOHN DUNTON, CITIZEN OF LONDON, TO PATRICK CAMPBELL, BOOKSELLER IN DUBLIN. TOGETHER WITH THE SMALL SKIRMISHES OF BILLS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.”

“I wear my Pen as others do their Sword.” OLDHAM:

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*To the Hon. Colonel BUTLER, a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland.*

*London, Feb. 20, 1698-9.*

HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

THE generous encouragement which you were pleased to give to all my Auctions of Books, and the extraordinary and unmerited kindnesses I received at your hands when in Ireland, embolden me to trouble you with this Dedication. I confess it may justly seem unworthy of the acceptance of a person of so great honour and endowments as you are known to be; nor can any thing less than your own goodness find an excuse for this presumption: but, having had such large experience of the excellence of your temper, and of the greatness of your soul, I should be unjust to your character, if I did not publicly own, that you measure the tokens of Gratitude

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\* “The Dublin Scuffle” is frequently alluded to by Dunton in his “Life and Errors;” of which it would properly have formed a part; but it was published separately in 1699; some years earlier than the “Life and Errors.”

by "the affection of your Friend," and not by the value of the thing presented. Give me leave then, worthy Sir, to inscribe your name to the following sheets, as a great Patron of Learning, and a generous Friend to an injured Stranger, who came to promote the interest of Learning in your Country. The kindness you were pleased to vouchsafe unto me, and the concern you expressed for my welfare, persuade me that you will not disdain to be my Patron in defending myself in print in England, seeing I could not have the opportunity of doing it in Ireland. I must indeed own that your Character and Courage entitle you to be the Champion of such as are engaged in a more masculine Quarrel than the Scuffle betwixt *Patrick Campbell* and myself. Yet you know, Sir, that the greatest Captains, after the Campaign is over, do sometimes divert themselves by seeing a mock fight on the Stage. This, Sir, has something more in it, as being a real piece of injustice, first committed, and then defended by my Adversary, who has armed himself with impudence and malice, and manages his attacks by fraud and forgery; as I have made sufficiently clear in the following sheets. I confess, Sir, the entertainment you will meet with here is not answerable to that hospitable and generous treatment I was honoured with at your house; and that I am not capable of gratifying your curiosity with such excellent pieces of my own drawing, as you were pleased to feast my eyes with, when I beheld with wonder the effects of your happy pencil! Yet, Sir, I dare say, that I present you here with an *Original*; which, though drawn by an unskilful hand, has something very surprizing in it; such features, such a mixture of hypocrisy and double-dealing covered over with a false varnish of Religion, that I question much whether *Patrick* may not pass for a *Judas redivivus*? And were my pen able to keep pace with your pencil; or had I the art of tempering my colours, drawing the features to the life, and observing due proportion; I doubt very much whether Africa could shew any such Monster as I should here present to the public view. But, worthy Sir, I must beg your pardon for daring to offend the eye of such a curious Artist as yourself with such a deformed piece. It were indeed

unpardonable, did I not know that, by one glance of the eye upon your own perfections and eminent virtues, you will immediately rase out those foul ideas which the sight of Patrick may impress upon your imagination, Contraries exposed to the view at one and the same time do mightily illustrate one another; and therefore, when you see his Picture, and reflect upon your own, you will find great cause to bless Him who hath made the distinction. Pardon me, Sir, I do not think your virtues need any such foil to set them off; for they are such as, when compared with those which render the enjoyers of them amiable in the eyes of mankind, will undoubtedly give you the preference amongst thousands.

But I must break off, lest my affection should offer violence to your modesty; and lest it should be said, I only commend myself in extolling my Patron. I must indeed own that the honour of your Friendship is one of those things that I value myself most upon, and esteem myself happy in some measure by Patrick's enmity, which gives me this opportunity of letting the World know, that Colonel Butler is my Friend; or, if that be a degradation to you, that you are an encourager of Learning, and a Protector of those that endeavour to promote it.

I shall add no more, but beg your pardon for prefixing your name to such a trifle. You know, Sir, that, how meanly soever it be performed, it was absolutely necessary for the defence of my reputation, which Patrick Campbell has so unjustly endeavoured to destroy. And seeing it is usual with Authors to atone for their own defects by chusing an honourable Patron, I hope, Sir, you will indulge me the same liberty. May you live long, to be an ornament to your Country, and the object of his highest esteem, who is, honoured Sir, your much obliged, and most obedient servant, JOHN DUNTON.

### To the Spectators of the Dublin Scuffle.

GENTLEMEN,

*London, Feb. 20, 1698-9.*

It may be justly expected I should give some account of the reason of this undertaking; which is, in short, to vindicate my Reputation from the malice of some of my own Profession, who have unjustly endeavoured to be-

spatter me. I need not say much as to my "Conversation" at home; those who have dealt with me will allow the fairness of my dealing in way of Trade. It is true, some reflections have been thrown upon me about the "Second Spira," and the multitude of things I have printed; both which are here accounted for; and I think I may make bold to say that my Adversaries are fairly disarmed.

As to my Scuffle with Patrick Campbell (a Dublin Bookseller) I found myself obliged to publish all the circumstances of it to the world, that I might not be wanting to my own reputation on that head. Here the Reader will find I have acted fairly and above-board; and that I do not depend either upon my own evidence or judgment in the matter: therefore I have here made it plain, that I have the testimony of persons of the greatest figure in Church and State in Ireland for my conduct there; which I hope will be sufficient to stop the mouths of all cavillers.

As to what I call my "Conversation in Ireland," it was necessary to add it, that the World might see (by my method of living in that Country) what little reason I gave Patrick to scuffle with me. This account of my "Conversation" was really sent in a Letter to a Lady of high Birth; but who she is, I having promised to conceal her name, even racks and gibbets should not squeeze it from me; though, would she honour me so far as to let me tell who she is, it would add greatly to the sale of my Book, and perhaps occasion several Impressions. But this is a favour I cannot expect. However, to make my "Conversation" as agreeable as I well could, I have intermixed it with particular "Characters of the most eminent Persons I conversed with in the Kingdom of Ireland; but more especially in the City of Dublin." And if in these Characters I have been too lavish in any one's praise, or have described some persons what they should be rather than what they are, it is excusable sure; for who knows but these, by seeing how charming Virtue would make them, may endeavour to practise it?

Gentlemen, if these be not reasons sufficient for publishing my "Conversation in Ireland," I might add one more; and that is—I publish it to please myself. Why may not I have my humour, as well as others? I pro-

mised my "Summer Rambles" for the diversion of the Gentlemen in Ireland who encouraged my Auctions; and this "Conversation" is a part of them. And, Gentlemen, if that honourable Lady to whom it is directed (or yourselves) do but cast a favourable eye upon it, I have my end: and who knows what success I may have? for the World is at present much upon the search after Voyages and Travels; to which Rambles being something akin, they are, I hope, coming in fashion too; and I may be allowed to offer at something of that nature, since I have crossed the Sea half a dozen times, visited America, and been four months together on the Ocean.

The chief thing I seek in publishing this "Scuffle" and "Conversation" (next to clearing my innocence) is, by my Pen, to find employment for a spirit that would break the vessel, had it nothing to work upon. To those that are angry at my frequent Digressions, I answer here (with the ingenious Montaigne) "that Constancy is not so absolutely necessary in Authors as in Husbands;" and for my own part, when I have my pen in my hand, and subject in my head, I look upon myself as mounted my horse to ride a journey; wherein, although I design to reach such a town by night, yet will I not deny myself the satisfaction of going a mile or two out of the way, to gratify my senses with some new and diverting prospect.

Now he that is of this rambling humour, perhaps, will be pleased with my "Conversation;" which is little else than a hasty digression from one thing to another. However, in this I have (as I said before) the honour to imitate the great Montaigne, whose umbrage is sufficient to protect me against any one age of Criticks: and it is well it is so; for, Gentlemen, I am very sensible that it is safer to make fifty challenges at sword and buckler, long sword and quarter-staff, than to play one Author's prize on the Bookseller's Stall; for the one draws but blood, but by the other a man is drawn and quartered. To appear in print, is worse than hanging; for the torture of the halter is but an hour or so, but he that lies on the rack in print, hath his flesh torn off by the teeth of Envy and Calumny, though he meant nobody any harm. Nay, some of my Brethren themselves are turned Demi-criticks, and call every thing *Stuff*, except they had a

share in it. For my own performance I shall say nothing. You have hitherto used me with much civility, which makes me the less apprehensive of any danger now ; but, come what will, I am resolved to stand to your courtesy ; and shall always acknowledge the former obligations you have laid upon,

Your humble servant, JOHN DUNTON.

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John Dunton's Account of "Three Auctions to be held in the City of Dublin" was thus stated :

To the Wise, Learned, and Studious Gentlemen in the Kingdom of Ireland, but more especially to those in the City of Dublin.

GENTLEMEN,

*Dublin, June 21, 1698.*

THOUGH the Summer be a time for Rambling, and the season of the year invite all men abroad that love to see Foreign Countries ; yet it was not this alone, but the good acceptance the way of Sale by Auction has met with from all lovers of Books, that encouraged me to bring to this Kingdom of Ireland a general Collection of the most valuable pieces in Divinity, History, Philosophy, Law, Physick, Mathematicks, Horsemanship, Merchandize, Limning, Military Discipline, Heraldry, Musick, Fortification, Fireworks, Husbandry, Gardening, Romances, Novels, Poems, Plays, Bibles, and School-Books, that have been printed in England since the dreadful Fire in London in 1666, to this present time. In this general Collection you will find that many a good Book has lain asleep, as not being known ; and when a Book is not published, it cannot be nourished by the favourable acceptance of the World. I might instance in Mr. Turner's "History of the remarkable Providences which have happened in this Age," of which there are near a thousand disposed of in London, and scarce twenty of them sold in Ireland ; though by viewing the Contents of this Work (which are given *gratis* at Dick's Coffee-house in Skinner-row) it will evidently appear there is not a more useful Book.



Now, Gentlemen, as Books are the best Furniture in a House, so I see no reason why others with myself should not think their variety the most excusable prodigality; and, therefore, as the good success Auctions have met with, with my natural love to Travelling (as appears by my *Venture* of this nature to New-England, Holland, and other parts, in the year 1686), put me upon this undertaking, so I hope you will give it encouragement in some proportion to my great expence in purchasing and bringing over so large a Collection. And indeed, Gentlemen, as this Sale is designed for your profit as well as my own, so it seems of right to challenge your protection; which if it receives, I shall not value what some little prejudiced people can do to discourage it. I design by this no reflection on my Brethren in this City; for, to do them justice, they acted generously, and gave me all the countenance I could expect; all save *Patrick Campbell*, who grins at my undertaking; though, had they not, Learning and Knowledge are such real things, they need no other props to support them but what is cut out of themselves; and a better medium to effect it, than by reading Books, I know not. And though there be a complaint that the World seems oppressed with Books, yet do we daily want them; if it were not so, what is the reason that many of great estates can hardly make their minds or thoughts stretch to a geometrical measuring of their own lands? But surely he that has money in his pockets and will starve his brains (when so many new and valuable pieces are brought to his door) deserves to be posted; for what can a man's rusty bags afford him, to the profits and treasures of Books? Plato was accounted a wise man; and we find it recorded of him \*, "that he thought it a rich purchase when he bought three Books of Philosophy belonging to Philolaus, a Pythagorean in Sicily, though at an incredible rate." And that *Atlas of Learning*, that orthodox Scholar † Archbishop *Usher*, (whose name makes *Ireland* famous, as it was the birth-place of so great a man); he it was that sent to Samaria for sundry copies of the *Samaritan Pentateuch*; and with a dear

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\* See Mr. Stanley's "Philosophy."

† See Mr. Leigh "of Religion and Learning."

purchase it was also that he brought the *Syriac Bible*, with other Books, from Syria. It is recorded that Solomon's Library was the feather in the plume of his glorious enjoyments, a part whereof he thought was the choicest present he could make to the Queen of Sheba, for the recompence of her great pains in travelling to profit herself, and honour him; and "seeing the variety of Books," says the ingenious Burton, "he must needs be a *block* that is affected with none." King James the First, when he saw the Oxford Library, wished "that, if it ever happened that he should be a Prisoner, he might be there kept; and that those chained Books might be his fellows, and the chains his fetters." And who will not say that good Books and good Company are the very epitome of Heaven? In a word, there is nothing comparable to the purchase of Knowledge; and whenever men begin to taste it, they will say, "I speak truth with a witness."

Gentlemen, having said thus much of Auctions, Learning, and the Collection of Books I have brought into this Kingdom, I would have no man displeased if he finds not all he expected in my First Catalogue; for, if he has patience, his expectation will be fully answered: but the great variety of Books I have brought over have rendered it impossible to have them all bound time enough for my first Sale. I have therefore divided them into Three Auctions; the first of which will begin July 7, 1698. Neither can I exceed that time, my design being to take Scotland, France, and Italy, &c. in my way home, and to be in London by next Christmas.

There will be a distinct Catalogue for every Auction; and when printed (of which public notice shall be given) will be delivered *gratis* at Dick's Coffee-house (the place of Sale), and at the Coffee-houses in Limerick, Cork, Kilkenny, Clonmell, Wexford, Galway, and other places, so that those that live at a distance may send their commissions to their Relations in Dublin, or to my Friend Mr. *Richard Wilde*, and they shall have their orders faithfully executed; for, as this country is obliged to his universal knowledge in Books, for the goodness of this Collection, so to his care and fidelity (my health calling me to Wexford to drink the waters)

is committed the charge of the whole undertaking. And I think I need add no more ; for, though it has been customary to usher in undertakings of this nature with insignificant and tedious commendations, which served only to tire the Reader's patience, and stagger his belief, and may perhaps be expected now upon a Collection which might justly challenge the precedence of what has ever been exposed to sale in Ireland ; yet, being resolved to proceed in quite contrary methods to what has been formerly used, I will manage the whole with that candour and sincerity as shall leave no room for exception ; for, as Gentlemen come here supposing to buy a *Pennyworth*, so I do assure them I think it unjust to advance the rate upon them by any *underhand Bidding* : and for every Penny I get that way, I will restore a Pound. Neither did I suffer any of my *scarce and valuable Pieces* to be *culled out* from the rest, though importuned thereto by several Gentlemen and Booksellers, that all might have equal treatment, and the greater reason to attend my Auctions. And I am very willing that the ingenious and learned should be their own judges in this matter, not doubting but upon an impartial view of my Three Catalogues (of which this is the first) they will find not only such variety of new Books as were never before in Ireland (and *scarce ones* no where else to be purchased), but such Curiosities in Manuscripts and Pamphlets of all sorts, as will be sufficient to invite them to exert a generosity as may further encourage

Your humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

After two of Dunton's Auctions were finished, his Rival, Patrick Campbell, having " taken the Auction-room over his head," he addressed a second Letter :

To those Gentlemen who have bought Books at my two former Auctions.

GENTLEMEN,

*Dublin, Nov. 7, 1693.*

This present Monday, being November 7, at three in the afternoon, will begin my *Third Auction*, at Patt's Coffee-house, over against St. Michael's Church in High-street. It is true I fully designed that this Third Auction, as well as my First and Second, should have been

sold at Dick's Coffee-house in Skinner-row; for I had agreed with Dick for his back-room as long as my Sale lasted; and though I never released the bargain (as Dick himself has owned, at the Ram, in the presence of divers persons) any further than by telling him that I did not doubt to have done in a few days, which I only said to shew my readiness to quit his room as soon as possibly I could; but Dick catching at these words, and one Patrick Campbell designing himself to keep an Auction of Books there, and thinking that the Room where Gentlemen had found such fair usage in my Auction would give a reputation to his, takes it over my head (and Mr. Wilde's too, as he had the promise of it when my Sale was done); pressing Dick to the bargain by those moving arguments of "a double price," or "going to another place;" and easy Dick (though otherwise, I hope, honest) finding that it was the Law of Auctions that he who bids most is the buyer, even lets the room to Patrick, at the time when it was actually mine, without being so fair as to cry "Ten Shillings Once \*, Ten Shillings Twice," either to myself, or to Mr. Wilde, to whom he promised the refusal. Gentlemen, this was odd treatment; but, because my stay in Dublin would not permit me to do myself justice, I chose rather to quit my right than contend for it; but, had Dick considered how far the rules of civility to me, and gratitude to Mr. Wilde, should have swayed with him (Mr. Wilde not only being the proprietor of the shelves that stood in the room, but also the first that brought an Auction thither, that had kept several there, and was the means of bringing Mr. Thornton's formerly, and mine now); I say, had Dick reflected on these things, his eyes had been proof against the double price, that Dick in his Letter tells me Patrick had agreed to give him; and the *Scot* might have ganged with his *Pack of Books* to another place.

I shall be glad to see Patrick acquit himself; but I much doubt it, when I consider the dark usage I had in Turner; and the Forty Shillings I had of him was a second part to the same tune. You must know, Gentlemen, he bragged of lending me Forty Shillings when

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\* Ten Shillings a week was as much more as I had agreed with Dick for.

I first came to Dublin ; thinking, I suppose, to lessen my credit with Printers, Stationers, and Binders, not knowing how forward they were to serve me—that so my *Venture* might sleep in quiet till this *Geud Man* had culled out my best Books, which I judge he thought (if the Binders were made Infidels) he should have for a song ; and the rest, Gentlemen, you know, might have been serviceable to your Ladies under minced-pies. In this you see the very soul of Patrick ; for he could not but know that I had not a drop of Mechanic blood in my whole body (myself being the fourth John Dunton in a lineal descent from the Tribe of Levi) ; that I could bow low, but could never creep to any thing ; that I was born to a good estate in Land, and had made it treble by a late Marriage ; that I had brought a *Venture* of Books to Dublin of near ten tons, which could not yield less than 1500*l.* ; and 200*l.* more, could I approve of Setters. And he as well knew that, if I wanted 100*l.* for the King's Customs and other charges, &c. that I could have it, at a word's speaking, from Mr. *Lum*, a Parliament-man. But, for all this, he talked so loud of his Forty Shillings (though then he owed me a greater sum, and to this hour is not out of my debt), that the sound of it reached to England ; and Mr. Wilde, who was then in London, sent me word, “he admired I should want Forty Shillings, when a bill had been sent me of Forty Pounds.”

Gentlemen, by what I have mentioned, you see what the *Scotchman* itched to be at ; and, to add to his favours, he now takes my Room over my head ; which, I must tell him, resembles a man I once met in my Travels, who sold the same Book with two different Titles, turning *Hodder* into *Cocker*, *Cumpstey* into *Whaley*, &c. according as his Customer wanted, with as much dexterity as the Suttler in King James's Camp, who drew Ale out of one end of the barrel, and Beer at the other.

Nothing that is said here is designed as a reflection on any other of my Brethren in this City ; for, to do them justice, as I said in my first Letter, they acted generously, and gave me all the countenance I could expect ; all save *Niff-naff*\*, the proud *Loon* of Skinner-row, who formerly grinned, and now barks at my undertaking.

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\* Patrick Campbell.

But, when I came to Ireland, I expected to "fight with beasts at Ephesus;" and, if he proceeds as he has begun, we shall *scuffle* in earnest; but if we do, as good luck is, such is the impenetrability of innocence, and my just undertaking, that he can do me no harm; for, I bless God, my name and reputation stand much above him, but he labours (though it is yet in private) to bespatter me all he can. It is true, Gentlemen, he calls himself "the *een Mon of Coonshence*;" but I am afraid to tell you what persuasion he is of, seeing he has so very little either of Justice or Humanity: but at present he is the chief, if not the only Enemy I have. His private slanders (the more impudent as given at a time when he owed me money) are too notorious to need my answer; but may teach us this, that we should "judge of all men's Religion by their Charity;" and that to believe one report in twenty, is to give a very large allowance.

Gentlemen, though I have been thus thrust out of my Room to make way for St. Patrick and his Auction, I hope you will allow me to say something of my own; though your general acknowledgment of the fair-dealing you had in it seems to render this work unnecessary; for you all know I began my Sale on a just foundation, did not interfere with any man's Auction (there was none mentioned in Dublin till I came); nor did I take any man's Room over his head; or, had I innocently done such a thing as that, upon notice given by the injured person, I would have flung up the bargain at first word. And I may speak the freer in this matter, as it is a thing I have done in London; and as I began my Auction on a just foundation in Dublin, so the Books I sold were as fairly bought in London. I took advantage of no man's ignorance, as Mr. Wilde knows, in getting in the whole *Venture*; of this he can give you several instances, but that of Mr. *Sh—n* might suffice for all; and as my Books were honestly bought, and the Sale begun on a right foundation, so I have had a blessing on the undertaking; and whilst I have a cordial in my own breast, I shall fear nothing. The truth is, I was ever more afraid of myself than of all the world. "A man cannot fly from himself;" every man carries an executioner in his own breast; so that a man's conscience, in

some sense, is the only friend or enemy he has in the world.

Gentlemen, had I begun my Auctions (or carried them on) by other means than is here mentioned, I should own it a piece of impudence to desire your company a third time; or, had I pretended conscience to you, and yet played the knave with Dick, it would have shewn you at first glance what candour you were to have in my Three Auctions: but to 'rob Peter to pay Paul,' is a doctrine I never practised, and scarce know what it is called; and would you have a name for it, you must send to the '*een Mon of Coonshence*.' But, though I am able to stand the test, with the same allowance that every man would wish for himself under the like circumstance, as to my Auctions here, and the whole trading part of my life; yet I have Enemies as well as other men (two of a Trade can never agree); and you would wonder if I had not, for I have printed Six Hundred Books, writ by Authors of different judgments; and it is strange if, in drawing upon one another, the Bookseller (a sort of Second in such Duels) should always escape without any wound. But, though I have Enemies, they are only those that never knew me, or never heard what I had to say for myself; or else such narrow souls as are wholly guided by self-interest. Of all that have traded with me (though for many thousands), I know not of one Enemy I have in the whole world save Patrick Campbell, at the Bible in Skinner-row, and a piece of Trash that I smell beyond the Herring-pond; and, to the immortal glory of the Stationers' Company, I know but two more such in London, and not one of them lives in St. Paul's Church-yard, or at the Bible and Three Crowns. But, Gentlemen, if I find out more, you shall know the names their God-fathers gave them. It will be time enough to descend to particulars when I leave Ireland; and then I will surely do it, in a "Farewell Letter to those Gentlemen that buy what they will not pay for."

"Now, Gentlemen, if my Friend Campbell thinks himself injured by these reflections, the press is open, to him I mean, but not to me (as he has ordered it). But, if I have a clear stage, I desire no quarter from him; for I have yet so much by me, which will keep cold, as

would make a *Pedlar* sweat, or as stout a man as the great Campbell. But, Gentlemen, "Conscience makes cowards of us all;" and for that reason Campbell will scarce give you the diversion of a Paper-war; but, if he hangs out his flag of defiance, and dares answer this, let him do it while I am here, and subscribe it with his right name, as I will my Reply with "John Dunton;" for it is a pitiful cowardice that strikes a man in the dark, or bites a man by the heel, and then, like a serpent, creeps into his hole again, for want of courage to abet his actions. I never in my whole life was the first aggressor in any quarrel; but, when I am justly provoked, "I wear my pen as others do their sword;" and if Campbell replies to this, I will answer his charge *de die in diem*, till I have worn my pen to the stumps.

What though I lose the day, yet I aim high;  
And to dare something is some victory.

Gentlemen, I shall only add, that the candid treatment you have found in my Two Auctions, I hope, will invite you this afternoon to visit my Third; and, to engage you to it, you will find daily in my printed Bills that I have yet divers good Books—as "Dr. Barrow's Works," "Josephus' History, in English," "Rawleigh," the best edition, "Milton's Political Works," and many others I have not time to mention. You will also find I have several excellent Law-books in all volumes, such as the "Irish Statutes," in folio, and the "Year Books" of the best edition, &c. I have also in this Third Auction a collection of scarce Pamphlets on most subjects; and when my Catalogue of Manuscripts is published (it containing great variety of curious subjects never yet in print), I shall not doubt the company of ingenious persons. But, this being my last Sale for 1698, and my time of embarking for London being very soon, I can allow but two days after the Auction is ended for the taking away what you buy in it.

To conclude. I told you in my first Letter, "that I thought it unjust to advance the rate upon you by any underhand Bidding; and for every Penny I got that way, I would restore a Pound:" which was not said to serve a turn; for I have been true to my word, as a worthy



Member of the House of Commons (who has been a great Encourager of my Auction) has done me the honour to declare; and as honest *Dobbs*, a considerable Buyer, and all the Servants attending my Auction, can testify. But surely, Gentlemen, the Buyer should be just, as well as the Seller; and, if you consider the vast charge I am at, to serve you with such an Auction of New Books as never was sold in Ireland, you will be as forward to pay me, as I am to subscribe myself

Your very humble servant, JOHN DUNTON.

Dunton's Third Letter was addressed

To those worthy Gentlemen that were Encouragers of my Undertaking.

GENTLEMEN,

Though my Three Auctions are now ended, I have yet variety of Books left; so I design to try your generous bidding a *fourth time*, which I will call my *Farewell Sale*. It shall begin the following Monday, at three in the afternoon, at Patt's Coffee-house in High-street, and shall end December 1; neither will I exceed that, resolving (God willing) to embark for London on the 3th. It is true I have Books enough to continue the Sale much longer; but native Country has charms in it, and I am very desirous to be at home; and therefore Dec. 5 I shall bid you all Farewell; for though, when my Fourth Sale is over, I shall still have quantities left, yet all that is then remaining I shall lump to the Booksellers of Dublin, to whom you must give higher rates (of which the Sale of the "French Book of Martyrs" is a late instance); or, if we cannot agree, the same ship that brought them hither will be able to carry them back.

The *Conditions* of this last Sale are, that whatever is bought till Thursday night be all paid the following Friday; and for what has been bought in my Three past Auctions, it is expected they should be all fetched away by Saturday the 26th instant; in order to which, constant attendance shall be given at Patt's Coffee-house from eight in the morning till eight at night.

Gentlemen, I promised you in my last Catalogue "The Dublin Scuffle," and the "History of my Summer's Ramble;" and I will be as good as my word, for I will

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print them as soon as I get to London, and send them to Patt's Coffee-house, except Patrick will publicly own the public injury he did me—and then I will even forgive Patrick Campbell, and forget his taking my Room over my head; though it is thought I am an hundred pounds the worse for it, considering the Goods and Buyers I lost on that occasion. But, if he has not the grace to ask my pardon for the notorious injuries he did me, I pray God forgive him and Dick too, and in return I hope they will wish me a *Boon-Voyage*, in regard they will be rid of one durst tell them the truth.

In the History of "The Dublin Scuffle," I have got to the conclusion of my Three Auctions and Farewell Sale. I have had many a weary step in the disposing of this *Venture*; but, through God's blessing on my undertaking, I am now come near the winding up of my bottom in this Country; for yesterday I published a paper which I called "The Packing Penny:" this paper was thus addressed to those Gentlemen that attended my Auctions.

"GENTLEMEN, *Dublin, Dec. 12, 1698.*

"Though my Three Auctions and Farewell Sale are now ended, yet I have still quantities of Books left, which, for a *Packing-Penny*, I will sell at very reasonable rates; the Sale to begin Tuesday Dec. 13th, in the morning, and to end the same evening. I shall not sell these remaining Books by way of Auction, but at such easy rates as shall be agreed upon between Mr. Wilde and the Buyer. It is true, when I consider I had no Setter in any of my Four Sales, I could not have thought that any would have been so unjust as to buy what they will not pay for; but I was mistaken! But, to the honour of the Tribe of Levi, no Clergyman in Ireland has treated me in this manner. I mention this, that the World may see I designed no reflection on those learned Gentlemen, in my Advertisements; for, though the Enemies of my undertaking wrested my words to that purpose, yet nothing was ever further from my thoughts; for besides that I myself have the honour to be the son of a Clergyman, who as a Poet\* says,

"Do all breathe something more than common air;"

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\* See the Poem dedicated to the Sons of the Clergy on their Annual Feast in 1682.

I dare boldly assert that no man in this Kingdom has a higher esteem of that Sacred Order than myself. But as in this I have done justice to the Clergy of Ireland, so I resolve to do some to myself; and whatever notions some young Casuists may have of refusing to fetch what others, whom they out-bid, would have honestly paid for; yet they shall find I dare call "a spade a spade," if they live to read "The History of my Summer's Ramble," &c. or "The Dublin Scuffle," which I finished in this Country, and will publish as soon as I get to London.

I understand it has been the practice of some persons, maliciously and ignorantly to discourage those worthy Gentlemen and Clergymen that were disposed to furnish themselves with good Books. This usage is unbecoming any thing of a Christian, especially, &c. who, by his setting up for a Banterer, contrary to Christianity, spoils his neighbour's fair market; making good what Solomon so long ago observed, 'It is naught, it is naught, saith the Buyer; but when he is gone, he boasteth.' This is therefore to give notice to the World, that, as I act upon the fairest and justest bottom that can be in this last Sale, which I call "*The Packing Penny*," so I am resolved to vindicate my proceedings; and in order thereunto, if I can have but good proof, either without doors, but more especially at my Sale, of any persons that shall take the liberty to spoil my market; I am resolved to bring actions of damage against those persons that shall be guilty of such notorious actions.

I shall only add, that as I never reflected on Patrick Campbell, or any man in my whole life, without a just provocation, as I am ready to prove whilst I am in Dublin; so I must acquit all the persons concerned in my Auctions, of having any hand in any thing I published here, it being, as the "Scuffle" is, written with my own hand, and subscribed by, Gentlemen, your most obliged and very humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON:

This "*Packing Penny*" was no sooner taken, and the remaining books sold in the lump to *honest Gun*, for about a hundred pounds, but Mr. Wilde published an Advertisement, further proving the charge against Dick and Campbell; and giving an account of an Auction he designed on his own account as soon as Dunton left Ireland.

I am next, adds Dunton, to tell what the Learned Gentlemen of Ireland, who were Spectators of this Scuffle, thought of the encounter ; and, to set this matter in the truer light, I shall insert the Letter I sent by Mr. Wilde to the Bishop of Clogher, who was then in Dublin, with the Answer his Lordship was pleased to send me.

"May it please your Lordship, Dec. 17, 1698.

"I am sorry I had not the honour to be in my Auction-room this morning, when your Lordship was there, that I might have returned my humble thanks for that great encouragement your Lordship has given to my Book-adventure, as Mr. Wilde informs me. Had I met with none but such generous Buyers as your Lordship and the rest of the Clergy of Ireland, my undertaking had been more fortunate ; for, my Lord, I have had great injustice from some persons, who have bought what they will not pay for ; and in particular from one Campbell, who attempted to murder my reputation ; and, not contented with that piece of revenge for my endeavouring to serve this Country with Books, he afterwards takes my Auction-room over mine and Mr. Wilde's head, and, whilst I was in it, declares 'I had Setters ;' though I assured the Buyer, 'that for every Penny I got that unlawful way, I would restore a Pound.'—My Lord, I own it my duty to forgive injuries ; but Campbell justifies this vile treatment ; and therefore, my Lord, I am obliged to publish this 'Dublin Scuffle' to justify my own innocence, and to bring him, if possible, according to the Scotch phrase, 'to the stool of repentance.' I am pleased to hear your Lordship is not angry at my intention herein ; and as the Speaker of the House of Commons has done me the honour to desire a sight of my first draught in manuscript ; so your Lordship has likewise been pleased to honour me by desiring a sight of the same in print, which, as it obliges me to publish nothing but real truth, so it encourages me to hope that the publishing my 'Dublin Scuffle' will bring Campbell to a sense of his error. I have only to beg your Lordship's pardon for this presumption, and to assure your Lordship that I am your Lordship's most obliged and very humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON."

"Mr. DUNTON,

December 17, 1698.

"I received your Letter; and am extremely well satisfied of your justice and fair dealing in your late Auction, and of the fidelity of Mr. Wilde, whom you employed. You shall always have this testimony from

"Your humble servant, St. GEO. CLOGHER."

MY LAST FAREWELL TO MY ACQUAINTANCE IN  
DUBLIN, WHETHER FRIENDS OR ENEMIES.

GENTLEMEN,

Dublin, Monday Morning,

Dec. 26, 1698.

Having now sold the *Venture* of Books I brought into this Country, maugre all the opposition, and being to embark an hour hence for England; I send this as my last Farewell to my Acquaintance in Ireland, whether Friends or Enemies; and with this shall conclude "The Dublin Scuffle."

Gentlemen, I told you in my first Letter, that "I had brought into this Kingdom a general Collection of the most valuable Books printed in England since the fire in London in 1666, to this very time; to which," I told you, "was added great variety of scarce Books; a Collection of Pamphlets, in all volumes; and a parcel of Manuscripts, never yet in print." And that I have made good my word, is acknowledged by all that have seen my Catalogues, and printed bills of every day's sale, for near six months. Neither can it be thought that the Gentlemen of Ireland, who are owned to be very ingenious, would give one thousand five hundred pounds for a parcel of *trash*, as my *Venture* was called by some selfish people, of which more anon, except "Bibles, Common Prayer Books," &c. &c. &c. may be reckoned into that number. And, as I have fully answered your expectations as to the goodness and variety of the Books that I brought over, so I find you are all pleased with the candour you had in the Sale. You may remember I told you I thought it a sort of picking your pocket, as you came to my Auctions supposing to buy a pennyworth, to advance the rate upon you by any under-hand biddings. But the dignity of truth is lost by much protesting; so I will say no more to prove my innocence, for it is what you all

believe. And, Gentlemen, as you have been all satisfied with the part I acted in this matter, so I hope you have been all pleased with the genteel treatment you had from Mr. *Wilde* throughout the whole Sale. The truth is, he has shewn a matchless command over his passions under very great provocations; and therefore it is, my design in these adventures being to please the buyer and myself too, that I have engaged him in a second Auction I design for *Scotland*; and were I to make a third as far as *Rome*, as who knows but I may, for I design to see his Holiness, Mr. Richard Wilde should be the sole manager, not only as his universal knowledge in Books renders him fit for it, but as I have found his candour and diligence to be as great as his knowledge. And, Gentlemen, as Mr. Wilde has treated you with the greatest respect imaginable, so I hope he has done you as much justice as he has me, in the whole management. And I hope you have been as much pleased with my Book-keeper Mr. *Price*, as to his great fidelity in prizing what you bought, as I have been with his accounting with me for all the money received; or, if you can prove any mistake, for no man is infallible, I shall be forward to have it rectified, though never so much to my loss.

And as Mr. Wilde, Mr. Price, and myself, have laboured to give you content, so I hope so much as honest *Robinson*, trusty *James*, and my very Porter *Bacon*, who brought the bill of every day's sale to your doors, have not been wanting in their respective places. In a word, I suppose you are all content, for we all endeavoured to make you so; but for all my care in these particulars, I find I have some Enemies; but my comfort is that I have no Enemy that is acquainted with me, or has bought a Book in my three Auctions. It was said of a Bookseller, lately dead, "that he had no Enemies but those that knew him;" but, I thank God, if I have any Friends, they are chiefly those that have dealt with me. But I find it is impossible to please all; for though Mr. Wilde and myself managed the whole affair, from the first minute I proposed it to him to the last Book he sold in Dublin, with that sincerity as we thought had left no room for exception; not so much as a penny was paid in the Auction, if any doubt arose from whom it was received,

but I gave it the poor, for fear I had received more than my due. But for all this scrupulous care, there was a certain person beyond the Herring-pond, and in Dublin too, for they echoed to one another, that whispered about, "that I had brought you nothing but a parcel of *trash*, and that the Auctioneer was a grand sharper." Gentlemen, it is a pitiful cowardice that strikes a man in the dark; but I suppose you know who I mean by the littleness of his soul, for a Copy from Heaven would be a foolish paper with him, if *T. F.* were not the Book-seller. Though I had rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one, yet for all that, when a man persists in a base practice, he ought to be jerked in hopes of a reformation, and *T. F.* the most of any I know in London; for how often has he called "The Heads of Agreement assented to by the United Ministers;" "The Morning Exercises," published by my Reverend Father-in-Law Dr. Annesley; "The French Book of Martyrs," published by order of Queen Mary, and was the only Book she ever gave her Royal Hand to; &c. &c. "mere stuff, perfect trash!" Sweet rhetoric! which, with something will keep cold, has made his *conscience* as black as his *sign*.

I was likewise treated in this manner by another Critick near Hatton Garden, who, though he struts like a Turkey-cock at a red petticoat, wipes his mouth in London, and is very saucy to every Book that he does not print himself: yet his Sin has found him out in Dublin; and it is very remarkable that I myself should first discover it, whom he has most abused of any man in London. But he is quiet enough at present; and, if he repents, I can forgive: but, if he stir hand or foot against this small revenge, the World shall know (as proud as he is) who has abused the name of a late Peer, by a notorious Sham-Title. Gentlemen, such, and only such as these, are my Enemies; and this is the undermining treatment I have had from them. But, though there be little souls in the World that have great dealings; yet I find the Gentlemen of Ireland have more honour than to belie their senses, or to call that *stuff*, or *trash*, which they find to be solid diet. I am sure, in proportion to the great number of Books I have printed, no man has printed less

trash than myself. I am sure T. F. has not, if you take in his black Lists, his false Titles, his printing other men's Copies, and new vamping of Old Books. But, Gentlemen, it is losing of time to speak in praise of my *Bookish Venture*, or to talk more of my Enemies' trash, seeing a worthy Member of the House of Commons \* did me the honour to say, "that I had been, by this undertaking, a great Benefactor to this Country." And no longer than yesterday, a Clergyman told Mr. Penny, an English Gentleman, "that I had done more service to Learning, by my three Auctions, than any one single man that had come into Ireland these hundred years." I speak not this out of ostentation, but to rectify their opinions who judge men by what they hear from the scandalous tongues of their selfish prejudiced Enemies. But, though boasting is none of my talent, yet, I must say, that my *Venture* has been serviceable to this Country, is not only the sentiment of one or two, but of all I meet with; and therefore it is I am desired, by some of the best Quality, "to make an annual Auction of Books in Dublin." But my ramble to Scotland will hinder this; or, if it do not, I will still promise, you shall have no Setter in my Auctions, and as good Books as now. Not that I pretend to be more infallible than other people; and of six hundred Books I have printed (as I said in my Second Letter) it would be strange if all should be alike good.

Then pray, Gentlemen, (for I am now speaking to the Booksellers of Dublin) no more reflections, as if I injured the Trade by Auctions; for is it not your own case? There are few eminent Booksellers but have traded this wholesale way. Is that a crime in me which is seen in your daily practice? If I have a fancy to travel a year or so, and after that to live a studious and retired life (as I have done several years), what harm do I do in selling my Stock, and making of Auctions without Setters? For my own part, I have enough to bear my charge to the grave † (for thither, Gentlemen, we are all going), and am contriving now to live for myself as well as for other people.

\* As is hinted in the Account of my "Conversation in Ireland."

† Dunton, in a few years after he wrote this, appears to have been greatly distressed. See his "Living Elegy." EDIT.



'I would have business, but exempt from strife \* ;'

and therefore it is I have done with Shops : the hurry of them is apt to engross our thoughts ; and I am loth to venture Eternity upon my last breath. To what purpose should I covet much ?

I really pity those that, like the dog in a wheel, toil to roast meat for others eating. Abraham ; see how he be-  
ginneth to possess the World ! by no land, pasture, or arable lordship The first thing is a grave. The Rev. Mr. *Stevens*, Author of the "*Sermons on Dives and Lazarus*," gave order for the making his coffin † in perfect health. I desire to follow such examples as these ; and therefore, instead of losing time in a Shop, I would now, in a quiet retreat from the World, be studying what good I may do to my Friends with what I have ; and how little a time I may live to enjoy it ; being troubled with the Stone, the distemper my Father died of. I take my last leave, as I now do of Dublin, of every place I depart from ; and that is the reason I now follow the World with such indifference ; as if it was no matter whether I overtook it or no. But, though I am come from behind the Counter, yet methinks a man out of business, like a rotten tree, only cumpers the ground ; so I will not altogether desert Printing, or that learned Trade which my Father so much approved of, whilst there is an Author in London, or a Pen in the World. But, with submission to better judgments, I think it is a great madness to be laying new foundations of life, when I am half way through it.

" And they methinks deserve my pity,  
Who for it can endure the stings,  
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,  
Of this great Hive, the City." COWLEY.

So that, being tired with galloping after the World, I will walk now with a horse in my hand ; and whoever sees my house, and green prospects before and behind it, will own it is suited to this purpose.

I thought the best *Prospective* to see the World in its genuine and proper state was a great distance from it. A man must play the cunning Astronomer, who, when he

\* Cowley.

† I had it from his own mouth

would gaze a Star, gets not on the top of a pyramid, but descends some deep pit; for so the Visual Spirits are kept together. Thus a man should look as a wise man just before him. Earthly things are a very mist: before a man comes at it, he may see the dimensions of a fog, and, perhaps, look over it; but, when once enveloped and clouded within it, his sight is limited to a small extent. Gentlemen, such thoughts as these made me retreat to that Country-like Seat, where, after Scuffling awhile in Dublin, I am now going to live again; which, being still and private, and suited to a studious life, is, next to my Wife, the only thing on earth I love.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have shewn you why I leave the hurries of Dublin, and given my reasons for a private life when I return home.

And here I will take my leave awhile of the generous Buyers, to give a Farewell to those that have *bought* what they will not *pay* for.

And truly, Gentlemen, for it is of the *Non Pay-masters* I am now taking my leave, if you will not be just I will persuade you to it; and to that purpose I have agreed in the lump (for I am now leaving Ireland, and shall relapse into no more Duns) with an honest Lawyer (yes, an honest Lawyer) and two Bailiffs, who will fear nothing in the just execution of their office. Gentlemen, could I stay in Dublin, I would give as much time as you would desire; but I have been long from my native Country; have a House and Servants to look after; and, which is more, am daily expected by a young and obliging Wife. And, Gentlemen, were it your own case, a day under such a circumstance would seem an age. Then pray be honest in a few days, that even Lawyers and Bailiffs may be kind to you. I suppose none have been so unjust to buy what they could not pay for. And pray let me ask you a sober question: "Is it reasonable I should have justice?" Make my case your own, and you will say, "It is;" for my *Venture* was bought and sold at a great expence, and without Setters too; and, which is yet heavier upon me, you have bought what others would have honestly paid for. Neither do I serve your City of Dublin as you have served me; for of 400*l.* &c. I have expended in it, with Printers, Stationers, Binders,

and the Servants concerned in my three Auctions, &c. I have receipts from all I have dealt with, to a very half-penny; or if any Binder, or other person, have injured himself by forgetting any thing, or by mistakes in summing up his bill, though it be but the worth of a farthing, if he discovers it ten years hence, I will pay it myself, if I am then living; or, in case of my death, my Heir shall do it, or forfeit my whole estate. And as I have been just to *Meum* and *Tuum* in this City, so I was ever as true to another's reputation as to my own. I never struck at any man's fame in Dublin, or in any part of the World, till he fell to murdering mine. Even Patrick Campbell, though the most barbarous fellow I ever met with, did not hear from me till he took my Room over my head. And now, Gentlemen, (I mean you that are still in my debt) I leave you to think upon these things, whilst I return again to the *generous Buyers*.

And here, Gentlemen, it is my duty to tell you, that as I ill resent the bad usage I have from the Non-Paymasters, so I can never enough acknowledge your honest dealings. You have strictly observed the golden rule of "doing as you would be done by;" and I doubt not but the Books you have fairly bought will be a blessing to you and your Children after you. When some came to my Auction with "Naught, Naught\*," you never sided with them, or belied your conscience to save *sixpence*. You never bid, but in some proportion to the worth of a Book. You knew I had no Setters; and therefore acted a nobler justice than to bid as if a Book were stolen. In a word, you all acted so honourably, both in your bidding and paying for Books (especially the noble Colonel *Butler*), as if, like mere conquerors over covetousness and such mean beggarly vices, you had a mind to shame the other Buyers into gratitude for the charge I was at to serve them. Gentlemen, by this treatment I have been able to see "how much of Heaven can live upon Earth." And surely men of such just principles as I found you of, need but die, to be in that blessed place. Men of so great a soul seem only lent to the City of Dublin, as an universal pattern for others to imitate.

Gentlemen, if in my next Ramble I meet with such men as you; men so refined from all mixture of our grosser elements, "men so spiritualized before their time;" I shall ramble to *Scotland* to good purpose, and despise the Proverb of a *Rolling-stone*.

I would here (this being my last Farewell) descend to particular Characters of some of the chief Encouragers of my Three Auctions.

And here I should first acknowledge my great obligations to the Right Reverend the *Bishop of Clogher*. This learned Prelate was a generous encourager of my undertaking. He is a person of great worth, knowledge, and humility; and, by his hard study and travels, hath to so great a degree improved his own extraordinary parts, that soon after the thirtieth year of his age (which is the year of qualification for that Office) he was made Provost of Trinity College in Dublin, a place of great honour and trust; where he so well acquitted himself, that in a little time he was constituted Bishop of Clogher; and soon after that, for his great accomplishments, was made one of his Majesty's Privy Councillors for the Kingdom of Ireland. I might mention his great knowledge of the Tongues and most Sciences; but the bare relating the Public Stations he is in are sufficient demonstrations of the reasons of his deserved promotions, and of the great honour he did me by *personally* encouraging my undertaking; and therefore I hope his Lordship will pardon me for presuming to mention him in this "Farewell;" for I should think myself very ungrateful should I leave Ireland without making this public acknowledgment of the favours I received from him. His Lordship's name is *St. George Ashe*.

I should likewise in this "Farewell" take my leave of the Reverend Mr. *John Jones*, the most eminent School-master in all Ireland. He hath sent many Scholars to the University of Dublin; and I do not wonder he is so accomplished; for he is a man of so great a soul, that I found he was seldom out-bid in my Auction for any Book he had a mind to. He is a very studious person, and does not, like some Authors, lose his time by being busy about nothing; nor make so poor a use of the World as to hug and embrace it. I shall ever acknowledge the

generous encouragement he gave my Auctions. In the short conference I had with him, I found him to be a person of great piety, and of a most sweet disposition. He is free from vice, if ever any man was, because he hath no occasion to use it, and is above those ends that make men wicked. In a word, Mr. Jones is a person of great worth, learning, and humility; lives universally beloved, and his conversation is coveted by all that have the happiness to know him.

But I take leave of the Reverend Mr. Jones, that I may next shed a few tears on the grave of the most ingenious Mr. *Davis*; for, though he is dead and gone, the service he did my Auction shall live as long as I can write or read. He was famous for a School-master; and so eminent for Preaching, that his death was lamented by all that knew him; and I may truly say of him, "*Vixit post Funera Virtus.*" I had not the happiness of once hearing this extraordinary Preacher, and I cannot say I ever saw him; but I am told, by one that knew him well, "that, if I have erred in his character, it is that I have said too little." But though I cannot do justice to his personal merits (being wholly a stranger to him), yet, Mr. Wilde tells me he was a true friend to my undertaking; and therefore, at leaving Dublin, I ought to strew some flowers on his *hearse*, and thank his very *ashes* for the kindness he did his unknown Admirer.

Leaving this good man asleep in his grave, I shall next take leave of the Reverend and truly Pious Dr. *John Sterne*, Minister of St. Nicholas Church. He is a most excellent Preacher, and as good a liver. This worthy Divine was my Friend, not only in buying divers Books for his own use, but also in buying for others; and so far was he from that ungenerous temper, not to call it worse, of depriving me of reasonable rates, that he would assure the Bidders, "such and such Books were good, and a pennyworth\*," at such and such rates as he informed them of; neither was his generous bidding for Books all the favour I received from him. I would go on with this Gentleman's character, but that he is too humble to hear it mentioned: besides, it is very impro-

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\* How exactly resembling the late amiable Dr. Gossett! EDIT.

per to tire my Friends at a parting visit. I shall therefore here take leave of this "Reverend Doctor," and next step to the College, where I have so many Farewells to make, that I do not know where to begin, nor where to end; for I should here pay my acknowledgments to the Reverend Dr. *Lloyd*, Dr. *Hall*, Mr. *Gilbert*, Mr. *Baldwin*, Mr. *Young*, &c. These, and several other Fellows of the College of Dublin, did, as their occasions served, generously encourage my Auctions; as did divers others of inferior rank in the College, to whom I here give my parting thanks.

I might, had I time, take my leave of many more worthy Clergymen that were encouragers of my Auction; such as the Reverend Dean *Trench*, Dean *Synge*, Archdeacon *Handcock*, Dr. *Bolton*, Mr. *Marsh*, Mr. *Hemsworth*, Mr. *Burridge*, Mr. *Lucas*, Mr. *Aspin*, Mr. *Moulins*, Mr. *Drury*, Mr. *Vivian*.

And here I would in a particular manner take my leave of Dean *Francis*; for I wanted (till now) an opportunity to thank him for the encouragement he gave my Auctions. He makes an eminent figure in the Church of Ireland, and is too great for me to attempt his character: but, if any man does not know him, let him go every Sunday morning to St. Michael's, in High-street; where he will hear (as Mr. Larkin and I did upon that Text, "And Felix trembled," Acts xxiv. 25,) as much clear Reason, Scripture, and Divinity, as ever was yet delivered in a Pulpit. And those that go to this Church in the afternoon will find the same entertainment by my learned Friend, the Reverend Mr. *Scarl*, the present Lecturer. But to proceed to the character of Dean Francis. His Piety is as remarkable as his Preaching, and his Charity as remarkable as either. Mr. Feltham says, "A good Tongue never wanted Ears to hear it:" for my own share, I must say, that morning Mr. Larkin and I heard the Dean, he preached in so refined a manner, that I could have heard him with pleasure till night; and my Friend (as I found by the remarks he made on the Sermon) could gladly have heard him as long as I. I would enlarge in the Dean's character—but that he was a generous Buyer; and, as the case stands, I think it proper to say little of the great benefactors; so I shall leave the Dean

(with humble thanks for the favours he did me) to pay a visit and Farewell to my Friend and great Benefactor, the Reverend Mr. *Searl*. He was a frequent Buyer at my Auction, which I did not forget to acknowledge, both at my Auction, and afterwards at the Curragh; where (in my Ramble to Kilkenny) I had the good luck to meet him. I had now and then the happiness of spending a few agreeable minutes in this Gentleman's company, which I thought no ordinary blessing, as he was a person of a truly humble and affable carriage. As to his Preaching, it is plain, pure, and edifying; and generally without book. The last Sermon I heard in Ireland was preached by the Reverend Mr. *Searl* upon these words: "For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;" Luke ii. 1. And I thought it the most practical and awakening discourse I ever heard in my life. He succeeded Mr. *Davis* (whose death I mentioned before); and is no way inferior to him, either for good preaching or virtuous living. In a word, I have such an idea of the piety and moderation of this eminent Divine, that I could dwell on his character for ever. But I must remember *Pickance* is ready to sail, and I have other visits to make; and so, worthy Sir, adieu.

For I am now going to take my leave of the Reverend Mr. *Rowe*, a Country Minister, a pious humble man, and great encourager of my *Book Adventure*. I have not the happiness to be known to this generous Buyer; so I will take my leave with this short acknowledgment.

And my next Farewell shall be to the Reverend Mr. *Fisher*, Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Meath*. This Gentleman was a great encourager of my Auction, by which means I had the happiness of enjoying his company often. The satisfaction I received in Mr. *Fisher's* company obliges me to attempt his character. He is all that is delightful in conversation; so easy company, and so far from all constraint, that it is a real pleasure to talk with him. He is a person of a sweet natural temper; one that is never out of humour; and, I must say, I found his friendship to be ever equal and the same. In a word, it is a virtue to know him, and a glimpse of Heaven to hear him preach. But, dear Sir, adieu; for the

wind is fair, and I must be gone; but I leave your company with as much regret as ever I did any earthly blessing.

Having taken my leave of the Clergy, my next visits must be to the Laity; and these must be very short, for fear the Ship should sail before I finish my letter.

And here I shall first take my leave of the Hon. *Colonel Butler*, a Member of Parliament. He is a great lover of Books, and was a constant and generous Encourager of all my Auctions. His affability, candour, and extraordinary sense, but more especially his ingenuity in Painting to the life, is beyond what I ever saw in my whole life but at his house and in his person. It is to this Honourable Gentleman I dedicate my "Dublin Scuffle," where \*, and in my visit to him, you have his Character more at large. So, with a short farewell to the Noble Colonel,

I shall next pass on to own my great obligations to Mr. *Lum*, — *Gardon*, Esq. Counsellor *Reading*, and divers other Members of the Honourable House of Commons, who were great encouragers of my undertaking; and in this Farewell I return them my humble thanks.

Neither can I, in this place, forget the many favours I received from that worthy gentleman, *Christopher Usher*, Esq. a Relation of that famous Prelate Archbishop Usher. He is a person of true piety, solid judgment, and great estate; and God has given him a heart to do good with it in his life-time, for he is very eminent for his great charity, and a vast encourager of Learning; he laid out several pounds at my Auction, and almost daily honoured me with his presence at my Sale. I could write a folio in this gentleman's praise: but he is as humble as he is rich; so I shall not enlarge, lest I offend his modesty; but this hint is enough to shew how worthy he is of that great name he bears; and therefore, however he may resent this public farewell, considering his great humility, yet I could not think of leaving Ireland without paying my thanks to him, not only as he was my Friend, but one of my chief Benefactors.

I should also, before I embark, pay my acknowledgments to Sir *Henry Tichbourn*, *Robert Stopford*, Esq., Captain *Agchmooty*, Mr. Recorder of Dublin, an emi-

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\* See p. 491.



nent Counsellor, *Stephen Ludlow*, Esq., one of the Six Clerks, to Mr. Justice *Cooté*, of the King's Bench, a person of great piety, lives universally beloved, and justly merits the honour he enjoys. He was pleased to cause several Books to be bought for him at my Sale. And here I cannot omit to add to the rest of my Benefactors, in this Farewell, Mr. Baron *Echlin*, a person of great honour, and of a greatness of soul beyond most that I ever heard of. He is such a universal lover of Books, that very few, if any, shall escape him, whatever they cost. He has a very large and curious Library, and as inquisitive still after rarities as if he had none. He is a most noble encourager of the Bookselling trade, and whenever he dies, the Stationers of England and Ireland will have a great loss, besides what the publick will sustain thereby.

I fear, if I write on, I shall lose my *passage*. Gentlemen, you see by my unwillingness to leave Ireland how I resent your generous treatment. But, should I take my leave of all my friends of the Laity that were kind to me and my Auction, I should swell this *Farewell* beyond bounds. However, though I scribble till the ship is gone, I will not forget, at parting, to give my thanks to my true and generous Friend Mr. *Robert Jey*. He was one of those that gave me a farewell treat in Essex-street, and was my true friend from first to last, and the chief person I advised with in Dublin under any difficulty. He is a real lover of Learning, as appeared by what he bought at my Auction, extremely civil and obliging in his conversation; and a man of that great integrity, and of that quick dispatch in business, that, had I a thousand causes, they should all be intrusted in his hands. I would enlarge in his character, but that I shall meet him again in the account I design to give of my "Conversation in Ireland."

I have also many thanks to return to Captain *Simon Annon*, Mr. *Rath Jones*, Mr. *Sholdham*, Mr. *Cuppage*, Mr. *John Smith*, Mr. *Moss*, Mr. *Williamson*, Mr. *George Osborn*, Mr. *Bonny*, Mr. *Samuel Martin*, and divers other eminent Attorneys, who were great encouragers of my undertaking.

Neither can I think of leaving Dublin before I have taken my leave of my three Printers, Mr. *Brent*, Mr.

*Powel*, and *Mr. Brocas*; for they come into the number of my Benefactors; and, I am told, bought several Books in my Auction. Besides, to forget these, would be a little unkind, not only as they served me once at a pinch; but as they printed my Daily Catalogues; and it was only by their presses that I could now and then thunder at Patrick Campbell, and defy all my Enemies; so that, at shaking hands, sheer gratitude obliges me to give each of these Printers a particular character.

And I shall first begin with *Mr. Brent*, who, I think, is the oldest partner. He is a scrupulous honest, conscientious man, and I do think, a true Nathaniel. He is perfect innocence, yet a man of letters; he knows no harm, and therefore contrives none; and, by his frequent attempts to make Campbell and me friends, it is clear he never promoted the Dublin Scuffle, though the printing of it would have furnished him with daily work; so that he is what we may truly call a religious Printer, and I was going to say he hates vice almost as much by nature as grace; and this I think is his true character.

As to *Mr. Powel*, the second partner, his person is handsome, I do not know whether he knows it or no, and his mind has as many charms. He is the very life and spirit of the company where he comes, and it is impossible to be sad if he sets upon it; he is a man of a great deal of wit and sense, and I hope of as much honesty; and his repartees are so quaint, apposite, and genteel, it is a pleasure to observe how handsomely he acquits himself; in the mean time, he is neither scurrilous nor prophane, but a good man, and a good Printer, as well as a good companion.

I come next to honest *Brocas*, the third partner, and with him, if he is returned from Holland, take leave of my three Printers. *Mr. Brocas* is much of a gentleman; he gave me a noble welcome to Dublin, and never grew less obliging. He is one that loves his friend as his life; nay, he values *Mr. Wilde* beyond it; and I may say, without offence to the Printers of Dublin, that no man in the universe better understands the "Noble Art and Mystery of PRINTING" than John Brocas in Skinner-row; and, as a three-fold cord is not easily broken, so *Mr. Brent*, *Mr. Powel*, *Mr. Brocas*, it is my advice to

you all, at parting, that you never divide your interests ; for what would you have ? your house is a mere Paradise. Oh, spacious dwelling !

A garden in a Paradise would be  
But a too mean periphrasis of thee.

And, Gentlemen, as your house is airy, great, and noble, and the top Printing-house in all Dublin ; so, if you keep together, Copies so crowd in, you will soon be Aldermen of Dublin, and in time arrive to the honour of Lord Mayor ; and what a charming figure will the beautiful Powel make, when attended with Sword and Mace, surrounded with Aldermen, bedecked with Jewels, and glittering with a Gold Chain ! But I do not know when to have done, I see : so, Gentlemen Printers, farewell to you all three ; but, when I come to Dublin with another cargo of Books, it will be in company with Mr. Larkin ; and then expect my custom again, and to find us both at the Dolphin. And this, though he is going with me, brings me, in the last place, to own my great obligations to my most ingenious Friend Mr. *George Larkin*, whose noble treatment at his own house, and great readiness to serve me at all hours, and upon all occasions, from the first minute I saw Dublin to the last hour I stayed in it, shall be kindly acknowledged to my dying day. But I cannot enlarge ; for Mr. Larkin is come to tell me the Ship is going to sail, which makes me tremble, for, though I have crossed the ocean often, yet I still dread the Irish sea. But my comfort is, Mr. Larkin, like a true Friend, still ventures his life with me, and I can never die in better company.

Thus have I paid my thanks where I think it due, and given a farewell to all my Friends ; and, as I took my leave, have characterized my Benefactors, concerning whom I have said nothing but the real truth ; and, Gentlemen, I have often wished there was no such thing as a compliment in the world, and therefore I flatter no man in these characters ; I have no occasion to do it, for my Auction is ended, and I am leaving Ireland ; besides, I was not born to creep, neither is it agreeable to my temper of mind ; but a man may be grateful, sure, without being of a mean spirit.

But perhaps my Enemies will say, I am thus large in praising my Friends, that my "Scuffle" may sell the better. I do declare this is all as false; for I do not write this "Farewell," or the "Dublin Scuffle," to get a penny: my circumstances set me above it. The Athenians long since told you, "my *Raven* was gone to roost;" neither do I publish it out of vain-glory, to be talked of when I am gone; for, as Cowley says,

"I'd live unthought-of, and unheard-of die:"

and my aversion to shops, and private dwelling in Jewin-street, proves I am of this humour. But I publish it purely to do justice to myself, in the first place; and then to my Dublin enemies; and, lastly, that the World may see how generous my friends were; and who knows, but my Enemies, by seeing other men's virtue, and how charming it makes them look, may endeavour to practise it; but, whether they do or no, I must declare the honest dealings I had from them is that alone which has put me in the head of a Second Auction; so that, as soon as I get to London, I shall fall to printing several Copies, in order to furnish out a *new Venture*, with which I shall march directly for Scotland; and when I return from thence, having cleared with all the world, for, as to my morals, I am, or should be, an honest man, I will embark for France, Italy, &c. But more of this in my "Summer Ramble, or History of my Travels through Ten Kingdoms, &c." of which I have seen four. Scotland, France, and Italy, make it seven; and when I have crossed the Hellespont, where poor Leander was drowned, Greece, China, and the Holy Land, are the other three I am bound to; and, perhaps, when my hand is in, I may step thence to the Indies; for I am a true lover of Travels, and, when I am once mounted, care not whether I meet the Sun at his rising or going down, provided only I may but ramble. But, as much as I love travelling, I love pleasing my Wife better; and, were I now entered the city of Rome, as far as it is, and as much as I desire to see it, her least impatience to see me should hurry me back before I had seen any thing; or, if she is so obliging as to let me gratify my curiosity, ten months will be the longest time I can live from her; and, having

seen the aforesaid places in that time, I will return to the Raven in Jewin-street; for, though it is good to travel abroad, it is best to die in the arms of a kind wife. But shops are of small account, as I formerly hinted; and I hope to get more by travelling abroad, than by staying at home. Then, if Valeria consents, for without that I will not stir an inch, I will soon be on this grand Ramble; and when I return, for I go for profit as well as pleasure, I mean for subject-matter to write on, will fall to printing as much as ever.

Gentlemen, this long Ramble will be Ten Volumes, of a crown each. The first of which will be published in a few weeks, and will contain my "American Travels;" the second, my "Trip to the Low Countries;" the third, "My Ramble to Ireland," wherein you will find the history of my sea voyage, the conversation on the road, at the inns and towns I stayed at, with particular characters of men and women, and almost every thing I saw or conversed with, but more especially in the City of Dublin, where two hundred persons will see their pictures, that at present little expect it. The Non-paymasters too, shall have a share in the history; neither will I forget the extortion of Copper-alley, nor my *geud friend*\* at the Bible in Skinner-row.

This "Ramble through ten Kingdoms" will contain about a thousand letters, which I will write in my travels, and send them to my friends in England. I shall intermix them with characters of men and women, &c. according to the method in my "Ramble to Ireland;" and hope I shall receive remarks upon what I see by those to whom I direct my letters.

This Rambling Project owes its rise to something I found in "The Athenian Mercury;" which being an invention of my own that has pleased the age, for it was continued to Twenty Volumes, I hope the same by this; for it will be as *pleasant a maggot*, and I will endeavour to make it as useful. If you ask me, "How I can think of rambling thus, having lately married a second Wife?" To this I answer, "I am married indeed, but it is to one, to use the words of my first Wife, who knows it her pru-

dence and duty to study my humour in every thing, I mean every thing that is not sinful; and, finding I am for travelling, to shew the height of her love, is as willing I should see Europe, as Eliza was I should see America; so that you see, Gentlemen, neither my first nor my second Wife have been "*She-Clogs* \*," as St. Austin called his spouse. They were both pleased, as it pleases me, with my *rambling humour*. Then, to be sure, this temper is so obliging, as soon as my "eye is satisfied with seeing," I will hasten home to the dear Valeria, run to meet her with devouring arms; and then live, and, if possible, die together. It is true, the man in the Gospel "had married a Wife, and he could not leave her;" but he was not born to ramble, or he must have pursued his destiny. Sure I am, if any thing could keep me at home, it is a tender Wife, such a one as I *now* enjoy; for there is such an union between us, that we seem but as "two souls transformed into one;" and I must say, were her mighty tenderness known to the world, it would once more bring into fashion Women's loving and trusting their Husbands. But, though Love is strong as Death, and every good man loves his Wife as himself, yet I cannot think of being confined in a narrower study than the whole World. He is truly a Scholar who is versed in the volume of the Universe; who doth not so much read of Nature, as study Nature herself. Who would have thought I could ever have left Eliza? for there was an "even thread of endearment run through all we said or did." I may truly say, for the fifteen years we lived together, there never passed an angry look; but, as kind as she was, I could not think of growing old in the confines of one city, and therefore in 1686 I embarked for America, Holland, and other parts. But, though we parted a while, it was by free consent of Father and Wife, as my coming now to Ireland was by consent of Mother and Daughter. I found then that the arms of Love were long enough to reach from London to the West Indies; and, to encourage me to ramble now, they are as long as ever. What though Scotland, France, and Italy, &c. part our bodies; yet we have souls, to be

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\* See Austin's Confessions.

sure; and, whilst they can meet and caress, we may enjoy each other, were we the length of the Map a-under. So that you see, Gentlemen, though I have married a second Wife, yet that I love her never the less for rambling; but, were it possible, a great deal more, for distance endears love, and absence makes it thrive. If a Wife does not give me some proof of her love, for fine words are but painted babies to play with, how shall I know she loves me at all? And can she give me a greater test, than by telling me, in a thousand endearing letters, "That to be out of her sight, is to be still the more in her mind?" When I was in New England, I sent Eliza sixty letters by one ship, as you will find in my *Ramble* thither. Were Valeria and I always together, these sort of endearments were wholly lost, and we to seek, for want of a touch-stone, "whether we loved in earnest." So that I think to ramble is the best way to endear a Wife, and to try her love, if she has any; which is so rare a thing, since women have married for money, that for my own share, I would ramble as far as China, to be convinced of the least scruple. It is true, for a Wife to say, as Eliza did, "My Dear, I rejoice I am able to serve thee, and as long as I have it, it is all thine; and we had been still happy, had we lost all, but one another;" this indeed is very obliging, and shews she loves me in earnest. But still there is something in rambling beyond this; for this is no more, if her Husband be sober, than "richer for poorer" obliges her to; but for a Spouse to cry, "Travel as far as you please, and stay as long as you will, for absence shall never divide us," is a higher flight abundantly, as it shews she can part with her very Husband, ten times dearer to a good Wife than her money, when it tends to his satisfaction. Since to ramble then from my *second* Wife is the best way to express my love, and endears like any thing; I say, considering this, I will soon be on my *Scotch Ramble*; and, if I return rich in Valeria's opinion, though St. Andrew frown as much as St. Patrick, I shall think I make a good voyage of it.

Thus, Gentlemen, have I fairly proved that "absence endears a Wife," if she is good for any thing, and that rambling becomes a duty to him that is well married.

A *duty*? Ay! sure enough! for Valeria and I improve our separation to better use than if we had been together; for, by absence, we better fill, and farther extend the possession of our lives, in being parted. "She lives, rejoices, and sees for me," and I for her, as plainly, for we are still but two souls in the same body, as if I had myself been there; and I must say that of Eliza too; we did not pretend affection, and carry on two interests; her sympathy with me, in all the distresses of my life, both at sea and land, make her virtues shine with the greater lustre, as "stars in the darkest night;" and assure the world she loved me, not my fortunes. Like the glow-worm, that "emblem of true friendship," she shined to me, even in the dark; she has been almost ready to wish us unfortunate, that she might give me the greater test of her love. My head no sooner ached, but her heart felt it; and, had I fallen sick in her dying hour, she would even then have crawled up stairs to have seen me. And, to requite her love, for a kind Wife makes a kind Husband, I would have parted with garment after garment; stripped myself to my very skin; yea, "mortgaged my very flesh," to have served her. And, indeed, all our distresses of body and mind were so equally divided, that all her's were mine, and all mine were her's; we remembered we were one flesh, and therefore were no more offended with the words, failings, or wants of each other, than we would have been, had they been our own; had we loved at a less rate, our pretences to love had been mere banter; "True conjugal love is a step above house or land!" Neither durst I have married, had I loved Eliza less than myself. But, as true and great as our endearments were, I found I could love as well *absent* as *present*; and therefore I as little scrupled the leaving Eliza, as I now do the kind Valeria.

Gentlemen, I had not troubled you with such soft tender things, but to let you see my rambling now, as well as formerly, is the effect of *choice*, and not *disgrace*. If you doubt this, read the character of my first Wife\*, and you will find it confirmed with her last breath.

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\* Printed for J. Harris, at the Harrow in Little Britain.



Then cease wondering that I can talk of rambling so soon after marrying a second Wife ; for you see, by the happiness I enjoy in her, that he that is born under a rambling planet, all that he does to fix him at home, does but hasten his travels abroad. I found it thus when Eliza lived, and the case is the same now ; for, though I am married again, and that to a Wife of whom I may say, "that she fully understands and practises all the duties of a tender Wife, so that she seems to be Eliza still, in a new edition, more correct and enlarged ; or rather my first Wife in a new frame ; for I have only changed the person, but not the virtues :"—but for all this present happiness, being born to travel, I am ever and anon talking of "ships," "the mariner's compass," and "going to sea," and cannot be easy an hour together without thinking of some far country. If it were not thus, I had never left Mother, Daughter, House, and Home, to ramble I knew not whither, and to see I know not what ; for, ever since I came into being, to ramble has been as natural to me as eating.

Thus, at parting, have I set myself in a true light ; have thanked my Friends for their many favours, and am pretty even with all my Enemies ; but more especially with P. Campbell, &c. And now, if any one else thinks himself injured in this "Scuffle," I must tell him "that the press is open." Gentlemen, if you would know who I mean by this T. F. I shall answer this, by asking, who do you mean by "I.N. take thee M." in the Form of Matrimony ? I mean nobody but he that shews his guilt by wincing ; and whoever that person be, I will reply to him *de die in diem*, till I wear my pen to the stumps.

But, Gentlemen, I have tired you all ; so I come now to the last beckon of farewell. Then, honest *Wilde*, dear *Wainright*, generous *Dell*, handsome *Powel*, easy *Dick*, Friend *Dobbs*, and all my other Friends, farewell, farewell for ever : for the wind is fair ; *George Larkin* and *Price* are already in the boat ; and I have but time to tell you that I am, as you found me all along,

Your very faithful, and very humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

## CHAPTER XV.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF MY CONVERSATION IN IRELAND.

*(In a Letter to an Honourable Lady.)*

MADAM,

London, April 20, 1699.

I AM extremely satisfied to have the honour of knowing you so well, as to know that you hate to be flattered; and so hope you will not think me guilty of that crime; when I profess to you that I esteem the favour of having Correspondence with you to be one of the chiefest blessings of my life; and therefore I ought to take all opportunities to shew myself worthy of it; which I could not be, should I suffer my reputation to be attacked without defending it. And having met with some unhandsome treatment from a person in Dublin, to whom I never offered the least injury (unless he thinks telling him the truth to be such), I am willing to have my Cause tried at your Bar; who, as you will not favour the guilty, so neither will you condemn the innocent. And whether I am such or not, "The Dublin Scuffle" will give you the clearest idea. But, since no man's profession will justify him, without a correspondent practice, I have designed this Letter, to give you some account of my *Conversation* (or method of living) whilst I was in Ireland.

The occasion of my first going into this Kingdom is so well known, and manifestly lawful, that I shall not so much as hint at it in this place. But how my *Conversation* has been while I resided there, is the task that lies now upon me to set forth in a true light; which I will do with such sincerity, that I will even dissect my breast to you, and at the same time make not only your Ladyship, but the whole world, my Confessor; but still with this restriction, as far as my frail nature and weak memory will permit me; and where that is defective, if any where invention has supplied it, I hope you will excuse it: for,

Madam, you will find (at least they will that are touched in the following pages) that

"Whatsoe'er of Fiction I bring in,  
'Tis so like Truth, it seems at least akin."

Madam, this "Account of my Conversation" was all written in haste, and most of it at Pat's Coffee-house in Dublin, as people were dinning my ears with News, or some Queries about my Auction: so that, if neither method nor style is what might be expected from me when I address to you, I hope to make some amends in my "Summer Ramble," which I shall dedicate to your Ladyship, as an acknowledgement of the honour you did me in corresponding with me whilst in Ireland, and for your attempts since to quiet my mind upon the loss of one of my best Friends; for I may call *D—c* so, if high birth, virtue, wit, and constancy, can entitle to that character. But to proceed to the "Account of my Conversation."

This, Madam, for method's sake, will best be comprehended under two general heads, the discharge of "my duty towards God," and "towards Man." These two contain the whole of a Christian; and, if I take the great Apostle of the Gentiles for my guide, I hope I shall not wander out of my way; for he has declared this was his care, to "keep a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards Man."

The first of these heads, which respects God, comprehends all the duties of Religion, which is a thing in this age admits of so many several modes and forms, that, without some further explanation, it is difficult to know what is meant by it: for a man can now no sooner speak of Religion, but the next question is, "Pray what Religion are you of?" I need not tell you, Madam, that Religion in general is a sense of our duty to God, and the worship we owe to him, according to the best of our understandings, in order to the obtaining of a blessed Immortality. And this likewise consists in two parts: first, in its principles; and secondly in putting those principles in practice; for principles without practice teach men to be hypocrites, but never make them Christians. They may indeed, by a profession of Religion,

déceive others; but without the practice of it they more fatally deceive themselves. I will therefore, Madam, in the first place, shew you what my principles are, and then give you an account of what my practice was in Dublin.

If then you ask me, Madam, "what persuasion I am of?" my answer is, "I am that which the Disciples were called at Antioch; that is, I am a Christian; a follower of Christ, a servant of God, the world's master, and my own man." I do not think Religion to consist so much in names as things. Christ's Church is not limited to any nation or party, but extends to all places, is propagated in all ages, and containeth all saving truth, and in this sense is universal or Catholic. And therefore I love a good man, of whatever profession, or by what name or title soever he is distinguished. A good Navigator can sail with any wind; and why should not a Christian be as dextrous to improve all opportunities that may facilitate "his passage to the Heavenly Canaan?" The various lines that are made from different parts of the circumference may all tend to one and the same centre. I have a large charity, and exercise it to all in whom I see goodness and virtue shew itself, whatever their particular persuasions are. And conformable to this opinion was my practice in Dublin. One Sunday I heard Dr. *Sterne*; another, Mr. *Sinclair*; a third, Mr. *Searl*; a fourth, Mr. *Boyse*; a fifth, Mr. *Weld*; a sixth, the Anabaptist in Francis-street. And when *William Penn* came thither, I went with the crowd to hear him; for when I think of *George Keith* in London, and *William Dobbs* in Dublin (two persons of great sense, and as strict justice), I must think that some Quakers are Christians; and, for aught I know, we contend with them about words, while we think the same thing. Sure I am, their celebrated *light within* is what we call "the dictates of Conscience;" and if we could but get them to Baptism and the Lord's Supper, we should begin to call them Brethren. And thus you see, by my going one Sunday to one persuasion, and a second to another, that "I can go to Heaven with any wind, and with any name;" and shall think it a happiness to go into Canaan, though it were through a Red Sea.

Madam, it is true I was born to travel, and am now pursuing my destiny ; but, if I wander the length of the Map, and never see you here, yet I hope we shall meet in Heaven at last. What though we differ in our way thither, I hope we pardon one another. Men go to China both by the Streights and by the Cape. The good men of Ireland (such as Bp. *King* and Mr. *Boyse*) perhaps contend about words, when they heartily think the same thing. But, whatever the opinions of others are in Polemical matters, yet as to myself I dare boldly say, I am, or should be, an honest man ; for Virtue is my business ; my writing is my recreation, which made Iris say "she would bury me with a pen in my hand." God is my Father, the Church my Mother (I need not say this or that Church, if I am sound in the main points), the Saints my Brethren, and all that need me my Friends. And I am likewise a Friend to myself ; for shall I have it, and want necessities ? "What though I am now in a far country," yet I have in myself, as Randolph says, "an household government ;" and wherever I go do intend to live

Lord of myself, accountable to none  
But to my conscience, and my God alone.

Now, Madam, give me leave to say, however romantic some may think this to be, that I have found, notwithstanding my many infirmities, more peace and satisfaction in the discharge of a good conscience, than in all the pleasures this world can give.

In the next place, Madam, I shall give you a short Diary of my practice in Ireland with respect to Religion. But I will first give you a relation of a rencounter I had with a sort of Atheist I met in Dublin. I need not tell you, Madam, that Atheism and Irreligion abound every where : and the cause is apparent ; for when men have given themselves up so long to the conduct of "their own lusts," that they have reason to fear the justice of God due to them "for their sins," they would fain hope to secure themselves by denying his Being. I cannot say this lewd Fellow I met in Dublin absolutely denied the Being of a God (and I much question whether there be a professed Atheist in the world) ; yet I may say his Dis-

courses, as well as his manner of living, had so much of Atheism in them, as they made me tremble. I will not insert his Atheistical Discourses, for they are better forgot than published; but I will send you some of the Arguments I used to refute his Atheistical notions. Whether they satisfied him or not I cannot say, for he made little reply. I am sure my design was good; but whether I argued as I ought, I leave you, Madam, to judge. What I advanced was to this effect: "There are two ways for us to attain to the knowledge of God (or a first principle), by whom the world was made; the one is natural, the other supernatural. That which I call supernatural is what God has revealed in his Word, wherein he has given us the clearest idea of himself, as he by whom all things were made. But, because they who deny the Being of a God do generally make a scoff at his Word, I will only insist upon that which is natural. Nature informs us that there was a Sovereign Being, the Author and Preserver of all things: this truth I can see with my eyes, when I either behold the Earth, view the Heavens, or reflect upon myself. When I see such things as are not made but by a Superior Cause, I am obliged to acknowledge and adore a Being which cannot be made, and which made all things else. When I consider myself, I am sure that I could not be without a beginning; therefore it follows, that a person like me could not give me to be; and by consequence this puts me upon seeking out a First Being, who, having had no beginning, must be the Original of all other things. When my reason conducts me to this First Principle, I conclude evidently that this Being cannot be limited, because limits suppose a necessity of production and dependance; and, if unlimited, it must be a sovereign and incomprehensible Being. And this prevents all curious inquirers from comprehending what God is; for who can define that which is unlimited, or comprehend that which is incomprehensible? One must be blind indeed to be ignorant of a First Principle; but one must be infinite, like Him, to be able to speak exactly of Him; for the most that can be said by us, though it may perhaps content the curious, yet it can never satisfy the rational soul."

This, Madam, was the substance of what I spake on that occasion, which, as I said before, I leave to your censure. And, to be yet more free with you, I have those awful thoughts of the Divine Being, that I would never think of Him but with the most profound veneration; and therefore always choose to think of Him rather in the abstract than the concrete; for, if I think Him good, my finite thought is ready to terminate that good in a conceived subject; and if I conceive Him great, my bounded conceit is apt to cast Him into a comprehensible figure. I would therefore conceive Him a diffused goodness without *quality*, and represent Him an incomprehensible greatness without *quantity*. And therefore I choose, as Mr. *Ellis* advises, "to shun all gross representations of God, or likening Him, so much as in my thought, to any creature. I am not to worship Him after my own conceit or fancy, but according to the rules He hath given in his Word." And, to speak my thoughts of Religion in a few words, I look upon that to be the best Religion which is pure and peaceable, and takes no pleasure in the expence of blood; whose principles are consonant to the Word of God; and which takes most from the creature, and gives most to the Creator. This is that Religion which I assure myself is the right, which I will endeavour to practise while I live, and rely on when I die. — And this brings me to (what I promised) an account of my practice in Dublin; which I will give you in the form of a Diary.

I freely acknowledge, Madam, that the Sacred Oracles of the Old and New Testaments do sufficiently instruct us in the performance of all those duties which God requires of us. But, though the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the very Word of God, which holy Men of God spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and contain all things necessary to salvation, and are the standing sealed rule of Faith and Life; yet I believe that every one has some particular mode of his own, by which he steers the course of his devotions; especially as to what he performs in his closet.

But to proceed to my Diary. And here I shall first acquaint you how I spend *Saturday*, which is usually a

day of hurry and business with the generality of men; and, as the same winds up the week; so do people their affairs. But, for my own part, I confess I never affect multiplicity of business on that day; but, on the contrary, have frequently shunned it, though I have observed it has often fallen to my share upon those days to have a great deal; for last Saturday I was so taken up with adjusting some controversies that did arise concerning the affairs of my Auction, that I had hardly leisure to take my dinner. However, they were terminated so much the more to my satisfaction, by how much all parties were brought to acquiesce in my determination. By this you see, Madam, I am no *Sabbatarian*; but for those that are, I am so far from having any hard thoughts of them, that I both pity and respect them; for I can never believe it is an error of wilfulness, but of ignorance only in them. And whereas I do understand divers of them; at least, make a conscience of keeping both days, because they would be sure to be right; I think I have just reason to honour them for it, and cannot choose but think much better of them than those who totally deny the morality of the Sabbath-day. I confess, Madam, I do not remember to have read any thing material concerning the controversy about the said days, and that I am as much at a loss to know certainly when our Christian Sabbath begins, when there is such a variation in the site of places and countries, and that now we experimentally find, where it is day in one place, it is night in another. And, Madam, as I know of no person living with whom I can so well satisfy my scruples and inform my understanding than yourself, who are so well skilled both in Polemical and Practical Divinity, so I humbly request your sentiments in this case, promising to make your practice my own.

But, Madam, having told you how I spend Saturday, I am next to inform you how I spend the *Sabbath*; for in the practice of Religion I look upon the sanctifying of the Lord's-day to be a principal part. Judge *Hale* recommends to his Children "a very strict observation of the Lord's-day;" and tells them "that he had always found that his worldly affairs thrived either more or less the following week as he had kept the Sabbath." And



therefore on Sunday I usually take leave of my bed sooner than on other days, and strive to dismiss as much as I can all worldly affairs out of my thoughts; though I have found them, I acknowledge, like the flies that spoil the Apothecaries' ointment, then most unseasonably thrusting themselves in.

The public worship of God being the principal duty of this day, I made it my practice to bow my knees before my Maker in private before I went thither, and there beg his blessing on the public ordinances; and, previous thereto, have used to read some portion of the Holy Scriptures; being told therein that "every thing is sanctified by the Word of God and Prayer;" which is so much the advantage of a Christian, that I always thought "never Prayer rightly made was made unheard, or heard ungranted." And I believe that Prayer is rightly made, which is made to God, in the name of Christ, in Faith, and offered up with Humility.

When I come to the House of God (I mean the place of his worship, whether it be a Church or a Meeting-house) I always keep myself uncovered whilst I continue there; for, as Holiness becomes his House, so does a behaviour mixed with reverence and godly fear in all that wait upon him. And therefore, during the time of Prayer, I either kneel or stand up (believing the humblest posture to be best when I am invoking the Majesty of Heaven); and, fixing my eyes upward, I endeavour to apply every part of God's worship to my own conscience, and the present state of my own soul.

I love those Sermons best that check my conscience for sin, and cheer it with applying God's mercy; beginning with the Law, and ending with the Gospel; searching the wound first, and pouring in the oil of consolation afterwards. And those I reckon the worst Preachers, that soothe men up in their sins, persuading men they are good Christians when they do not know what it is to be born again. Yet I do not love to be pragmatrical in censuring of Ministers; I endeavour, like the industrious Bee, to suck honey from the Flowers of Devotion; and not, like the Spider, to convert what was intended for nourishment into poison. If any thing drops from the Pulpit which I think not so pertinent, I cover it with

"the mantle of Love," and strive to remember that which is better; for, as the divine Herbert observes, "if the Parson be dull, God preaches to the Hearers a Lecture of Patience."—In the singing of Psalms, I labour more to have my soul inflamed with love and zeal, than to have my spirits cheered either by the harmony of voices, or sound of the Organ; and could heartily wish that Sternhold and Hopkins's Psalms (though well enough 150 years ago) were now removed, and Mr. Tate's Translation put in their place.—As to the receiving of the Holy Sacrament, it has ever been my opinion that whoever participates of that solemn ordinance (lest he "eat and drink damnation") should retire himself from the world for a day at least, and by a strict recollection of his actions, and serious examination of his own life, attended with Fasting and Prayer, endeavour so to prepare himself, that he may come as a worthy Receiver to the Table of the Lord; that so, by the strength he receives by that spiritual *viaticum*, he may be enabled to "run with patience the race that is set before him;" and therein, "through the assistance of Divine Grace," so to run as to obtain the prize.

After the public duties of the day are over, I return to my chamber, and enter into my closet, spending some time therein in meditating on what I have heard, and in reiterated addresses to the Throne of Grace, to follow it with his blessing; well knowing, that "though Paul may plant, and Apollo water, yet it is God that teaches me to profit." And if in the evening (as sometimes there does) a Friend comes to visit me, I spend my time with him in discoursing on divine things; whereby "our hearts are warmed," and our affections stirred up to praise God for his goodness; and hereby find the benefit of the "communion of Saints," which is too much neglected, though an article of the Creed. Sure I am all the Members of the Mystical Body of Christ have fellowship with the Father and Son by one Holy Spirit; with Angels, in their love, care, and ministries; with the Saints in Heaven, in their love and prayers; and with one another, in the same Faith, Hope, Word, and Sacrament; and therefore should often confer about heavenly things, "holding the unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace."

The operations of the mind being in their own nature much more fatiguing than the labours of the body, it is my usual custom on Sunday night to go somewhat sooner to bed than ordinary. However, I durst not adventure to go and compose myself to such "a rest as so much resembles Death itself," and from which many have awaked in Eternity; without recommending myself to the care and protection of the Almighty; and to this I have endeavoured always to have the greater regard, since, besides the Divine Authority, which plainly enjoins it, it is a duty so clearly manifested even by the light of Nature, that it is a wonder almost that any should neglect it. I hope you do not, Madam, take this as either dictating or reproving, when it is never meant so by me, who have justly entertained quite other conceptions of you; and am so far from supposing myself a pattern in any respect for your imitation, that I should think myself in danger of running into the notion of a Perfectionist if I could but come near you.

This, Madam, is the method in which I would spend the Sabbath, and is what I have endeavoured to practise; though I must own, to my shame, with so much weakness, and so many infirmities, that it seems rather an account of what I ought to do, than of what I have done: for, though it is my duty to watch narrowly over my heart, affections, and thoughts, and all my outward actions, and in a more particular manner should look upon the sanctifying of the Lord's-day to be a principal part of Religion, yet I must own I have not been so careful as I ought "to sanctify the Lord in my heart" on that day, or perform some duties that were incumbent upon me. I have not made Jehovah my fear and my dread; as I ought; but have indulged myself in sloth, spoken my own words, and thought my own thoughts, contrary to God's holy will and commandment.

I must also accuse myself of being too negligent in preparing myself to attend upon God in his solemn and public appointments, rushing often into his presence without that due preparation which he requires. Neither have I behaved myself in his House with that fear and reverence as I ought; nor heard God's Word with that attention which so awful a message called for, nor

improved it to my spiritual nourishment as I ought to have done. I am also sensible that I have been more ready to find fault with the Minister, than to obey the Message he has brought; and have not spoken of other men and their affairs with that care, charity, and affection, as I should have done, but rather have discovered their defects. I likewise acknowledge, that in singing of Psalms I have not sung with that grace in my heart which God's Word requires; and have had my ears more tickled with the harmony of the musick, than my soul inflamed with zeal to sing the praises of God.

I do also confess I have not had such sorrow and repentance for my sins past as I ought; nor have used such diligence in the daily examining of my conscience, and amendment of my life, as I should have done. I have also reason to be humbled, that I have not offered up my prayers unto God with alacrity and fervour of spirit, as I should have done, but have been often distracted, slothful, and cold in my devotions. I also acknowledge I have been proud and vain-glorious in my words and actions. I have not thought so humbly of myself as I should have done; nor kept my senses in the House of God with that care as became a Christian, especially my eyes and my ears. For all which, and many more Errors of my Life, which through neglect and inadvertency may have escaped my cognizance, I humbly beg pardon and forgiveness of the Father of Mercies.

Thus, Madam, with the Pelican, have I dissected my heart, to shew you where the defects of Humanity reside. I have here, as I told you before, made the whole world (but principally yourself) my Confessor. I will only add as to this point, that, if my tongue and heart agree not in this confession, my confession will be of no value. He that confesses with his tongue, and wants confession in his heart, is either a vain man or an hypocrite; and he that confesses with his heart, and wants it in his tongue, is either proud or timorous.

Madam, having given you some account how I endeavoured to spend the Sabbath in Dublin, I shall next inform you how I spent my time on the Week-days. I have told you, in the account I gave you of spending Sunday, that it was my practice to go to bed sooner on

those nights than at other times. I shall further add, that I am no sooner lain down on Sunday night but I compose myself to rest, being so far from being terrified with apparitions, *spectrums*, and the like, as I have heard some have been (who for that very reason durst never lie alone), that, I humbly adore the Majesty of Heaven for it, I fear nothing but God and Sin.

When I awake, I am transported to find myself so sprightly every way; which made me often wonder what an excellent thing *Sleep* was, considering it as an inestimable jewel, for an hour of which, if a Tyrant laid down his crown, he should not be able to purchase it; that it was that "golden chain," which tied health and our bodies together; that, while sleeping, none complained of pains, wants, cares, or captivities; and that, though the story of "Endymion's nap" for threescore and fifteen years, and then awaking as lively as if he had slept but six hours, be in itself but a mere fable, yet the moral is good, and plainly indicates the necessity and usefulness of rest to our natures, as instituted by the God of Nature himself.

But to proceed in my Journal. In the morning, as soon as the Cinque-ports are open, I send up some private ejaculations to Heaven, giving God thanks that my eyes are open to see the light of another day. After this I get up, and make my most solemn addresses to the Divine Majesty, remembering Randolph's words:

"First worship God: He that forgets to pray  
Bids not himself 'Good Morrow,' nor 'Good Day.'"

In these sorts of duties it has been my constant practice to be rather short and fervent, than long and indifferent. And as we ought to make use of every just and proper motive to excite us to our duty, I will humbly say, I have been the more constant in my practice of this morning-duty, as principally out of a sense of my bounden duty towards God, so also from a consideration of the example of a Person of Honour (I mean the late Lord Delamere), who has left it upon record to his Children, "That whenever he happened, which was very seldom, to omit his duty in this kind, though upon never so urgent an occasion, he always found some cross

interruptions and disappointments in the business of that day."

Being now, Madam, to sally out into the City, under a necessity of making myself more particularly known, in respect to the affairs I went about, I will presume to suppose you might be inquisitive to understand what sort of figure was proper for me to make. As to my cloaths, I confess I was never over-curious, affecting always to appear more plain and cleanly than gay and finical. The first suit of apparel that ever mortal man wore came neither from the Mercer's shop nor the Merchant's warehouse; and yet Adam's Bill would have been sooner taken than a Knight's Bond now. The silk-worms had something else to do in those days than to set up looms to become free of the Weavers. Our old Grandsire's breeches were not worth near the value of King Stephen's hose, that cost but a poor noble; Adam's holiday suit being made of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves sewed together, and Eve's best gown of the same piece. However, it was both necessary and convenient I should rather appear above than below my quality; and as such I adventured to visit my Auction-Room.

In the various emergencies of each day, I send up ejaculatory prayers to the God of all mercies, for his direction, blessing, and conduct, as the matter does require, and as God has commanded, who has bid me "in all my ways acknowledge him," and has graciously promised to direct my paths.

In the Summer-time I rose early in the morning, and walked abroad into the fields, finding those occasional meditations that such a walk presented me with subjects for, proper to raise my devotion to a greater fervour; the beauty of the Creation leading me by insensible steps to the adoration of the great Creator, the Source and Fountain of all excellences.

My walking along the Strand (a mile from Dublin) gave me a pleasant prospect of the sea, whose rolling waves put me in mind of the power of Omnipotence, who commands both the Winds and the Sea, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further."

Leaving the Strand, I walked up a hill into the fields, by the side of Ballihaugh-lane; which I thought one of the best prospects about Dublin, having Heaven, Earth, and Sea, in view at the same moment. It represented to my thoughts the exceeding swiftness of spiritual bodies; which, though far from infinite, yet have a motion quicker than the eye, and swifter than our thoughts—thus, by the things I have seen, I have been led into the contemplation of unseen things. After about an hour's meditations in this nature, my usual way was to return to my chamber, unless a previous appointment to meet any one about business hindered me: for, though I had given the conduct of my Auctions to Mr. Wilde (who faithfully discharged the trust I reposed in him), yet was I not so freed from business myself as not to have applications made to me, both by the Binders and other persons.

After some time being in my chamber, and having taken some refreshment, I went to Dick's, in Skinner-row; where, after calling for a dish of coffee, my questions were, "Where is *Darby*?" (he is Dick's servant, but as honest a lad as lives in Dublin); "Is there a Packet come from England?" And that which prompted me to this enquiry was, that I had then hopes of hearing from my Wife; distance and absence having so endeared her to me, that I was never well but when I was writing to her, or hearing from her. But, if a Packet came, and there was no Letter for me, it struck me into such a melancholy (for fear Valeria was ill) that I could hardly reconcile myself to a good humour all that day. Madam, perhaps this will make you ask how long I have been absent from her? Why, Madam, not above a month, but am fallen already to *telling the minutes*, and can scarce live at this cruel distance. Methinks, Madam, I could pass through an army of beauties untouched, for one glimpse of the dear Valeria (for so I design to call her). It is she I love (for why should not I?) above beauty, wealth, and those gaudy trifles that dazzle the eyes of others. Neither can I, nor the worst of her Enemies, lessen my opinion of her. Might I talk of her piety (for she is too modest to hear it mentioned) I would affirm, she is so great a Scripturist, that her memory is a sort of Concordance, and the only one I have occasion for; and for the rest of

her life, it is nothing else but devotion. And, which yet enhances her value, she puts me not off with a common friendship. It is true, an indifferent love would have been good enough for the man that would court her with the blaze of gold ; to the fop that has nothing but honour or beauty (that very jest when found in a man) to plead for him. I loved her for better reasons, and therefore ask for a nearer intimacy, a more lasting happiness :

Sense is enough, where senses only woo ;  
But reasoning Lovers must have Reason too.  
No wonder if the Body quickly cloy ;  
But Minds are infinite, and like themselves enjoy.

A woman of sense (and such I find Valeria) is a noble prize, had she nothing but the treasure of her mind. All the World is pictured in a soul ; I am sure it is so, and that she acts new charms in every thing. Then, Madam, if you ever marry, and would be happy in wedlock, marry for pure love ; for Valeria and I shall then be upon the square with you ; for we can love more in one day than others do in all their lives. She that marries a husband on this foundation will be still finding new charms either in his words or looks. For my own share, I do assert, whilst dignified Sparks seek diversion from their Misses, and devote their lives to the idle pursuit of a Hound or a Hawk ; I thank God, my fancy is not so rambling but I can confine it to one dear Charmer, to whom, if she loves like me, I will prove the most kind and tender thing in the world. In a word, I bend all the faculties and powers of my body and mind to please and serve her ; all I have, or can command, shall lie at her feet. Neither do I love at so cold a rate as to desire any of the goods of Fortune but for her sake ; and this loving humour (as Iris found in the like case) will not only last for a day, or a year, but to the end of her life.

Then what shall I do for a sight of Valeria ? but it cannot be had ; so that I am now constrained to have recourse to Philosophy, though it can supply me with no other remedies but patience ; and the thoughts of this made me still duller than I was before. But, as dull as it made me before I left the Coffee-house for (though love has led me out of the way) I do not forget I am still at



Dick's. I looked upon the Bill I published for that morning; then read what public Papers came from England in the last Packet; and from thence, my stomach (the most infallible sort of clock) having chimed all in, I went to dinner, which was usually at a Cook's-shop, a Widow's, in Crane-lane, whom I always found very ready to please me, and reasonable in her demands; a thing which few of the Dublin Cooks are guilty of; for, though both Flesh and Fish are sold cheap in their Markets, yet a man may dine cheaper at a Cook's in London. I perceive in these Ordinaries, if a man makes a noise, laughs in fashion, and has a grim face to promise quarrelling, he shall be much observed; but, though this was none of my talent, yet when I was set down to dinner, I looked as big, and ate as confidently, as any of them all. When we had filled our bellies, we all began to talk; and made as great a noise as *Dover Court*\*; for every man was willing to say something, though it was nothing to the purpose, rather than be thought to have nothing to say. I had but very bad sauce to my dinner this day; but that, Madam, mistake me not, did not arise from the fault of the Cook where I was, but the Company; there being in a manner nothing that was serious among them. One's talk was lewd; another was prophaneness all over; nothing could be heard from him but Railleries (if I may call them so) against serious Godliness; one while in jest, then again in earnest; and sometimes, to shew his wit (as I may well suppose), with an intermixture of both. Others there were, who seemingly little believed either Heaven or Hell, to reward or punish; or a Supreme and Righteous God and Judge of all; yet made no bones of calling the Dreadful and Omnipotent Being for a witness to every frivolous, and, I may say, many a false thing; for he that makes no conscience of Swearing will, in my opinion, make less of Lying; and it may well (if yet it be not) be made a Proverb, "A common Swearer is a common Lyar." Of all the vices that are but too rife among the children of men, this of prophane swearing is certainly the most unaccountable one of any. Something may be said for lying, as that it is profitable; for drinking;

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\* Where all were talkers, and no hearers.

that it is for the good company; of wenehing, that it is natural for kind to propagate its kind, &c.: but for swearing what can any man say? Even nothing at all. Upon a mild expostulation with one of the sparks about the usefulness of it, all he could say for it was, "that it adorned his discourse." Good God! to what a pass is the World come, and where will these things terminate? But this conversation (which consisted chiefly in noise and nonsense) was quickly at an end; for, dinner being ended, away went every one, according as his business or his humour led him; some to the College, some to the Play-house, others to Court, a few to their Shops, and *Dunton* to his Auction. When I came there, my first word usually was, "Where is *Wilde*? what Sale last night? Call *Price*." "Sir, here is your account ready cast up. Thirty Pounds received, and here is the discharge of it." "Call *Nelson*, call *Robinson*, call *James*, call *Bacon*. Are the Bills printed? and were they dispersed at the Coffee-houses, College, and Tholsel?" Thus, Madam, you see I was a man of business; and that my province was, to have a general inspection over all my Servants, and to stir them up to their duty with the utmost application.

When I had spent about an hour's time at my Auction, and had seen every one in their proper post, I either went to visit a Friend, with whom sometimes I walked into the fields; or else went home to my lodging, and spent my time in my chamber, either in reading "*Montaigne's Essays*" (for it is a Book I value at a great rate), or else in writing to my Friends in England. And, after the shadows of the evening have put a period to the day, I used to make a trip to my Auction, and crowd myself among the Gentlemen that went thither to buy penny-worths; and so could, unobserved, observe how things went. And here, to do them justice, I observed that several Gentlemen bid like themselves, and as those that understood the worth and value of the Books they bid for. Others as much betrayed their ignorance, and took no other measures for their bidding but from the bulk of the Book; if it was large (whatever the worth of it was) they bid accordingly; and yet, to do these right, if they had but paid for what they had so bought, I have no reason to complain of them. Others there were, that in their

bidding took their measures from what they heard another bid before them ; and two of these happening to meet together, would strive so to out-bid each other, that they would sometimes raise but an indifferent Book to a good price. And these (provided still they paid for them) were very honest chapmen, and helped out those that went too often at an under-rate. But, whatsoever any bid, it was their own act and deed ; for I must do myself that justice to assert, that I had none of those unworthy ways that have been used in some other Auctions. I had not one Setter (to advance the price, and draw on unwary Bidders) in any of my five Sales ; for, howsoever I may have been aspersed in that particular, by Patrick Campbell, I have that satisfaction in myself of my sincerity and innocence herein, as is beyond the testimony of a thousand witnesses. Having diverted myself a while with seeing the various humours of the Bidders in my Auction, I went away as unperceived as I came thither, and thence retired into my chamber ; where, having spent some time in meditation, I make it my endeavour to recollect the actions of the day, and make a scrutiny into my heart, to see what peccant humours have exerted themselves there (being jealous of myself, that I have not been so much upon my watch as I ought to have been) ; and having thus examined how things stand, I strive, by an humble confession of what I find myself guilty of, and a hearty sorrow for it, to reconcile myself to my offended Maker, and so “strike a Tally in the Exchequer of Heaven,” as an ingenious Author expresses it, “for my *Quietus est*,” before I close my eyes, that I may leave no burthen on my conscience. And after my Addresses to Heaven, by way of confession, &c. my bed is the next place, where I know no more of myself till seven next morning (so strange is the nature of sound sleep) than if I had never been ; at which hour I usually digest the future business of the day.

Yet, Madam, as sound as I sleep, I *dream* often. You know, Madam, thought must be active ; but I take little heed in the morning what the visions of the night have been, unless that night when I dream of *D——ne’s* appearing to me, and much less care to remember them ; but my experience teaches me that the over-night

thoughts come fresh upon me the next day ; and how to digest and settle them, was the morning business ; the main whereof, next after my morning's devotion, was to answer those Letters I had received from England.

My custom always is to begin with my Wife's, and then to proceed to *D—ne's*, and then to my other Relations and Friends, as near as I can, in due order of place and affection. I seal them in the same manner, only I retain that of my Wife's to be the first perused, and last closed.

Thus, Madam, I have given you a brief but true account of my general method of living ; and by such steps as these, through the help of divine grace, "I strive to climb to Heaven ;" and sometimes find my soul upon the wing thither before I am aware. There is, methinks, no object in the world that is more delightful than when, in a star-light night, I survey "the spangled canopy of Heaven ;" for, if my mind happen to be overcast with melancholy, when I look up and view the glittering firmament, and hope in a short time to soar above those starry regions, methinks I breathe already the air of a new world ; and all those black vapours that overwhelmed my soul, are fled in an instant. I then scorn this transitory world and all its fading pleasures, considering the vanity of the one, and the emptiness of the other. Thus still my soul moves upward, as all the heavenly bodies do ; but yet, as those bodies are often snatched away to the West, by the rapid motion of the *Primum Mobile* ; so by those epidemical infirmities incident to human nature, I am often turned a clean contrary course, though my soul still persists in her proper motion. And I have oft occasion to be angry with myself, when I consider, that whereas my bountiful Creator intended my body, though a lump of clay, should be "a temple of his holy Spirit," my corrupt affections should turn it so often to a bedlam, and my excesses to an hospital. But, as my sin troubles me, so my trouble for sin comforts me ; and I believe there is less danger in committing the sin I delight in, than in delighting in the sin I have committed. In a word, Madam, I have experienced that the way to God is by myself ; and the way to myself is by my own corruptions. If I baulk this

way, I err ; if I travel by the creatures, I wander ; for the motion of the Heavens will give my soul no rest, nor will the virtue of herbs increase mine ; the height of all Philosophy, both natural and moral, being "to know myself ;" and the end of this knowledge is, to know God, the knowledge of whom is the perfection of love ; God being our chiefest good, and the enjoyment of him our highest happiness.

And now, Madam, having given you a specimen of my way of living in Dublin, both on the Sabbath and on the week-days ; I come in the next place to give you "a Journal of my Conversation," with respect to the occurrences I met with here ; by which you may see what little occasion I gave for the "Dublin Scuffle."

It was in April when I came to Dublin, and near eleven at night when I landed ; so that it was with some difficulty that I got a lodging for that night ; for which I own myself beholden to Mrs. Lisle, the Widow, at the Duke's-Head tavern in Castle-street, the first place I drank at in Ireland. I have always the unhappiness of being sick at sea ; which, though it be very irksome to bear, yet I find this good in it, that it endears the sense of God's goodness to me when I come to land, and makes me the more thankful for my preservation ; which having performed as well as the fatigue I had been under would permit, I betook myself to my chamber, and slept that night without rocking, though in the morning both my bed and chamber seemed to me to have the same motion that my fluctuating cabin had the day before. Being got up the next morning, I again renewed my thanks to God for my preservation at sea, and safe arrival at Dublin. And now being dressed as it were in print, for my business now was to see and be seen, I marched very methodically out of my lodgings with two (I cannot say a pair of) gloves in one hand, and a cane in the other—and it is not long since I had done sowing my wild oats ; and now I am earnestly hunting after gape-seed. You would smile, Madam, if you had the picture of your *quondam* friend at the Black Raven, like an over-grown oaf newly come to town, staring and gazing at all the signs, and every thing else in the streets ; pacing out their length, and enquiring ever and anon, "what call you this

street?" "Who dwells in yon great house?" "Whose fine coach is that?" For thus I rambled through every street, alley, and corner of this spacious town, as you will find at large in my "Summer Travels," where two hundred persons will see their pictures, that at present little expect it. But I leave them here, to tell you the first visit I made in Dublin was to *Nat Gun*, a Bookseller, in Essex-street, to whom I was directed by my Friend Mr. *Richard Wilde*, whom I had left behind me in London. This *Son of a Gun* gave me a hearty welcome; and, to do him justice, he is as honest a man as the world affords; and is so esteemed by all that know him. He is a firm adherer to the Established Government, and a declared Enemy to Popery and Slavery. So far from dissembling, that he knows not how to go about it; and will speak his mind, how much soever it may be to his prejudice. He understands Stenography as well as Bookbinding; and he himself is a sort of a short-hand character; for he is a little fellow, but one that contains a great deal. And as he is a most incomparable Writer of Short-hand, so he speaks it as well as writes it. And, to complete his character, he is a constant Shop-keeper; without earnest business calls him to the *Drumcondrah*. This Gun was a constant and generous Bidder at my Auctions, where he bought a great quantity of Books, which he as honestly paid for.

At Mr. Gun's shop I met with Mr. *Bentley*, another Bookseller; but his principal business is binding; whom I afterwards employed considerably. He is a very honest man, but has met with misfortunes in the world; by thinking some others as honest as himself, who did not prove so. I asked Mr. Bentley, "Whether there was not some Eminence in the City, from whence I might survey it?" He told me, "There was; and that from the top of the Tholsel the whole City might be seen: So we went to the Tholsel, where we ascended about half a score stairs from the street, which brought us into a spacious room, supported by great pillars, and flagged (as they term it here) with free-stone, with open balusters on each side towards the street; its figure is rather an oblong than a square. This is the place they call "The Change," where the Merchants meet every

day, as on the Royal Exchange in London. In a corner, at the South-east part, is a Court of Judicature, where they keep their Public Sessions for the City. Having viewed the lower part, we went up a large pair of stairs into a public room, which had a large balcony looking into Skinner Row; and from this balcony I spoke with my Friend Mr. *George Larkin*, who was then at Mr. *Ray's* Printing-house over-against it. He no sooner saw me, but came over to congratulate my safe arrival, expressing himself very joyful to see me; and I was as glad as he, we having a long time had a kindness for each other, and conversed by letter even when I was in America. Having said so much of him, you will not wonder, Madam, if I send you an epitome of his character, intending to do it more largely in my "*Summer Ramble*." He is of a middling stature, somewhat gross, of a sanguine complexion, and a hale constitution both of body and mind; and (which I admire wherever I find it) he is of an even temper, not elated when Fortune smiles, nor cast down with her frowns; and though his stars have not been very propitious to him with respect to his outward circumstances, he having had great losses, yet he has borne all with such a presence of mind, as shewed his losses to be the effect of his misfortunes, and not his faults. His conversation is extremely diverting, and what he says is always to the purpose. He is a particular votary of the Muses; and I have seen some of his Poems that cannot be equalled; but there is one thing more peculiar to him, which is, that whatever he does, is upon the *Account Civil*.

I went up with my Friends, Madam, to the top of the Tholsel, and there had a view of the whole City: but a storm that then arose, took from us much of the pleasure of the prospect. But of that, and the spacious chambers over the Change, where the Lord Mayor \* and Aldermen meet, and other curiosities which I saw there, as also of the government of the City, by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Assemblies, I shall give a more particular account in my "*Summer Ramble*." But this I will say here, Madam, that of all the Cities in the King's domi-

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\* For so the Chief Magistrate of the City is styled there, as well as in London.

nions, Dublin, next to London, does justly claim the precedence.

It was at the Tholsel I met Mr. *Dell*, a person whose understanding and generous temper set him above the common rate of men, and shew him to be every way a Gentleman; I could not but love him for these qualifications, but much more as he was an old acquaintance of my honoured Mother-in-law\*; and, Madam, you cannot blame me for this, as she treats me with that tenderness, that I think her my own Mother revived, and I find shall love her as much. Mr. *Dell* shewed me a most particular respect at our first meeting, and continued his favours to the last minute I stayed in Ireland, being one of those that were so obliging as to see me on ship-board.

From the Tholsel, Mr. *Dell*, Mr. *Bentley*, and I, were going to the Tavern; but Mr. *Larkin*, by the way, would have me go into *Dick's* Coffee-house, where I had been advised by Mr. *Wilde* to keep my Auctions. I readily agreed to his motion, and went up, saw it, and liked it, as proper for my purpose; *Dick* shewing me all the civility I could desire; and I must say this of *Dick*, notwithstanding our after-quarrel, that he is a witty and ingenious man, makes the best coffee in Dublin; and is very civil and obliging to all his customers; of an open and generous nature; has a peculiar knack at bantering, and will make rhymes to any thing. He is of a cheerful facetious temper, and, generally speaking, fair in his dealing; and, had not Patrick assaulted him with the temptation of a double price, he and I should never have quarrelled. And yet, for all that, I must do him the justice to say, he carried it civilly to me to the very last; and was so kind as to come, with my friend Mr. *Dell*, to give me a farewell when I left Ireland. Thus much for *Dick*. As for his Wife, I shall say this, she is an industrious woman, handsome enough, one that knows her duty to her Husband, and how to respect her customers; and, in a word, is what a Wife ought to be; and I must own, though her Husband and I scuffled, she treated me always with much respect.

From *Dick's* we went to the Tavern, where, having drank a bottle or two, and related the fatigues of my

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\* Madam Nicholas. These were happy days with Dunton, soon however to change. See before, p. 445, &c. EDIT.



Dublin voyage, we parted, and went each to our several lodgings. In my way home I was attacked by an impudent woman, who desired me "to bestow a glass of wine upon her." I made her no other answer than "that the House of Correction stood not far off;" at which she scoured away with all the heels she could make, seeming as much scared as if she had been in the most imminent danger of losing her chastity, when perhaps she could scarce remember the time when she had it.

I hope, Madam, you do not esteem any thing I have said here, to be designed for the magnifying of my own virtues. It is practicable enough for a man to make his reputation clear, and not sin; and assure yourself, I am not insensible that self-praise is a most odious thing in any, and I shall ever account it much more so in myself; however it be, Madam, all my mistakes are entirely submitted to you, who are the best judge of them.

The next day I removed to more convenient quarters, and delivered some letters which I had brought from London. This day Mr. Dell gave me a meeting at Dick's; from whence we went to the Castle, the place of residence for the chief Governors. By Mr. Dell's interest I had here a view of the Lord *Galway's* bed-chamber, and other noble apartments: but I wave them here, designing to speak of them in my "Summer Ramble." However, I will here attempt his Lordship's character, and hope my honest intention herein will something atone for my great defects; and the rather still, as his Lordship's merits are above a Dryden's or a Cowley's pen. I own it is a bold undertaking, to offer at the character of one of the greatest men which our age has produced, especially for one who has not the honour of being personally known to him. However, though I cannot perform this great task as it ought to be, yet I will endeavour at something so like him, that any one at first glance may say it was meant for "the Earl of Galway, one of the present Lords Justices for the Kingdom of Ireland."

Then to proceed; though with a trembling hand, to his Lordship's character. The first thing which is remarkable in him is—He is a person of strict morals, and extraordinary piety. His Lordship is advanced to the honours he now enjoys, by his great humility and per-

sonal merits. The noble blood that has filled his veins, has not swelled his heart ; he is as humble as he is great. He seems set by Heaven on such a conspicuous place, as is that of being Lord Justice of Ireland, on purpose to guide the people into the paths of love and obedience to their God and King. In a word, he uses such an obliging mien to all, as if he thought the only thing valuable in greatness, is the power it gives to oblige.

I would go on with his Lordship's character ; but, as I said before, I find myself unable for this task : so that, Madam, I shall next proceed, for his Lordship's character leads me to it, to give some short account of the present state of the Kingdom, according to my best information, though you may wonder that Dunton should trouble his head with Politics ; but, since such is the custom of Travellers, why may not I thrust myself into the herd ?

The present Governors are, their Excellencies the Lord Marquis of Winchester, the Earl of Galway, and the Lord Villiers, now Earl of Jersey. His Lordship has never been here with this character, though he be named in the Commission ; and the present Government is so well administered by those two noble Lords, that I have not heard one man repine at them since I came to Dublin. They have Officers belonging to the Household, such as Steward and Comptroller ; who, on State-days, carry white rods as the ensigns of their office. When they go to Church, the streets, from the Castle-gate to the Church-door, as also the great aisle of the Church, to the foot of the stairs by which they ascend to the place where they sit, are lined with soldiers. They are preceded by the Pursuivants of the Council-chamber, two Maces, and, on State-days, by the King and Pursuivant at Arms, their Chaplains, and Gentlemen of the Household, with Pages and Footmen bare-headed. When they alight from their coach, in which commonly the Lord Chancellor and one of the Prime Nobility sit with them, the Sword of State is delivered to some Lord, to carry before them. And in the like manner they return back to the Castle, where the several courses at dinner are ushered in by kettle-drums and trumpets. I forgot to tell you, Madam, that in these Cavalcades the

Coach, in which they ride, is attended by a small Squadron of Horse; after which follow a long train of coaches that belong to the several Lords and Gentlemen who attend them.

Having given you this short account of the Chief Governors, I shall next proceed to mention something of the estate of the Church, which in all its Canons are not the same with that of England—not that they differ from it in any points of Religion, but only in some circumstances of government; which, by a *Convocation* which has been sometimes held here, may be altered as the present exigences require. It consists of two Houses, *viz.* the Upper, in which the Bishops, and the Lower where the Inferior Clergy sit; but they have not thought it needful to call one since his present Majesty's accession to the Crown. The most Reverend the Archbishops are four; Dr. Michael Boyle, Lord Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland; Dr. Narcissus Marsh, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland; Dr. William Patuliser, Lord Archbishop of Cashell; and Dr. John Vesey, Lord Archbishop of Tuam. And the Suffragans are eighteen in number. Of this number, three are of his Majesty's Privy-Council, the Bishops of Meath, Kildare, and Clogher, as also the two Primates.

To give you a short character of them, take this, what has been told me by some judicious persons of as well Dissenters as others; that “they are men of such learning, moderation, and piety, that this Church had never a better class of Bishops to govern it.”

The Dissenters in Ireland are a very considerable people, as well for their number as wealth; and all unanimous in an hearty zeal for our present happy Government. And indeed, since my coming hither, I have not heard of any one *Jacobite* in the whole Kingdom. They have several Meeting-houses, large and conveniently ordered within; and these are supplied with sober and pious Teachers; among whom I think the Reverend Mr. *Boyse* may justly be named as the chief; one who, by continual and hard study every day, fits himself with new acquisitions towards the happy discharging of his pastoral care; which he expresses with so much meekness, and force of persuasion, as make him at once

mightily beloved and followed. And one thing this Kingdom is extremely happy in, that both persuasions do so well agree towards promoting the common good, as more cannot well be desired ; a great advancer of which union is Mr. *Weld*, a person of sobriety, learning, and solid judgment, and much admired and followed for his preaching.

The *Quakers* are here in great numbers also ; as one might easily perceive, that would have considered the mighty throngs of them which crowded about their great Speaker and Champion *William Penn*, when he came hither to hold forth. I cannot hear of any learned men among them, though some of them are very wealthy, and but few of them poor. They can make use of the *carnal sword*, as well as those who pretend more to it ; as you will believe by this story of one among them, whose name I forget ; who, in the late War, when the *Rapparees* came towards Edenderry, near the bog of Allan, in the King's county, he, among other of the Militia, went forth to engage them, and put them all to the run, except those who were killed in the action. Among them lay one whom the Quaker thought he had killed, and rifled his pockets ; but some months after, when a great number of them burnt Colonel *Purefoy's* house, about three miles from Edenderry, these brisk sparks took the alarm, and, making as considerable a body as they could, marched to Purefoy's place, where they found many of the Irish, who had made themselves drunk with the Colonel's strong beer, fast asleep in the ditches. The Quaker, who never was backward in such attempts, finds the same fellow whom he thought he had formerly killed half-tipsy, and in his arms. He called him by his name, saying, " Verily I thought I had of late slain thee ! but now find my mistake : wherefore I purpose to make sure work, and hinder thee from rising any more : "—and so immediately knocked him down with a poll-axe which he used always instead of a sword ; and then cut off his head. Poor Teague never offered at any resistance, nor endeavoured to save himself by flight, but stood to die like a fool.

Our *Red-Lettered Gentlemen* were never under such circumstances here, as now ; for all their Bishops and

Regular Clergy are banished by Act of Parliament, which makes it death to find any of them returned again; so that now they are wholly depending on the Seculars, and every Parish is allowed his Priest; but when he dies, there being none to ordain a new one, it must remain without; and this will be the state of the whole Kingdom in a little time, when the present set of Priests shall be extinct. They have also another Law, that no Papist shall keep a School, nor any one native of a foreign education be admitted to dwell in the Kingdom; so that by these Acts, I think, it will appear plain enough, that the Romish Religion is on its last legs in Ireland; and the present Romanists who survive their Priests must conform to the Protestant Religion, or live and die without the exercise of their own \*. I do not pretend to make my judgment upon these methods; but I think the next age will have few people inclinable to any more Rebellions against England. Some of the Papist Lords have put their children to be educated in the Protestant Faith; and several Gentlemen have lately abjured the Romish.

These ghostly Fathers were to render themselves on the first day of May, for transportation, at Dublin, Cork, &c. where their names were entered with the Magistrates of the town. You may guess at the lamentations which were made at parting with such *precious jewels*; and Masses were said, and money begged for them, besides what the people voluntarily gave without asking. One old Friar, called *Father Kereen*, who had been a famous Exorcist, and excellent good at helping cattle that were overlooked or bewitched (for some of the vulgar are so superstitious to believe this), made sale of good store of holy water, "which had helped to cast out Devils," and of several other consecrated *trinkams*, by which, it was said, he acquired such a sum of money as might suffice for his support all his days. And such were the tricks played by many of them on their going into exile; as leaving *holy tokens*, and taking catalogues of their acquaintances names, to "pray for them all the days of their life." Now these kindnesses deserved some returns, which they never failed of; though whether they are as good as their words in remembering them, I leave

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\* Poor John Dunton was no Prophet. EDIT.

to their own breasts. Before I leave this account of the state of Religion in Ireland, I shall acquaint you with the manner of exorcising their Demoniacs, though for my part I think the Devil is in the presumptuous Priest, rather than the melancholy person ; and you may judge how fit such persons are for honest society.

The Exorcist, before he goes to work, ought, by way of a preparative, to confess his sins, and receive the Eucharist. Then he begins the operation with some short prayers, and ties the ends of the violet-coloured stole that he wears about the Demoniac's neck ; who, if outrageous, must be tied hand and foot ; then, crossing him and the by-standers, they go to prayer, and read the fifty-third Psalm ; and, after a prayer or two more, he thus speaks to the Devil : " I command thee, thou unclean Spirit, whoever thou art, and all thy companions, that do possess this servant of God, that, by the mystery of the Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the sending the Holy Ghost, and the coming of our Lord to Judgment, thou tell me thy Name, and the day and hour of thy exit, with some sign ; and that thou obey me, the unworthy Minister of God, in all things ; and that thou offend not this creature of God, or any of the by-standers, in their persons or goods." Then he crosses himself and the Demoniac on the forehead, mouth, and breast ; and reads some Gospel, as that of the first of St. John, the sixteenth of Mark, or the tenth of Luke ; then, falling to prayer, he begs to be enabled to cast forth this cruel Devil. Then, lapping the stole about the possessed party's neck, and fortifying him with the sign of the Cross, he lays his right hand on the patient's head, and cries out, " Behold the Cross of the Lord," which he shews him : " Fly from it, ye adverse parties ; the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath overcome." Then to prayer again he goes, and begins a new exorcism, saying, " I exorcise thee, most foul Spirit, every incursion of the adversary, every phantasm, and every legion, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ ☒ to fly from, and be eradicated ☒ out of this Image of God. He commands thee, who bid thee be plunged from the highest Heavens into the lower parts of the earth ; He whom the sea, winds, and tem-

pests obey, commands thee." Then, when this does not serve turn, he falls to scold the Devil after this manner: "Hear, therefore, and fear, thou Satan, Enemy of the Faith and all Mankind; thou introducer of Death, and destroyer of Life, decliner of Justice, root of all Evils, fomentor of Vices, seducer of Men, betrayer of Nations, promoter of Envy, source of Avarice, cause of Discord, and exciter of Sorrow—why dost thou stay? why dost thou resist, when thou knowest the Lord Christ can destroy all thy power? Fear Him who was sacrificed in Isaac, sold in Joseph, slain in the Lamb, crucified in Man, and at last triumphed over Hell." Then he makes the following Cross in the forehead of the possessed: "Begone you, in the name of the Father, ☩ and of the Son, ☩ and of the Holy Ghost. ☩ Give way to the Holy Spirit by this ☩ sign of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Then they go to prayers; after which another exorcism is used like the former, wherein he calls the Devil many hard names, and tells him of all the rogueries he has ever committed; and bids him "be gone for shame, since all his tricks are discovered."

Madam, I would enlarge in giving a more particular account of the present condition of the Church and State in this Kingdom of Ireland (for as I was a little curious in this matter, so I have met with such ingenious company since I came here, as have been able to satisfy my curiosity in these matters): but, my observations on the state of Ireland being more properly a part of my "Summer Ramble" than what relates to my "Conversation in Dublin," I shall drop it here, and proceed to what is more properly "Conversation;" my design in this Letter, as I said at first, being rather to tell you how I lived in Ireland, than to tell you what I saw or observed there.

In the account of my "Conversation," with respect to the occurrences I met with there (for that is the subject I am still upon) I am next to tell you, that, having seen the Castle and other rarities, I was the next Sunday for going to Church, the place where the Lords Justices usually go, and accordingly thither I went in company with Mr. Larkin. After we had seen the state in which the Government rides to Church (which indeed is very splendid, as I hinted before) we crowded into the Church,

where I endeavoured to compose myself in the most serious manner I could, to attend the service of God performed there. I do not pretend to retain whole Sermons by heart ; but can have a satisfied conscience in keeping only in my memory a remarkable passage or two that suits best to the then edification of my soul. Much less then, Madam, shall I offer to describe this place of Divine Worship, or descant upon the Auditory : but, as it is most natural for mankind, upon the presenting of fresh objects, to view them at least in a transient manner, I found it so with myself here, notwithstanding the injunctions of God and my own conscience, to keep close to my devotion : but pardon me, Madam, if I am necessitated to declare, I did not behold one tolerable face among all those that are distinguished by the name of the fair sex ; so that here I can truly say, they were no temptation to me, and that I had no occasion to "make a covenant with my eyes." For myself, I could have been heartily content they had had a certain place of worship from the men, assigned them in the assembly, as the Eastern Churches have, but for what reason I know not. But this liberty, Madam, that I took, to gaze, and make reflections, was only while they were singing an Anthem with vocal and instrumental Musick, there being two pair of organs in Christ Church, of which one is a very noble one. When the Minister ascended the pulpit, I heard him with great attention and delight. He was a Dignitary of the Church, but his name has slipped my memory. Retiring home from hence with what convenient speed the infirmity of my body would permit me, I dined in my lodging with my Landlord H——, a jolly man in his natural temper, but not very serious in matters of Religion. I made my repast as short as I could, as is usual with me upon such days ; and withdrew into my chamber, where I spent the remainder of the day in such acts of devotion and meditation as were usual with me. But I had some more particular impressions upon my spirits concerning the Divine Goodness towards me, in respect to the now state of my health, that I had been enabled to go once again to the House of God : and I will own, to the glory of the Divine Name, that some touches in the Sermon I had heard that day



concerning thankfulness for mercies received, were very helpful to me in the course of this evening's devotion. The next week I went to see *Patrick Campbell*, to whom, by his order, I had sent several of "Mr. Turner's History." He treated me well enough the first time I saw him, giving me my morning's draught, and telling me "I was welcome to Dublin." But I said nothing then of the Books I sent him, nor he to me; which I thought somewhat strange. The second time I went to him, which was the week following, after the usual *how-d'ye's* were over, I expected he should have taken some notice to me of the Books; which he not doing, I took notice of them to him; and then it was I perceived he had a natural aversion to honesty, for he began to shuffle at the very mention of them. However, resolving to be easy with him, I took my leave of him for that time. The third time I saw him, he shuffled about my Books at that rate, that a Stranger in his Shop (to whom I offered to refer my cause) resented it. And from that time forward, only for demanding my own, and telling him how unfairly he dealt by me, he became my enemy.

This, Madam, being the person with whom I had the preceding "Scuffle," if by this you do not sufficiently see his character, give me leave to give it you; which I will do impartially, and without any respect to the controversy I had with him. He is of stature rather tall than otherwise; his hair reddish; his speech very broad, like his country; no Scholar, but of good natural parts; very covetous, and extremely proud. He had a very mean beginning (for which no man ought to blame him, for he could not help it himself, and consequently it was none of his fault); but his intolerable pride makes it necessary that he be often put in mind of it. I have heard some persons say, that had dealings with him, "that they had rather speak to the Lord Mayor about business than Patrick Campbell, and that he would not look for so much respect." He cares not to part with money, and where he can shuffle he will. He is of *Vespasian's* mind, and thinks no gain is unsavoury. What good parts he has he uses ill, employing them for the most part to circumvent his Neighbour; of which his taking my Room over my head is an undeniable instance. He un-

derstands the doctrine of Equivocation as well as a Jesuit; and their honesties are much alike, only the Jesuits are the fairer dealers. He pretends extremely to Religion, and has got many a penny by the bargain. He will commonly say grace over a choppin of ale, and at the same time be contriving how to over-reach you. Candour and fair-dealing are things he often mentions, as a cover for the opposite vices; but never cares to make use of them, unless sometimes to draw in a greater booty.

This, Madam, is a part of his character; which should I draw out at length, it would make a pack too big for a Pedlar: but, having thus accidentally stumbled upon his original, it will be wisdom to leave him where he was first found. Which yet I am unwilling to do, till I have acquainted you, Madam, that I have enough by me to confirm every tittle of this character, without referring to any thing relating to myself; for I have the History of his Life sent me from Dublin since I came over, even from the time he sold Thread-laces in Glasgow by the name of *Patrick Ure*, to the time that *Patrick Campbell* begged pardon of the Company in Dublin for his pretty experiment of turning *Hodder* into *Cocker*, &c.; and this attested by several eminent persons in that city; among whom Mr. *Thornton*, the King's Stationer, is one. But, having told him I will be a generous enemy, I intend this history of his Life shall be kept secret, unless he shall hereafter provoke me to publish it.

From Patrick Campbell I rambled to the ingenious Mr. *Ray's*\*, who is both Printer and Bookseller, and the best situated of any man in Dublin; and thence back to honest *Ware's*, witty *Shaw's*, and grave Mr. *Foster's*, who, as they all deserve an honourable character (which for brevity sake I here omit) so I shall give it them in my "Summer Ramble."

Having left Mr. Ray, I rambled to Castle-street, where Vulcan with his wooden leg startled me with the creaking of it; for I took it for the *crepitus ossium* which I have heard some of our Physicians speak of: however, I was honestly treated by him, and will do him justice in my "Summer Ramble."

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\* Of whom see before, page 238.

Some time after this, seeing the "Squire of Alsatia" in a Play-bill, to be acted, I had a great mind to see it; for, there being so many *Alsations* in Dublin, I thought it could not chuse but be acted to the life: and so having done my business (for I always make recreation wait upon business) I went to the Play-house; which place, you know, Madam, is free for all comers, and gives entertainment as well to the Broom-man as the greatest Peer: and therefore, having got my ticket, I made a shift to crowd into the Pit, where I made my honours to Madam *H—y* (whom I was amazed to find at the Play-house) and to two or three other Ladies that I happened to know. My next adventure there was, to give a hem to the China-orange-wench, and to give her her own rate for her oranges; for you know, Madam, it is below a Gentleman (and as such I passed in the crowd) to stand haggling like a Citizen's Wife. I found, Madam, the Dublin Play-house to be a place very contrary to its owners; for they on their outsides make the best show: but this is very ordinary in its outward appearance, but looks much better on the inside, with its Stage, Pit, Boxes, two Galleries, Lattices, and Musick-loft; though I must confess that even these, like other false Beauties, receive a lustre from their lamps and candles. It stands in a dirty street, called *Smock-alley*. Hither I came dressed (though I say it) tolerably well; though not so much to be seen, as to see the follies of the age; for, however the Theatre be applauded by a modern Gentleman, for the representation of those things which so mightily promote Virtue, Religion, and Monarchical Government; for my part, I thought Vice, which fundamentally destroys all those things, is here, as well as in other Theatres, so charmingly discovered, as to make men rather love than abhor it—like the Judge, who, on the Bench, discovering the arts of some cow-stealers to disguise their beasts by altering the figure of their horns, taught a poor fellow the trick, who, putting it in practice, was brought to the gallows. However, to give the Devil his due, there are some Actors here, particularly Mr. *Ashbury*, Mr. *Husbands*, Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Hescot*, Mr. *Norris*, Mr. *Buckly*, Mr. *Longmore*, Mrs. *Smith*, Mrs. *Schooling*, no way inferior to those in London; nor are

the Spectators, by what I saw, one degree less in vanity and foppery than those in another place.

For the Play, Madam, I need say nothing, it is so well known; it was pretty to see the Squire choused out of so fair an estate with so little ready rhino. Yet the diversion was not so great, but that the crowd made me more uneasy; a thing I ever abominated, and for the most part made it my business to shun all my days. In a word, no Church I was in while at Dublin could I discern to be half so crowded as this place. I cannot tell indeed how it would have been had they played on Sunday, as they do in Popish countries, and particularly at Rome; where a stranger once observed all the people suddenly ran out of the Play-house into the Church as fast as they could, which made him at first think it was a most religious place; but, when he came to hear the Friar preach, his words, actions, and other gestures, were so comical, that his wonder ceased, for he thought all the Actors and Players in Christendom were a fool to him. After spending three or four hours in the Play-house to see a few men and women make fools of themselves, I returned home to my chamber, and could scarce be reconciled to myself, to think how foolishly I had wasted that time which might have been spent to better purpose.

Madam, I should next acquaint you with a prodigious Storm, which happened in Dublin about the latter end of July; it might indeed be more properly called a Hurricane than a Storm. It strangely surprized me. Though its fury continued not above six hours, there was hardly a house in the City where it had not left some visible marks of its rage, especially in Christ Church-lane; so that it was more safe being in the fields than in the City at that time. The oldest man alive could never remember any thing so terrible as this Storm. But to give an account of the mischief it did, would be too great a digression. I shall therefore reserve it for my "Summer Ramble;" as I shall also a comical entertainment made at Kells in the county of Meath, by one Captain Bryan O'Brogan, Son to Philip O'Brogan, Prince of Cavan.

Soon after this great Storm, the Duke of Ormond landed at Dublin, and from thence went to his house at Kilkenny, where (in my "Summer Ramble") I saw his Grace, and had a sight of the Castle and other rarities by the interest of Dr. Wood, whose great civilities I acknowledge in the following pages. About this time the Dublin Players, with all their appurtenances, strolled down to Kilkenny; after which it was reported in Dublin, "that one *Wilks*, one of the best Actors, had played his last part, being killed in a duel." This report was so far believed, that an ingenious person wrote an Elegy upon him, which was printed, and publicly sold. This news of his death was talked with such assurance, that, though Mr. Wilks soon after came to Dublin, and shewed himself alive, they would hardly believe him. The ground of this report, as I was told, arose from this, that a countryman seeing a Tragedy acted in Kilkenny, wherein Mr. Wilks acted the part of one that was to be killed, thought it was real, and so reported it.

I might next mention the sudden deaths of the *Dublin Sheriffs*; the tragical story of a person that was killed by a fall from his horse; and the dismal accident of a child's firing a garret (with himself in it) with gunpowder; but, should I relate half the occurrences I met in Dublin, I should swell this Letter beyond measure, so I reserve them all for my "Summer Ramble;" and shall next proceed (that I may render the account of my "Conversation" the more complete) to give a particular account of the visits I made in Dublin; for, Madam, as it is an observation "that a man may be known by his company," so I think it is not incongruous to believe that an idea of his conversation may be taken from the persons to whom, and the occasions on which, he makes his visits.

And here, Madam, I must first acquaint you, that soon after my coming to Dublin, Mr. *Norman* the Bookseller sent one Mr. *Rogerson* to invite me to his house. When I came thither, I found his business was to propose the buying of the *Venture* I had brought over; in which though we agreed not, he treated me very kindly, shewing me all his house, and therein his Picture, done so much to the life, that even *Zeuxis*, or *Apelles*, could

scarce exceed it. From his House he had me to his Garden, which, though not very large, is to be much admired for the curiousness of the knots, and variety of choice flowers; that are in it; he being an excellent Florist, and well acquainted with all the variegated tapestry of Nature in the several seasons of the year. Mr. Norman has this peculiar to himself, that whatever he has in his Garden is the most excellent of its kind. He has a room adjoining to this earthly Paradise, to shelter his more tender Plants and Flowers from the insults of Winter-storms. From hence he carried me to a large Warehouse, where he had a large Auction, preparing, as he said, for Sale; though I heard nothing more of it while I stayed in Dublin.

Before I proceed to the next visit, give me leave, Madam, being fallen a second time among my Brethren, to spend a few lines about them, among the many I trouble you with concerning other people. They are not a Corporation of themselves, but mixed with Cutlers and Painter-stainers; and their present Master is Mr. Norman\*, whose character I here send you; with this addition, that he never opposed my Auction.

Nor must I, Madam, forget the extraordinary civility of the King's Printer, Mr. *Andrew Crook*, who is a worthy and generous Gentleman, whose word and meaning never shake hands and part, but always go together. He is one that is as far from doing other men an injury, as he is from desiring to be injured; and though his circumstances are not so great, yet his soul is as large as if he were a Prince, and seorns as much to do an unworthy action. He is a great lover of Printing, and has a great respect for all that are related to that noble Mystery.

Having paid my respects to the King's Printer, I went next to Mr. *Thornton*, the King's Stationer, of whom I shall say in short—He is a very obliging person, has sense enough for a Privy Counsellor, and good-nature enough for a Primitive Christian. He treated me, when I came to Dublin, with a bottle of excellent claret;

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\* Of Mr. Norman, see before, page 238.

and, if I live to publish my "Summer Ramble," Patrick Campbell shall know there is not a better neighbour, nor an honest man, in Dublin.

As I passed from the King's Stationer, I met with an honest Gentleman with whom I was formerly acquainted in London; it was my worthy Friend Dr. Smith, of College-green near Dublin. His character is above my pen; yet I may venture to say, he is a man of extraordinary sense, and the only Physician I durst commit the care of my health to, in the whole Country. He invited me to his house, and when I came gave me a hearty welcome; and for his treat, though it was very genteel, yet nothing seemed so agreeable to me as the Doctor's company.

I went next to Bride's-street, to pay my respects to Mr. Wallis (a Member of Parliament) and his Lady, with whom I had the honour to be acquainted at Tunbridge some years ago. I shall ever acknowledge the generous reception I met with here; neither can I forget to characterize his extraordinary Kinswoman; whose wit and beauty set her above the rest of the fair sex, as having nothing in her but what bears witness to the perfection of her mind and body:

Saint-like she looks, a Syren if she sing.  
Her Eyes are Stars; her Mind is every thing.

I would say something too of that ingenious Gentleman who is Tutor to Mr. Wallis's Children; for I found (in some discourses I had with him) that his learning and knowledge had outstripped his years: but he is too modest to bear the character he justly merits; and to speak of him by halves is what I cannot approve of; so I will wave his character, with only saying, the conversation I found here was the most agreeable of any I met in Dublin.

Durst I here attempt Mr. Wallis's character, I might say of him, as was said of the Lord Russell, that he is "one of the best of Sons, the best of Fathers, the best of Husbands, the best of Masters, the best of Friends, and the best of Christians." And his Lady is no way inferior to him for Virtue, Wit, and Generosity. And her Kinswoman Madam More (not she that I spake of

before, but one I had the honour to know at Tunbridge), is so like her in these qualities, that, were their faces alike too, you could not distinguish one from the other.

In some conferences I had with Mr. Wallis about my *Welsh Travels*, I told him I found the following Epitaph on a tombstone in Conway Church, which for the remarkableness of it, I inserted in my "Journal." It was this: "Here lies Nicholas Hooks, of Conway, Gent. the One-and-fortieth Child of his Father, William Hooks, Esq. by his Wife Alice; and Father of Twenty-seven Children himself."—Which was a matchless instance of a fruitful Family.

To which Mr. Wallis replied, "He heard there had been a Troop in Ireland, wherein one Mother had Two-and-twenty of her own Children listed."

Having taken my leave of Mr. Wallis, his Lady, and the rest of his Family, my next visit was to Sir *Henry Ingoldsby*, a Member of the Privy-council in Ireland, and a Gentleman of near ninety years. When I came to his house, I sent up my name; and Sir Henry ordered his Gentleman to bring me into a private apartment where he was. When I entered the room, Sir Henry received me in a courteous manner. I told him, "I presumed to wait upon him, to inquire whether my Reverend Father Mr. John Dunton was not once his Chaplain; and that, if he was, it must be forty years ago." Sir Henry did not at first remember it; but, sending to his Lady, she sent word "that she did call to mind such a person; but," it was added, "my Father did not live in the house, but used to come often to it." I then asked Sir Henry, "Whether one Mrs. *Mary Hall* did not live with him when my Father was in Ireland? for that in my Father's Will was this expression, 'Item, I bequeath unto Mrs. Mary Hall, Servant to Sir Henry Ingoldsby when I was in Ireland, five pounds, if ever demanded, or she be not dead, for her friendly offices to me during a great sickness I had in that Kingdom.' I told Sir Henry, "I was not put upon this inquiry by the Executrix; but that Providence having brought me to Ireland (though twenty years after my Father's death) I could not be satisfied without inquiring whether this *Mary Hall* were alive or dead." To which Sir Henry did



me the honour to reply, "It was a great piece of justice in me, if I had no advantage in it myself." To which I returned, "I had not, any farther than to see to the execution of my Father's Will." But as to this Mary Hall, Sir Henry told me, "he supposed she died at Limerick, she marrying thither from his house to a rich but ill-natured man, which soon ended her days."

Pardon me, Madam, for the digression of this story. I had some hesitation in my own breast about making this inquiry. I was not satisfied that conscience obliged me to it; but, not being satisfied without doing it, I did it; and it yet appearing to me a *moot case*, because I was none of the Executor, I leave it to your determination, "whether I could be under any obligation in that case, or no?" This discourse being ended, I gave Sir Henry an account of the reason of my coming for Ireland; with which he was so well pleased, that he promised to give me and my Auction all the encouragement he could; for which I returned him my humble thanks, and so took my leave of Sir Henry for that time.

Madam, I dare not presume to give Sir Henry's character; to describe so great a man would be a theme big enough for my ingenious Friend Mr. *Charles Worminton* (a person of great modesty and worth, and perhaps the most ingenious Poet in all Ireland): but, though I shall not presume to characterize this antient Knight, yet I shall say, what every one does, that he has the repute of a person of great honour and probity; and of that great judgment and experience in affairs of State, as renders him worthy of the dignity of a Privy-councillor, which he has been for many years; and though he is now arrived to Fourscore (ten more than "the Age of Man," Psalm xc. 10), yet he enjoys his health and strength to admiration; which shews him to have been a person of great temperance; and perhaps on this account he has no equal in Ireland, or it may be in the whole World.

But to proceed in my *Rambles*. Having taken my leave of Sir Henry Ingoldsby, in my way home I met with Lieutenant *Downing*, my former Fellow-traveller to New-England. You can hardly imagine, Madam, how agreeable a thing it is to meet with an old Friend in a Foreign Country. It was some thousands of miles off,

that we were last together; and we were equally surprised to meet each other here. There was in his company at that time Captain *Annesley*, Son to the late Earl of *Anglesey*, to whom I had the honour to be related by my first Wife. We stayed not long in the street, but went to drink at the Widow Lisle's in Castle-street; whither I chose to go out of a principle of gratitude, her's being the first house that received me in Dublin. After a "Health to the King" and some others of our friends in England, we talked over our New-England *Ramble* \*. After this, I told the Lieutenant of my Brother *Annesley*'s death; at which he was highly concerned. This discourse being ended, Captain *Annesley* told me, "that the Earl his Father had written an excellent History of Ireland; but it was in such hands as he believed would strip it of some of its choicest remarks." And, Madam, this is likely enough; for there are some men in the World who are afraid of following truth too close, lest it should dash out their own teeth. I then told Captain *Annesley*, "I had printed his Father's 'Memoirs,' the Copy of which I purchased of Sir Peter Pett;" and he could not but think them genuine, because of that great amity which was between the Earl his Father and Sir Peter Pett †.

To give you, Madam, the Captain's character: He is a most accomplished Gentleman; not (as a Wit observes) that thin sort of animal that flutters from Tavern to Playhouse, and back again, all his life; made up with Wig and Cravat, without one dram of thought in his composition:—but a person made up of solid worth, yet as grave as he is witty; brave and generous; and shews, by his humble and courteous carriage, that he is, and was born, a Gentleman. And for the Lieutenant, my old Fellow-traveller, I must say he has much address, and as great a presence of mind as was ever seen. He is most agreeable company, and perhaps the best friend I had in America. After three hours spent in this conversation, I went to visit Captain *Townley* and his Lady; as also one Madam *Congreve*; who were all three my

\* Of which see the particulars in page 90.

† Sir Peter Pett, knight, was Advocate-General for the Kingdom of Ireland.

Fellow-travellers in the coach from London to Chester. The Captain is a person of great honour and worth, and so is his Lady; but of these I shall say more in my "Summer Ramble," more particularly of Madam Congreve.

In my way home I called upon Mr. *Russell* and his Wife, styled "the most ingenious;" who, though she has enemies, perhaps as little deserves them as any woman in Dublin; and though I should get hatred by saying this, yet my way is, "to do as I would be done by, and to speak as I find." But, having characterized the "most ingenious," it is fit next that I speak of her Lord and Master: He is a very honest sober man, and one of that great modesty, that I heard he went forty miles to demand a debt, which he was so civil and courteous as not to ask for when he came there.

But it grew late; so, leaving this loving couple at their fine embroidery, I went next to pay a visit to Mr. *Lumley*, in Castle-street, a Member of Parliament, and one of the chief Bankers in Dublin, whom I made use of to remit my moneys to London. He is a person of great integrity, has a good estate, and is punctually just and honest in his dealings. And, to complete his character, he is a Gentleman of extraordinary sense, which he has the happiness of being able to express in words as manly and apposite as the sense included under them. He treated me with much candour and respect as long as I stayed in Ireland. His chief manager of his business, Mr. *Puresfoy*, was also very obliging, and ready to serve me upon all occasions.

Captain *Davis*, who was also a Member of the House of Commons, gave me a most obliging welcome to Dublin, at the Garter-tavern in Castle-street. If I should attempt this Gentleman's character, it would be to his prejudice; for all that I can say will come far short of what ought to be said. For sense, wit, and good-humour, there are but few can equal, and none that exceed him; and all these qualities are accompanied with great humility. Madam, I had first the honour of being acquainted with this Gentleman at Tunbridge Wells (the same year Mr. *Wallis*, his Lady, and Madam *More*, drank these Mineral Waters); and this occasioned the repeating of what conversation we had formerly had at

Tunbridge. From this we fell to discourse of the Customs and Manners of the Irish. The Captain told me, "they were naturally a very generous people, and so kind to Strangers, that they would go twenty miles to set a man in the right way; and if he happened to be benighted, they would give him the best entertainment they had, and even lie out of their own beds to accommodate him."

In my further conversation with Captain Davis, I asked him "what eminent Writers they had in Ireland, and especially whether any of the Fair Sex?" To which he replied, "they had a very celebrated Female Poet, one Mrs. *Taylor*, who had written her own Life to a wonder when but Ten Years of Age." Madam, I thought these remarkable passages worth noting down in my "Journal;" but nothing did so much affect me as a piece of Antiquity that the Captain told me he had seen with his own eyes. He had seen a woman very perfect in all her senses (excepting Hearing) who said "she was Underlaundress to Queen Elizabeth's Chief Laundress;" and he told me "he believed her to be 130 years old;" which for a woman, naturally subject to more infirmities than men, I think to be very extraordinary; and I believe your Ladyship will be of my opinion.

I had the honour of enjoying the Captain's useful and most pleasant company for about two hours; when, night coming on, we parted.

The day following, in the afternoon, I went to see my ingenious Friend Mr. *Thwaites*. His person is the very picture of Mr. *Dangerfield*, to whom, Madam, he is so very like both in person and address (qb, what would I give for such a near resemblance of Iris and *D—ne*!) that I may well affirm, if you have seen one, you have seen the other; and, having said this, I need not tell you what an extraordinary man he is. Mr. *Thwaites* is a Gentleman of a very obliging temper, and I believe is as generous to strangers as any man in Dublin. He may, without compliment, be called an accomplished person; he can do almost every thing, and it is hard to say what he does with the greatest grace. And as to wit, I was really afraid to hold any argument with him; for I found he could say what he would, and prove what he said; and in this too he resembles the ingenious *Dangerfield*.

In this alone Mr. Thwaites has the advantage, that his whole life has been so unblemished, even Envy herself cannot fix a blot upon him. His Lady is an extraordinary person, worthy of such a husband; and they both gave me a very generous welcome, worthy of themselves. In our conversation, I affirmed, "that a good Wife generally, if not always, makes a good Husband;" which is undoubtedly matter of fact: for, though we suppose the Husband to be the worst of men, and one that abuses his Wife in a villainous manner; yet his Spouse, if she be a good Wife, by her meek and patient suffering under such abuses, cannot but some time or other (as long as he is a man) be overcome by the patience of his Wife, and at last be brought to compassionate her wrongs; and in time this compassion may turn him to the ways of virtue. But then she must be as well a good Wife as a good Woman; for there are many pious Women that are far from being good Wives. She must be one that is of a good humour, and always appear so to her Husband; and, if in time this does not make a Husband better, he ought to be herded with the brutes, and not reckoned amongst human creatures. And yet, after all, Madam, I am afraid that some such brutes there are in the world; but this will make nothing at all against my assertion, because there is no general rule but admits of some exceptions.

My next visit was to the Lady Sands, Mr. Thwaites's sister. I had the honour to meet her first at Mr. Shaw's, a Bookseller on Cork-hill, where she invited me to her house. Here I had the good luck to meet my ingenious Friend Mr. Thwaites a second time. My Lady Sands is a person of great piety and extraordinary sense; and I found, in those few minutes I had the honour to enjoy her company, that her Husband is as happy in a tender, discreet, and obliging Wife, as any Gentleman in the Kingdom of Ireland. In this visit I had the favour of some discourse with her eldest Daughter, whose beauty, virtue, and good-humour, are equal to that of the best ladies in Dublin. The Lady Sands's Husband is Mr. Clarkson, Son to Mr. David Clarkson, the late Nonconformist, so deservedly famous for his learned Works. This Gentleman I was formerly acquainted with, and, if

I do not mistake, he was in New England in that very year that I rambled thither; but, though we had been old acquaintance, I missed him in this visit, and never had the happiness to see him whilst I was in Ireland. At taking my leave of my Lady Sands, she was pleased to send recommendations by me to her Mother-in-law, now in England.

From my Lady Sands's house, I went directly to my Auction; and in my way thither I met the ingenious Mr. *Wright*, an Ensign in the Army, but a person of great perfections both of body and mind. Madam, this Gentleman reconciles the Lion and the Lamb exactly; for, being a Commission Officer, in the Field he seems made only for War, and any where else for nothing but Love. He is naturally brisk and gay, yet one of a very compassionate temper; and I see by him that Pity never looks so bright as when it shines in steel. But why do I praise particular virtues, when he excels in all? He does nothing but what looks very handsome, and there is a charm in the meanest, and something most bewitchingly pleasant in the most indefensible of his actions. He was much surprized to see me in Ireland; for he was Brother to one that had been my Apprentice, which was the original of our acquaintance. We met again by appointment that night at the Tavern with one Mr. *Young*, a Gentleman of the College, and another Gentleman to me unknown. The Ensign told me, he had that day the honour of dining with her Grace the Duchess of *Ormond*, which led us to discourse of the matchless virtues of that Noble Lady, and other subjects which I now forget. Mr. *Young* also obliged me so far as to settle a particular friendship with me; and I wish I deserved the honour he did me in that matter, for he is a Gentleman of great humility, and I believe (if I may judge by those few minutes I spent in his conversation) never read of a virtue which he did not forthwith put into practice. One part of our conversation related to the Ensign, who, though the possessor of so many excellences, yet continues a single man; which gave us occasion to wonder that none of the Dublin Ladies had ingrossed so rich a treasure to themselves. We had appointed another meeting before I went away, to drink my *boon Voyage*;

but wind and tide, which stays for no man, hurried me away ; so I was disappointed of my intended happiness, and forced to be so rude as to leave Dublin without taking leave of some other Friends.

Having left the Ensign, and my new Friend Mr. Young, I went next to pay my respects to the Rev. Mr. *John Boyse*, whose ingenious "Answer to Bp. King," and several others of his curious composesures, have so justly recommended his learning and piety to the world. Madam, I have already sent you this Gentleman's character, and shall speak further of him in my "Summer Ramble." He gave great encouragement to my Auction, as well for my own sake (as he was pleased to tell me) as for my Reverend Father-in-law Dr. Annesley's. He is now preaching on "the Four last Things." His subject was "Heaven" when Mr. Larkin and I heard him ; and he preached in such an extraordinary manner on that subject, as if, with St. Paul, he had been "in the third Heaven" himself, and was returned to relate what he had seen.

I next visited Mr. *Sinclair*, another Nonconformist Minister in Dublin. He is a most affectionate Preacher, a person of a sweet disposition, and extremely obliging. He gave me a hearty welcome to his house, having been before acquainted with me at Bristol. Some discourses we had about Persecution occasioned him to tell me, "that a Nonconformist Meeting was suppressed at Galway by the Magistrates there, whilst a Popish Meeting was suffered to be kept unmolested." He spake very honourably of my Father-in-law Dr. Annesley ; and promised me, "if I came again, I should have all the encouragement that he could give me." I heard him preach, on the 30th of September, on Mark ix. 24, about Faith, on which he made an excellent Sermon.

Nor was my happiness less in being acquainted with Mr. *Emlyn*, who is Mr. Boyse's Assistant. I met this Gentleman several times at my Auction ; so that I find he was one of my Benefactors. He is a very solid, rational, judicious Divine, and lives the doctrine he preaches. I heard his Sermon to the Society for Reformation, at New Row, on 1 Sam. ii. 30. This Sermon is since printed ; and I wish, Madam, I could send it to

you ; for some that have read it say, a better Sermon was never published.

As to the Reverend Mr. *Nathanael Weld*, though I had no personal acquaintance with him, yet I went several times with Mr. Larkin to hear him ; once more particularly, when he preached on the 130th Psalm, about Forgiveness. His whole Sermon was very excellent, but I took more particular notice of the following passages : " We live upon forgiveness every day. What joy would forgiveness make in the black Regions ! The Devils never had the offer of a Saviour ; but we are still in the land of Hope." — Madam, I have already given you a short Character of this pious, learned, and excellent Preacher, and shall say no more of him here ; but in my " Summer Ramble " I shall give his and his Brethren's Characters at large ; for, Madam, to confess the truth, though I go now and then to hear a Divine of the Church of England, as I told you before, yet I more frequently hear the Dissenting Ministers. I do not know how your Ladyship will relish this ; for I do not remember in any discourses we had in Dublin (where I had first the honour of being known to you) that you ever mentioned your going to any Meeting. But, whatever your practice or thoughts are in this respect, I must acquaint you that I practise nothing that I think unlawful ; and am very willing (when your Ladyship has answered those Twelve Hundred uncommon diverting subjects that I intend to send you in so many distinct Letters) to defend my practice in this matter ; for, Madam, there are but " Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England," and the Presbyterians (who are a religious and conscientious people) approve of *thirty-six* of them, and the rest are justly called indifferent. So that, Madam, if hereafter you will give me leave to write to you on this subject, I shall endeavour to prove, in several Letters, " that my going now and then to a Meeting is no unnecessary separation, or any departing from the true Church ;" for such I esteem the Church of England.

Madam, having visited the Nonconformists, my next ramble was to Mr. *Harman*, a young Gentleman, and Son to Colonel Harman, a Member of the House of Commons. In this visit my Friend Mr. Larkin was with me ;



where, after mutual salutations, and sitting down by a good fire, we fell into a pleasant chat, first of Antipathies in Nature; and here Mr. Harman told us a story of a Gentleman that bought a muff. "This person had a natural antipathy against Cats, and therefore desired the Furrier who sold him the muff 'that it should not be lined with any Cat-skin;' which the Furrier (who lived in Essex-street) assured him it was not. Upon this the Gentleman bought it, and designed to wear it home; but by that time he came to Crane-lane (which was not above a bow-shot from the Furrier's) the Gentleman fell into a swoon, and was taken up for dead. Upon taking away the muff, he came to himself again; but fell into a great rage against the Furrier, threatening to kill him; which he having notice of, got out of the way."

Mr. Harman's discourse being ended, I next told the story of my aversion to Cheese when I was young; and how my Father's causing me to eat it unknown had like to have killed me; which aversion notwithstanding I afterwards overcame, and now love Cheese as well as any man.

We then discoursed of the antipathy that Cats have to Men; and of their taking away men's breath when asleep; with other things to that purpose. This led us to talk of *Sympathy*, and the wonders thereof; and more particularly of "Sir Kenelm Digby's Sympathetic Powder," and the great cures wrought by it.

From hence we fell to talk of a third wonder in Nature, "Men's walking in their sleep;" of which Mr. Larkin gave a memorable relation, of a house supposed to be haunted; which was only occasioned by one of the Gentleman's Daughters, who walked in her sleep every night; which was at last discovered by a stranger's having courage enough to lie in the room said to be haunted.

This naturally led us, in the fourth place, to talk of Apparitions; and here Mr. Harman asked me "what I thought of a Spectrum's assuming a human shape?" I assured him "they might;" and to confirm this, told him the story of one *Joseph Chambers*, who appeared to *Mary Gossum*, with whom I was well acquainted, and who is still living (1699) "in that very *Night-cap* which she put upon his head when she had laid him out." — This story of Chambers appearing after

his death led Mr. Larkin to tell another of an Apparition he had seen in Staffordshire in his youth, which he thought had been a living Woman, till he saw it vanish; adding, "that he looked upon the denying of Spirits, and their appearing to persons after death, to be the next degree to Atheism." After about two hours spent in such agreeable conversation, we took our leave of Mr. Harman, who is a gentleman of a fine presence, and of a most sweet and affable temper. He is now in the bloom and beauty of his youth; and his great ingenuity and close application to his study do justly render him the growing hopes of his Father's Family, and may in time to come render him an ornament to the College.

I am afraid, Madam, I shall tire you with this tedious relation of my visits: but I hope your goodness will pardon me; for it is necessary to be thus particular, that I may silence the tongue of Patrick Campbell, who has had the impudence to say, "that I kept company in Dublin with none but a kennel of scoundrels;" whereas you see, by the visits I made, that I was not acquainted with one scoundrel in Dublin except himself, and the *Brass* in Copper-alley. This naturally brings me to acquaint your Ladyship, that, among those I employed to bind up Books for my Auction, I had to do with one that I call *Brass*, a man poor and proud, unacquainted with honour or good manners; to supply the want of which, he is well furnished with conceit and impudence. Being thus qualified, he was looked upon by St. Patrick as a fit tool for him, and accordingly chosen for his Auctioneer, though he knew not how to read the title of a Latin Book. But the Gentlemen of Dublin, who had been genteelly treated with wit and sense at my Auction by Mr. Wilde, could not bear with the gross ignorance of a *Brass Hammer*; so that Patrick was forced to discard him in a week's time, and put a better man (Mr. *Shaw* of Cork-hill) in his place. This *Brass*, knowing the necessity I was under of having my Books bound in order to sale, resolves to make me pay a rate for Binding not only beyond what was given in London, but even beyond what was given by the Booksellers of Dublin. I found, Madam, I was in his hands, and remembered the Proverb, that "he that is in a boat with the Devil must land.

where he can." There was a necessity of having my Books bound, and I was forced to comply with his unreasonable rates. How this consisted with justice and equity, I leave you to judge. Those were things *Brass* never troubled his head about; for, when he brought me in his bill, he overcharged even his own unreasonable agreement; which I refused to pay; but offered to refer it to one Mr. *Servant*, a Binder in Golden-lane, with whom I had made the same agreement as I did with him. But, *Servant* being a very honest man, *Brass* refused to have the thing decided by him, because then he was sure it would go against him; and therefore this fellow (who for his impudence I call "the Brass in Copper-alley") serves me with a *Token* from the Lord Mayor, to appear before him; which I accordingly did; and, having told his Lordship what I had offered, he was pleased to say, "It was a very fair proposal I made him," and so dismissed us both; which was all he got by his *Two-penny Token*.

I will next give you an abstract of Mr. *Servant's* Character, who, though of the same function, is the direct Antipodes to Brass: this being as eminent for honesty, fair-dealing, truth, and justice, as the other is for pride, conceit, and ignorance. But Mr. *Servant's* reputation does not need a foil to set it off; for he is well known in Dublin to be all that I here say. But I shall add to the good character he has already, that I never met with a more scrupulous or conscientious man in my whole life; he is punctual to his word in the smallest matters, and one that manages all his affairs with discretion; courteous and affable in his conversation, and ready to do every one what good he can. In short, his life is the exemplar of a Christian's practice.

But, leaving Thomas, &c. hard at work (for he is a very industrious man), my next visit shall be to Mr. *Jey*, an eminent Lawyer in Dublin. He was a Benefactor to my Auction, and my very sincere Friend; and, to say the truth, whatever the Lawyers are in other Countries, yet in Ireland they are the best Gentlemen and the best Christians.

Thence, to close the evening, I went to take a dish at *Pat's*, who is a fair-conditioned man, and very obliging

to all his customers ; loving to do business without making a noise of it. It was here I sometimes met with Mr. *Pitts*, an honest and ingenious Attorney, a man of good worth, and unblemished in his reputation. Madam, he talks finely, dresses his thoughts in curious language, and has good-nature in his very looks. He is a true lover of the present Government, and a brave assertor of English Liberties, in opposition to Popery and Slavery.

Just as I left Patt's, I met with my worthy and ingenious Friend Dr. *Wood*, Physician in Kilkenny, with whom and Dr. *Smith* I spent some agreeable hours ; of which expect a fuller account in the conclusion of this Letter ; and also in my "Summer Ramble," where you will also meet the discourse I had with a Gentleman about the Earl of Meath's Hunting Pig, which will be very diverting.

And now, Madam, as your several directions to me informed you of the changing of my Lodgings, so I think it proper here to give you my reasons for so doing. My first Lodging was at a Counsellor's in Wine-Tavern-street, who, being in some danger of overtaking the Law (for he had out-run his own practice), left his house, and as it is supposed, the Kingdom too. Yet I must say, as to his conversation, he is a Gentleman (though under a cloud), and sings

"I'll find out a kinder, a better than she \*,"

beyond any man in Christendom. And as for his Lady, she deserves the following Character : She is discreet and witty ; the best of Wives ; and, I hear, has the name for being a Beauty. It is true I never thought her so ; but I am no judge, I find ; for she is bright and fair, and those that admire a red colour cry, "There is no Sun but in her eyes." But, as famous as she is for beauty, I must own, while I lived with her, I saw nothing but what was modest and honourable. And I shall ever have some kindness for Counsellor *H—*, as he was the occasion of my being acquainted with my worthy Friend Mr. *William Wainwright*, who, though he lives a Bachelor, is a person of strict modesty, and has the

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\* A line in a new Song.

symptoms of a good Christian ; for he is sincere in what he says, and is as religious in all his actions ; and, to crown his character, he is a person of great humility, and of a most sweet natural temper : and, Madam, I must say, there is no virtue I would wish in a Friend, but I find it in William Wainwright. He was the first acquaintance I had in Dublin ; and we were so little weary of one another, that he was one of those that saw me on shipboard when I left Ireland, though to the hazard of his life, for I sailed in a sort of a storm.

And, as I thank *H*— for bringing me acquainted with this worthy Gentleman, so I am obliged to him for the favour he did me in first making me known to the virtuous and ingenious Mrs. *Edwards*, whose Character, Madam, I shall here give you. She is a Country Gentlewoman, of admirable perfections of body and mind ; modest to the highest degree, and of a most agreeable conversation, with which, for my own part, I was very much delighted ; and I am ready to flatter myself mine was not altogether ungrateful to her : and how can you blame me, Madam, to think thus, since a Lady of your quality has not disdained to grant me the honour of a Correspondence with you ?—*Apelles*, the famous Painter of Greece, when he was to draw any curious Picture, would have several celebrated Beauties before him, that he might draw an eye from this, a mouth from that, and a mien from the other, &c. Had Mrs. *Edwards* lived in the time of *Apelles*, he need not have hunted about for Beauties, for he had found them all in this virtuous person : so I will descend (for my general Character does not set her in a full light) to a more particular description of her. And I will begin first with her face, which is neither oval nor long ; her hair is black, or near it (and then I need not tell you it is charming). As to her eyebrows, they are a great ornament to her face, and look as exact as if the hand of Art and Nature had been at work. Excellently well proportioned is her nose, not sharp nor big, but gives a noble air to her face. Her mouth little and pretty : her lips of a charming red—

And do, like to the Twins of Cupid's Mother,  
Still kiss, because in love with with one another.

Her teeth are even and well-set, and look as white as snow. Her eyes (her tempting eyes) full of fire and briskness, and tempered with an attractive languishing. As to her neck and breasts, they are the best sized that ever you saw, and of a dazzling whiteness, as well as her arms and hands. As to her body, it is small, and of a curious shape; and is supported with handsome legs, as I do believe (for I never saw them). As to her stature, she is of little pitch; and is so neat, so free, so disengaged, that there are few like her (save *Rachel Seaton*, whose picture she is); and Mr. —, who unsuccessfully attempted her chastity, swears at her virtue, and often wishes she had fewer charms. She hath a noble air in her walk; and has the dress, looks, and behaviour of a Gentlewoman, and wants nothing but a fortune to make her so. In a word, she has something so distinguishing in her whole person, that when she was single (for you will hear by and by she is married), she more distressed her Husband's liberty, than others did with all their art and more curious dresses. So much for her Person.—As to her Mind, which is the charm of charms (you know, Madam, I ever thought so), she is pious, but not a jot reserved; and has more devotion in her heart than eyes. As to her wit and singing, it so strangely surprized me that day she went with the Counsellor to Malbide (which Adventure you will have in my "Summer Ramble"), that I am hardly yet come to myself; for I could not conceive how a Female could have in that mean cabin (at Bally Many) where she dwells, all the politeness and accomplishments of a Court. As to her heart, I can say nothing, and it is not fit I should; but, Madam, this I will say, by being a Platonic Lover (for I am the same in Dublin as I was in London), she allows me all the liberty I ask, or Virtue will give, which cannot be much; for I have a Wife of my own, that is far more charming in my eye, and one I love above all the world. Besides, I am by nature as cold as ice; and I believe (if I may trust my eyes and ears) that she is chaste, so much as in thought. And as she is very innocent, so of consequence very charitable, and speaks ill of nothing. Madam, she has other extraordinary qualities I could tell you of (for this is but a

hasty draught of this excellent person); but here is enough to shew what Mrs. Edwards really is, and what all her sex should be. And now, Madam, who would think that a person of such virtue should have any enemies? But, as Dryden says,

“The butt of Envy still is Excellence;”

and she is not without slander, though I had almost said she as little deserves it as Virtue itself: but the very reflections she meets with (as well as her real virtues) do but add further to her good character; for it is none but such as would corrupt her virtue, and cannot, that give her an ill word. She is proof against the blaze of gold:—then no wonder if those who abuse that virtue they cannot debauch; such as reflect on a woman because they find her too spiritual (too Platonic) for their embraces;—but the bad word of such a person is the best encomium a virtuous woman can have; for it is by the judgment of sober people that a reputation stands or falls, and by all such Mrs. Edwards was highly valued. I am told that no less a person than the Countess of *Meath* honoured her with a tender friendship; the Lady *Davis* and Madam *Gilbert* do the same; and she is as kindly received in Mr. *Usher's* Family. Mr. *Meegee* and his Wife (persons of great piety) scarce covet any other company. Mrs. *Brown*, at the Currow, has a particular friendship for her; Mrs. *Parsons*, Mrs. *Ware*, Mrs. *Ryley*, have the like; and wherever she boards, they are scarce easy a minute without her. Then, Madam, I shall not ask your pardon (or Valeria's either) for my giving this tender Character of Mrs. Edwards; for, as you are both virtuous persons, you would surely be angry with me should I forbear praising what so much deserves it. Besides, I am mistaken in both of you, if your great innocence do not set you above suspicion (it is only guilty people are jealous): or if it does not, to tell you the plain truth, my innocence is too great to need my concealing my thoughts of her; and the rather still, as her Husband has said, in the presence of Mr. *Larkin*, “that had he ever been jealous of her (as he never was in his whole life), yet that he should now believe her virtuous, for my having a good opinion of

her;" which I do not speak out of ostentation, but to shew her innocence, and my own too.

Thus, Madam, you see, by my Character of Mrs. Edwards, that my virtue is safe enough; for though she is a woman (a thing in petticoats), yet my love is all Platonic, to all except Valeria.

"So Angels love, and all the rest is dross."

Really, Madam, I am such an enemy to running astray, that I heartily wish Adultery were death, and that it were burning in the hand so much as to kiss another man's Wife. But there is no sex in Souls; and I think it a duty to admire virtue wherever I find it. But, if any are so vile as to nibble at this Character, they may go about their business; for, Madam, I have not an acquaintance in the whole world (except yourself and the dear Valeria) but may find enough in his own breast to damp his censuring me, or that virtuous person whose character I here send you. You see, Madam, by these words, that I am a great enemy to compliments; nay, I often wish, as Valeria says, "that there were no such thing in the world;" and when I am dead and gone, I would willingly come again, to contradict any one that reports me otherwise than I am, though he did it to honour me.

Madam, having given you the true Character of Mrs. Edwards, perhaps you will be desirous to know who it is that is blest with so great treasure; which obliges me to give you the following Character of Mr. Edwards: "He is a person of an indifferent stature, neither tall nor short; and, though no pretender to any extraordinary perfections, is far from being contemptible. He has a martial countenance, and a mind like it; and will turn his back to no man in a just cause, nor receive an affront from any. He has not, indeed, the politeness of a Courtier, but an honest bluntness that better becomes him. His only fault is, he has been formerly unkind to his Wife; but he has made her part of amends, both in a just acknowledgement, and by an extraordinary fondness since; upon which she has been so generous to forgive him; and he takes it so very kindly, that they are now as happy a couple as any that live in Ireland."



Having left the Counsellor's house (where I came acquainted with Mr. Wainwright and Mrs. Edwards), I retreated for a little air and solitude to Arbour-hill, a mile from Dublin, to the house of one Mr. *Thomas Orson*, who with his Wife (an antient couple) seem to be like Adam and Eve in Paradise; he employing himself in his Garden (where I have a nosegay every morning, my Landlady finding I admire flowers); and she within doors in making of Milk-water, of which she distils very large quantities. I think myself obliged to let them live as long as this paper holds, in gratitude for those parental tendernesses they shewed me when I languished in an illness which seized me in this house. Neither were they less kind in curing a bite given me by a great *Mastiff* (one of the beasts I fought at Ephesus), who had one night torn me to pieces, had not the drawing my sword baulked his attempt.

Madam, the reason of my coming to this Country-seat was my great indisposition of body, and being tired with the hurries of Dublin. I have, in my "Dublin Scuffle," given my thoughts of a Private Life, for I am as great an admirer of it as your Ladyship is of Gardens; and I suppose you will not blame me for it, for the three first men in the world were, a Gardener, a Ploughman, and a Grazier. Even the great *Cowley*, that had known what Cities, Universities, and Courts could afford, broke through all the entanglements of it, and, which was harder, a vast praise; and retired to a solitary Cottage near Barn-Elms, where his Garden was his pleasure, and he his own Gardener; whence he giveth us this following Doctrine of Retirement; and may, as William Penn says, "serve for an account how well he was pleased in his change."—"The first work," saith he, "that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself? The First Minister of State hath not so much business in public, as a wise man hath in private. If the one have little leisure to be alone, the other hath less leisure to be in company; the one hath but part of the affairs of one Nation, the other all the works of God and Nature under his consideration.

There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, 'that a man doth not know how to pass his time.' It would have been but ill spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his life. The meaning of all this is no more than that vulgar saying, *Benè qui latuit, benè vixit*; 'He hath lived well, who hath lain well hidden;' which if it be a truth, the world is sufficiently deceived. For my part I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is in *incognito*. What a brave privilege it is to be free from all noise and nonsense; from all envying or being envied; from receiving and paying all kind of ceremonies! Our senses here are feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated in Courts and Cities.

Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, after conquering four Kingdoms, &c. resigned up all his pomp to other hands, and betook himself to his Retirement, leaving this testimony behind him, concerning the life he spent in that little time of his retreat from the world: "That the sincere study of the Christian Religion had in it such joys and sweetness, as Courts were strangers to."

Thus, Madam, have I sent you the true reason for my leaving Counsellor H——, and betaking myself to a private life; wherein not only Antiquity pleads for me, but the example of Cowley and the best and greatest men of the age. And, Madam, as I am charmed with a private life, and with every day a-green prospect; so there is a dainty one adjoining Mr. Orson's house, my present quarters; where I often wander up and down, to think of you and the dear Valeria. I told you before, it was my fortune to travel; and even in Dublin itself I am not without my Rambles. One I make to represent Drapers' Garden; the other, Stepney Fields; another, St. James's Park; and when I pass through Skinner-row, methinks I am in Cheapside, and shall soon be at the Raven in Jewin-street, the only house on earth I love. Pray, Madam, let me know if it stands in the old place; it is a mighty pleasure for us Travellers to hear how matters go in England. But, as much as I love the Raven, I thought myself very happy at Mr. Orson's; I mean as happy as I could be without Valeria. But how uncertain are worldly comforts! for I had not, Madam,

sojourned many days at Mr. Orson's house, but I fell sick of a distemper which many times is fatal ; so that I might have just apprehensions of a speedy dissolution of my earthly frame, I being at best of no strong constitution. To say I had no fear of Death at all upon me under these circumstances, would savour more of an hardened insensibility of heart, and Pagan ignorance, than the piety and consideration of a Christian. But herein an enumeration of the particulars of my past life was presented to me, and things appeared with very different aspects ; but yet not so frightful, but that, through the Divine Goodness, I had hopes left of the remission of all my sins, upon the sole account of my Saviour's merits. I dare not be so presumptuous as to say, my faith amounted to an assurance of my eternal salvation ; yet I may say, I began more seriously than ever to consider " what I was, whence I came, and whither I was going ! " For, Madam, a near prospect of Death makes the world, and all things in it, appear with a quite different face from what it did. The belief I should now die, made me to think why I lived ; where I should be buried ; and what would become of me after Death ? I now began to review the whole course of my life ; and whether, if Time would " unweave my life again to the first thread, I would live just as I had done ? " Ah ! Madam, " the fashion of the world passes away ; " and a sick bed presently convinces us of the vanity of riches, honours, pleasures. How mean and contemptible do these things appear in the eyes of a dying man ! They cannot help us to a good conscience, give a minute's ease, or save from the grave. Sure I am, whilst my distemper lasted, would any one have given me the whole world, I could have thought of nothing but the terrors of Death, the certainty of Judgment, the glories of Heaven, the torments of Hell, the comforts of a good Conscience, and what I must do to be saved, with the necessity of a good Life ; and though through mercy I am now recovered, I hope to the end of my life I shall think of the world just as I did when I thought I was leaving it ; and to this end, I desire Death may be much in my thoughts, and the remaining part of my Life a continual preparation for it. We read of one that, every time he heard the clock,

cried, "Well, now I have one hour less to live." I wish I could imitate this good man : however, I will look upon every day as if it were my last ; that so, when Death comes in earnest, I may be ready and willing to die ; and after Death I doubt not but my body will rise again. I will therefore no longer spend my hours in pampering of that which will be food for worms.

But I will not, Madam, enter upon all the conceptions and ideas I had in this sickness of the future World ; some of them being perhaps more the fancy of my own brain, than any true representation of the thing itself. It having pleased Almighty God to make my illness of a short duration, I shall, from the more melancholy scene of Death, pass to the more pleasing actions of Life ; and take the liberty to acquaint you, that I now began to visit my Friends, and to take some innocent diversion abroad. But, Madam, no pleasure is lasting with me, I find ; for I had not been long recovered, and able to walk abroad, but I was hurried from my Dublin Paradise (I mean Mr. Orson's house) ; for Mr. Wilde, who managed my Auction, being just now arrived from London, I was forced to remove to Mr. *Landers's* in Capel-street, that I might be nearer my business. Mr. Landers's Character resembles that of *old Jacob*, being a plain, but sincere-hearted man ; and his Wife as good a Landlady, and one of the best of Nurses for an infirm person, which was then my condition. Nor must I forget honest *Kate*, their Servant, whose readiness and care to please me supplied her want of understanding Point-work.

But, that my condition in my absence from Valeria might truly resemble that of a Pilgrim, who is continually in motion, I was forced to remove yet nearer my Auction, upon the information I received of my Porter's being turned Thief ; so that from Landers's house I removed to Mr. *Cawley's*, at the Tennis-court in Wine Tavern-street. Mr. Cawley is a very humble and agreeable person, civil and obliging to all his Lodgers ; and I must say, to do him right, to me in a very particular manner ; and so was his Wife also, who is a very ingenious, discreet, and prudent person ; and both of them expressed an uncommon concern at my parting with them, which was not until I came for England. Nor

must I forget my Kinswoman *Juggee*, as I used to call her, who was their trusty Servant.

Thus, Madam, I have briefly given you an account of the reasons and causes I had for my several removes from one Lodging to another; and how happy I was in meeting with kind Landlords. And were I in England again (and I cast longing looks that way every day), I would say more in their praise. But, oh! this cruel distance! Well; had I the same advantage of speed to send unto you at this time in this place, as they have from Scandaroon, when, upon the coming in of any ship into harbour, they use to send their Letters by Pigeons to Aleppo and other places; I say, Madam, had I such an airy Postillion, I would send you these Occurrences more at large.

Madam, if you should ask me which I liked best of my four lodgings, my answer is, I looked upon them all as places I must quickly leave, which made them all indifferent to me; but, could I have enjoyed Valeria there, I should have given the preference to Mr. Orson's, his curious Gardens being very delightful, and his house a private Country-seat.

Thus, Madam, I have given you a brief account of my way of living in Dublin; with which, had I had Valeria's company, I should have thought myself very happy; for, through the Divine goodness, bating my first fit of sickness, I enjoyed a competent measure of health. Those other indispositions I sometimes met with served only as memento's, to put me in mind of preparing for another world; and even under them, I was cheerful and well contented; having, though not exempt from human infirmities, no guilt of any wilful sin lying on my conscience; so that all troublesome thoughts were banished from my breast, and I passed away my life with great delight.

And now, being pretty well, I had a mind to ramble into the country, for a little conversation among the Irish; and to view the Cabins, Manners, and Customs, &c. of the "*dear Joys*." But the company I met in Dublin was so agreeable, I could not presently leave it; and, which made it yet the more delightful, after my recovery, I sometimes conversed with Counsellor *Kairns*, Coun-

sellor *Stevens*, Mr. *Bourn*, Mr. *Bosworth*, Mr. *Crawcroft*, men eminent for Piety, Wisdom, Learning, and all other Virtues; by whose conversation I improved my own understanding, and found that the knowledge of my own ignorance was a great step towards being a good proficient in the School of Wisdom. When I could not have such company, I gave myself to reading some useful book or other, the Bible having always the preference; and afterwards to writing my "*American Travels*," and "*Summer Ramble*," both which I began and finished in Ireland. I enjoyed also, especially when I lay at Mr. Orson's, the pleasure of walking in a delightful Garden, well furnished with the most curious Herbs and Flowers; whose various colours delighted my eye, and their fragrance my smell; besides which, I had the satisfaction of a lovely prospect. Southwards, towards the City of Dublin I had the silent murmurs of the River Liffey in my way. Westward I had a full view of Kilmainham Hospital, which at that distance, being seated on the summit of a hill, was a very agreeable prospect. To the Northwards, or rather the North-West, I had the pleasant sight of a village called Kabragh, which was pretty near; and at a greater distance, the fine town of Finglass, seated on a hill, where I had a noble prospect of the Sea, and of all the Ships in the Harbour of Dublin. Sometimes I would walk down from my lodging to the River-side, which was not a mile from it, where the pleasant rills of running water were extremely delightful. At other times I would walk through those green meadows from the end of Stony-batter to the Kabragh, which is a village about a mile from my lodging, full of stately trees, which give a pleasing shade and delightful prospect; from whence, as I came back, I had the Sea and Harbour directly in my view. And sometimes I walk to Chapel-Izod, to visit the Lord *Clonuff*, who is President of the Illustrious House of Cabinteelee, and confers honours as freely as a Prince, though with more ceremony than those of the Round-Table. During the time of my last being there, he created no less than four Noblemen; of which the *Duke of Froom* was one; the *Marquis of Swan Castle* carrying the sword, and assisting at the ceremony. But more of this in my "*Summer Ramble*," where you will

have the history of my Lord Clonuff at large, with a merry account of the original of the House of Cabinteelee, and the honours the President has conferred, with an exact list of the Nobility created by the said President.

Sometimes I would, for my diversion, ride out a few miles, either to Santry, Swords, or Mallahide, a place as eminent as Billingsgate for people going to eat oysters there; and that which made these little journeys more delightful was, that I had now, though at a distance, the sea within my view, which I like well enough on shore, but not on board, for I am always sick on the ocean. Sometimes I walk along the Strand, up to Clantarff, which when the tide is in, is very pleasant; and the next day perhaps I take a ramble to Donnibroek, Dumcondrah, Repharnum, Palmerstown, and whither else my fancy leads me. And sometimes I went to the Dublin Bowling-green, perhaps the finest in Europe, either to divert myself by playing, or look on those that did; where I have seen the Gentlemen screwing their bodies into more antic postures than Proteus ever knew, as if they thought the bowl would run that way they screwed their bodies, and many times would curse it when it did not. And while I thus looked on, I could not but reflect how like the *jack* is to the World, which most men covet with the greatest earnestness, but very few obtain. And when sometimes I saw a bowl, played by a skilful hand, lie very near her, it has in one small moment, by the unlucky knock of a succeeding bowl, laid at the greatest distance from it; and others have in the same instant been laid by the *jack* that never thought of it: just so it is with the things of the World; some that with toil and industry have gotten an estate, by one or other unforeseen disaster have in a moment lost it all; when some perhaps that never expected it, by the same accident that quite undid the other, were made rich. So fickle are riches, which, as the wise man tells us, "Make themselves wings and fly away," Prov. xxiii. 5.

At other times I have gone further off, and visited some of the Irish Cities. The first I rambled to was Kilkenny, where I was introduced to the acquaintance of my worthy and ingenious Friend Dr. Wood, by the following letter, written by an eminent person in Dublin,

and which I will insert here, not out of vain-glory, for the praises he gives me shew that his love had blinded his judgment, but that your Ladyship might the better see, by that inquisitive temper which he found in me, what variety you are like to have in my "Summer Ramble."

"DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, Sept. 12, 1686.*

"The Bearer hereof, Mr. Dunton, is my Friend, and as such you will look upon him as a very good and honest Gentleman: he goes to your town to look about him, and see the place for some days. I pray oblige me so far as to let him have your assistance, to see the Castle, and such other things as his curiosity leads him to, for he is an inquisitive person, and a man not unfit for travel. All the favours you do him shall be thankfully acknowledged as done so

Your humble Servant, &c."

This letter had that effect that Dr. Wood and his Lady gave me a hearty welcome, and afterwards brought me into the company of several Gentlemen of worth and quality. I came to Kilkenny on Friday night; and the next morning the Doctor carried me to view the Castle; the noble seat of the Duke of *Ormond*, of which I shall give a most particular account in my "Summer Ramble;" and indeed the Alcove Chamber and Dutchess's Closer, &c. will deserve a large description: but, leaving these noble apartments, I shall next proceed to tell your Ladyship, that adjoining to these lodgings is a great window, that gave us a view of a private Garden of pleasure, I think finer than the Privy-Garden in Whitehall, or any walk I had ever seen. Being hugely pleased with this pleasant prospect, the Doctor had me up one pair of stairs, where, on the left hand, was the room where the Duke of *Ormond* dines; it was high-roofed, very large; and hung all round with gilded leather. The table-cloth was laying as we entered the room; and I do think the curious foldings of the damask napkins, and pretty nick-nacks that adorned the table, had I time, were worth a particular description. And the plate for the dinner was not less remarkable; there were three silver tankards, embellished with curious figures, and so very large, that, I believe, would his Grace have given me one of them, I could scarce have dragged it to my lodging; there were two silver salvers as large and noble, and a voider made



of silver, big enough to contain all, as I perceived it did. Leaving this noble dining-room (for what is dinner, or plate either, to a man that has no right to it?) we ascended two pair of stairs, which brought us into a noble gallery, which, for length, variety of gilded chairs, and the curious pictures that adorn it, has no equal in the three Kingdoms, and perhaps not in Europe; so that this Castle may properly be called the Elysium of Ireland; and, were not the Duke and Duchess better principled than to forget Heaven for the sake of a perishing glory, they would little think of Mansions hereafter, who have such a Paradise at present to live in.—But to return to the description of this noble gallery. The first thing I saw remarkable in it, and indeed the top-glory of all the rest, was the picture of the Duchess of Ormond; the face was finished, but the other parts wanted more of the Painter's art: yet I must say that of her Grace's picture; that, were all the beauties in the World lost, it might be found again in this painted face; though that too is as much out-done by the original, as a real flame exceeds that of a painted one. There is also a design of drawing the Duke's picture; and when both are finished, Dr. Wood told me, they are designed to adorn the Tholsel, a sort of Exchange; to which will be added the pictures of all those that have been Mayors of Kilkenny. The next picture I saw remarkable was the Lord Strafford, frowning, like a mere Nero, on the Messenger that brought him ill news from the Parliament. By him hung the Duchess of Modena's picture, late Queen of England; and next to her stands the late King James, drawn like a man affrighted; so that I told the Doctor "I judged the Painter designed to draw him just as he looked when he fled from the Boyne."

Near King James's picture hangs the picture of an old Usurer telling money, and a Jew by him, which, considering the moral of it, is pretty enough to behold.

Here is also the picture of that chaste Prince, Charles I. who, if you will take his word on the scaffold, "never strayed from his Queen, in thought, word, or deed;" and next to him, if I do not mistake, hangs Henrietta, that lustful Queen. Here is also the picture of Charles II. that Royal Libertine; but the Queen Dow-

ager I did not see. There were great variety of other pictures ; but I reserve the rest for my Summer Ramble. But, Madam, I cannot forbear telling you at present, that at the West end of the gallery stood "the several Ages of Man," perhaps the finest draught that the World has seen. On the left side of the room hangs the picture of Vandyke, as drawn by himself, and a curious thing it is ; and a little below him is a Scotch Lord, drawn in that garb he hunts, or goes to visit the Clans. And I must not forget to tell you, that on the South side of the gallery hang two Royal Buds, Charles II. drawn when he was four years old (ah, Charles ! what innocence didst thou outlive !) and James II. in hanging sleeves—and it had been well for England, and himself too, if he had put off his body with his little coat, and so exchanged one Heaven for another. I should next proceed to describe the pictures of the Duke of Ormond's Family ; for in this gallery, and in Dunmore House, which I will describe in my "Summer Ramble," hang all the Progenitors of this noble Duke ; but to mention these in that manner I ought, would require an age. So, Madam, I must lead you out of the gallery, though with a sad heart to leave such a pleasant place, and next describe the Bowling-green adjoining to this Princely Seat. It is an exact square, and fine enough for a Duke to bowl on : nay, Church and State were here at "rub, rub, rub, and a good cast ;" for, when the Doctor and I came to the Green, the Duke was then flinging the first bowl. Next trowled the Bishop of —, Colonel R—, with about four inferior Clergy. At paying our bows to the Duke, he gave us the honour of his hat in a very obliging manner ; and here I would attempt his Grace's character, had not the ingenious Cibber\* done it before me. But I may venture to add to what he has said in the Duke's praise, "that the most he has said of him is the least of what he merits ; for the Duke is a man of a truly brave and noble spirit, and lives in the World like one that is much above it."

After making our devoirs to the Duke, the Doctor and I left the Bowling-green, and went next to see the Gar-

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\* In his Poem published at the Duke's landing in Ireland.

den adjoining to the Castle, which, though gone to decay, is now repairing by a young Gardener from England, and will in a few years be as pleasant as the Spring-garden near Vaux-hall. Having seen what rarities the Castle, Garden, and Town afforded, the Doctor and I parted over a glass of claret; and in the afternoon I rambled to Dunmore, another seat of the Duke of Ormond's, and the finest house in Ireland. On some of the floors of this house I told twenty-four rooms; the staircase that leads to them is hung with curious landscapes, and is so very large that twenty men might walk abreast. Had the house but another branch, it would be a perfect H; but without this additional beauty, perhaps, it may boast of more rooms than are to be found in some whole Towns. Leaving this noble seat, after *Peggy Corkran* had shewn me all the rarities in it, I returned that night to Kilkenny; and, on the following Monday took a new Ramble, to view the Boyne, and the antient town of Drogheda. Whither I went afterwards, you shall know in my "Summer Ramble." But, Madam, I ask your pardon, for I was going to leave Kilkenny before I had told you of the chief rarities said to be in it; which are, that in this town there is "Fire without Smoke; Water without Mud; Air without Fog." I searched into this report, and found it a real truth; and that the fourth element, of Earth, was also as pure.

I would here describe the town of Kilkenny, and give a particular character of *Mr. Mukins*, the present Mayor, of *Mr. Philips*, the Mayor Elect; the Recorder, Aldermen, and Common Council-men, and several other remarkable things and persons in this place. I would also mention the odd adventure of a Lieutenant that travelled with me to Kilkenny; neither would I omit to give you the heads of a remarkable Sermon I heard in St. Kenny Church, where an eminent Prelate told us, that, "look into all divisions of Religion, as those of Rome and Geneva, &c. and you will find, as they are against Monarchy, that they have left the good manners to the poor Church of England." Madam, I humbly conceive this passage will deserve remarks by a better pen than mine; as will several other notable strokes this good Bishop entertained his auditory with; but, though

they are noted down in my "Journal," yet I reserve the rest for my "Summer Ramble," lest they make my letter too voluminous. So, Madam, at present I take my leave of Kilkenny, with only telling you, that morning I left it, Dr. Wood wrote an answer to the letter I brought him from my Dublin Friend, which I will insert here, as it further shews how courteous the Doctor is to Strangers, and to me in particular.

"DEAR SIR, I received yours by Mr. Dunton, whose stay here is so short that I have not been able to shew him what civility I would, especially being every day hurried with country business. I hope to step to Dublin in a little time, and to have the opportunity of drinking a glass of wine with you and him; meanwhile a letter now and then would be acceptable to me, when your leisure will permit. I wish you all happiness, and am  
Your affectionate Servant, NATH. WOOD."

And so, good Doctor, with thanks for all your favours, I bid you and your ingenious Lady farewell.

Thus, Madam, you see, by taking notice of Castles, Gardens, Antiquities, Pictures, Public Fabrics, the Rarities in Nature, and the civility I meet in my generous Friends, that wherever I go I still learn somewhat worthy of my knowledge; neither do I, in such Rambles, omit any thing that may instruct or delight me; and am much pleased with beholding the beauty and situation of places. Neither did I, in this Country Ramble, meet with any alloy to my pleasures by the dulness or decay of my senses, for I found them all in their perfect vigour. Besides, I found travelling got me a stomach, which made me eat even coarser fare with a better appetite; though I saw little of that here, for the Kilkenny claret is the best in Ireland, and the Doctor's treats were still rich and noble.

Madam, having said so much of Dr. Wood's civilities to me, perhaps you will expect I should send you the Doctor's character; which I will do, and his Lady's too, that you may see how happy I was in their conversation. Dr. Wood, like Luke the Evangelist, is "the beloved Physician" in these parts, Col. iv. 14; and he really merits that great respect which the people give him. He is a complete Gentleman; very kind to strangers, and obliging

to the last degree ; and I do think, if I may believe my eyes, he is the happiest man, except myself, that ever entered into a married state. Madam, I own, a kind Wife often makes an obliging Husband of one that would otherwise be very indifferent ; but this is not the Doctor's case ; for he is a man of that sweet temper, that the worst of Wives would be kind to him ; but he has met with one of the best ; then how happy is this couple, that seem to rival one another in kindness !

This, Madam, will raise your curiosity to know a little more of his Lady. I dare not attempt her character ; but this I will say, " She looketh well to the ways of her household, and speaks not a foolish word," Prov. xxxi. 27. ; and her thoughts are so new, so particular, that they raised my wonder to a great height. In the several visits I made the Doctor, of which more in my "Summer Ramble," I could scarcely speak for admiring at every thing she said or did. I am, sure, Madam, if you did but know her, you would love Ireland, though it is a coarse place, purely for her sake.—But, Madam, the coach stays for me ; so, having left the Doctor and his good Lady, suppose me now on the road for Dublin ; and in my return thither, I was blessed with extraordinary company : they were these following ; a French Brigadier, who gave largely to all the poor on the road, and I think had the soul of an Emperor ; for he treated all the way from Kilkenny to Dublin ; and, had he spoke a language we had understood, I doubt not but our minds had fared as well as our bodies.

Sure, there 's some wondrous joy in doing good ;

Immortal joy, that suffers no alloy from fears,

Nor dreads the tyranny of years ;

By none but its possessors to be understood :

Else where 's the gain in being great ?

Kings would indeed be victims of the State.

What can the Poet's humble praise,

What can the Poet's humble bays

(We Poets oft our bays allow

Transplanted to the Hero's brow)

Add to the Victor's happiness ?

What do the sceptre, crown, and ball,

Rattles for Infant Royalty to play withal,

But serve to adorn the baby dress

Of one poor Coronation-day,  
To make the pageant gay ?  
A three hours scene of empty pride,  
And then the toys are thrown aside !

But the delight of doing good  
Is fix'd like Fate among the Stars,  
And deified in verse.

'Tis the best gem in Royalty ;  
The great distinguisher of blood ;  
Parent of Valour and of Fame,  
Which makes a Godhead of a name,  
And is contemporary to Eternity.

This made the antient Romans to afford  
To Valour and to Virtue the same word ;  
To shew the paths of both must be together trod,  
Before the Hero can commence a God.

Madam, having dedicated this Poem to the memory of this great and generous man, whose bounty we lived upon ; I proceed to acquaint you, we had also in company a French Major, a gentleman of good sense, but a little passionate.

Our third companion was *Johnny Ferguson*, a very pleasant fellow, and one that did great feats at the Boyne. These three, with myself, were all the men that were in the coach : but we were not without a She-companion, I mean the virtuous Mrs. *Hawksworth*, who may pass for a Wit ; and if ever I go to Constantinople, it shall be on purpose to visit her ingenious son ; and I must say, if he takes after his Mother, he will scarcely meet his fellow, though he should girdle the World. The time in such company flew too fast, and I began to wish the way to Dublin had been much longer. In our way home, we had debates concerning the Spider's web ; the curious work in a Turtle's nest ; the government of Bees ; the love of a Spaniel Dog to his Master ; and upon other subjects. But I waive them here, designing all our disputes in the coach shall be part of my "Summer Ramble."

I was no sooner come home, and had given some necessary orders about my Auction, but I rambled to Drogheda, and paid a visit to the famous Boyne, so memorable for the victory King William there obtained over

the Irish, though they were five to one. And, that nothing might escape my view that was worth seeing in Drogheda, Mr. Wilde sent by me the following letter to Mr. James Jackson, Son to an Alderman in Drogheda.

“MR. JACKSON,

“Mr. Dunton being willing to see your famous Town, and the River Boyne, where King William passed over, I desire you will help him to a horse, and either go with him yourself, or prevail with some Friend of yours to go that knows matters and things. I would also have him go into a currough \*, that he may carry his boat on his arm afterwards.

I am your humble servant, RICHARD WILDE.”

That morning I rode to Drogheda, the air was sweet and kind, the fields were trim and neat, the sun benign and cherishing. From every thing I met I received a civility; and, which added still to my happiness, I went in company with the Minister of the Newry. He is a Divine of great learning and worth, speaks admirably, and inspired a soul into all our company; and in my “Summer Ramble” I will attempt his character at large. He treated me that night with a noble supper; not for any thing he found in me, but, as he expressed it, for the sake of my being the Son of a Clergyman. When I had taken leave of this generous Parson, I went to lodge with one Mr. *Watson*, an Apothecary in Drogheda; I was hugely pleased with my new quarters, for my Landlady, though a Roman Catholic, was a very obliging generous woman; and for Mr. *Watson*, I do not think there is an honester man in Drogheda. I found him excellent company, and a very ingenious man. ‘His wit is ductile and pliable to all inventions, from a pin to a pillar: nothing was so small but his skill could work; nothing so great but his industry could achieve. After I had conversed a-while with my new Landlord, I went to Alderman *Jackson’s*, to deliver Mr. Wilde’s letter. Before I came to Drogheda, Mr. Wilde told me what a courteous person Mr. *Jackson* was; and when I came to his Father’s house, he received

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\* A Boat, made of such light materials, that a man may pass over the Boyne in it, and then wind it up, so as to carry it in his hand.

me in such an obliging manner, that his favours did transcend report as much as they exceeded my desert.

Madam, this Gentleman resolves to live a bachelor, which I could not but wonder at; for doubtless Nature meant him a conqueror over all hearts, when she gave him such sense and such beauty, for he is a very handsome man; his wit sparkles as well as his eyes; and his discourse charms as well as his beauty; and I found, by a little talking with him, that his mind is none of those narrow ones, who know one thing and are ignorant of a thousand; but, on the contrary, it is so very large, that, although it cannot be said Jackson knew every thing equally well, yet it is most certain he can give an excellent account of all things. But, though his soul is enriched with every virtue, yet I thought the most remarkable thing in him was his great humility, and readiness to serve a stranger; for I might pass as such, having never seen him but a minute or two in London.

Madam, meeting with such a friend as this, you may well think I could never enough enjoy him; so, leaving his Father's house, we went together to a place in Drogheda, where we fell into company with several Gentlemen, and particularly with Mr. *Singleton*. He is a young sprig of Divinity, and might have stayed at Jericho till "his beard was grown," 2 Sam. x. 15. But, when he speaks, it is off-hand, as they call it here; so that Nature seems to have made a present to him of whatever a long study and meditation gives out by degrees to others. He preached in Drogheda Church, upon this text, "And Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents," Gen. xxvii. 27; and I think it was the most ingenious Sermon I ever heard. But my design here is only to hint at things. So I leave this young Divine, that I may come to acknowledge the generous treatment I met in Drogheda, from Mr. *Kelsey*, for I do not forget the token he sent by me to his Friend Sir *Thomas Montgomery*. This Gentleman has a great deal of wit, and, which is rare in witty people, is master over himself; walks according to the rules of Virtue, as the hours pass by the degrees of the Sun; and, being made of good humour, his life is a perpetual harmony; and by consequence is a great blessing to his Wife and Children, if he has any. After Mr.



*Kelsey* had given me a particular relation of the Boyne fight, and we had drunk a health to his Friend in England, Mr. Jackson carried me to visit the famous *Walker*, the ingenious Translator of "Epictetus." He is an universal scholar; and I do believe, were all the Learning in Ireland lost, it might be found again in this worthy person. And he is as pious as he is learned; he prefers conscience before riches, virtue above honour; he desireth not to be great, but to do good; and is so very exact in all he says, that his words are decrees of wisdom. When we came to this Gentleman's house, his scholars were acting "Henry the Fourth," and a Latin Play out of Terence; they were all ingenious lads, and performed their parts to a wonder; but one *Ellwood*, who acted Falstaff, bore away the bell from the whole school. But, "Thieves! Thieves!"—yet no wonder, for I am still in Ireland; for I had no sooner left Mr. Walker's school, but I lost my Cane, and a Silver Box.

But, Madam, as thievish as Drogheda is, I cannot but think with pleasure of Ireland, as it was there I had the honour to be first known to your Ladyship. But more particularly I love Drogheda; where for two days, the tears I shed for the matchless D——ne would not suffer me to walk abroad. Madam, it was here your advice was so very seasonable, and went so far towards drying up all my tears. But, though I have reason to love Drogheda, as it was the town where I grieved so much for D——ne, and as it was here I was blest with your kind correction for my weeping more than became me; yet, after all, Drogheda is a thievish place; and had I but stayed a week in it, as I could scarce forbear, *Jackson* and *Kelsey* were so obliging, I had surely been reduced to primitive innocence; so I left Drogheda in a sort of fright, after I had seen the Mayor, who is so clear in his trust, that his virtues shine to Dublin, and from thence to London; the Aldermen; the Primate's house; and the Mount that gave me a sight of the Boyne, that fatal place to the Popish army. So, dear *Jackson*, farewell, till I see thee again in London; where thou shalt be, though not so nobly treated, yet as welcome to me as I was to you in Drogheda. And, Madam, the truth is, he that confers on me favours so generously as Mr. Jackson did steals

me from myself, and, in one and the same act, makes me his vassal, and himself my King. When I receive a favour from any man, till I have repaid it, "my mind," as Feltham says, "is a prisoner; and till a ransom be paid by a like return, I am kept in fetters, and constrained to love, to serve, and to be ready, as the conqueror desires it."

I stayed but three days in Drogheda; and am now returned to Dublin, where I hear from England the sad news of the death of my Owl: it is the Bird of Athens, and has been peering for Mice in my House and Garden for three years; so, out of mere love to this old servant, I fell to write an Essay in praise of an Owl, and have spent about twenty sheets in telling the virtues of poor Madge. A learned Author wrote in praise of Barrenness; the great Erasmus wrote in praise of Folly; and a late Writer has wasted a great deal of paper in praise of a Cow's-Tail; and I could not see why I might not follow such examples, and endeavour to praise my Owl. I confess, Madam, this subject is not *grave* enough for your perusal; or, if it was, I would write an Elegy on poor Madge, and send that, and his character, for your reflections; but this is a hint by the bye, neither will I presume to be thus merry without your leave. But I had scarce finished my Owl's character, which would take up a month to transcribe fair, when my old *rambling maggot* began to crawl, and bite afresh; upon which I immediately grew as fickle and wavering, as if I had drank "Liquor distilled from a Woman's brains."

Nothing would satisfy me now, till I was on another Ramble; and the next I took was to Ballimany, to see the Curragh, and the running for the King's Plate. Madam, by this speedy *rambling* again, you see the toil of keeping accòmpts was a labour too tedious for my mercurial brains.

Being now resolved for a new adventure, on Tuesday, Sept. 11, I took a coach to one *Gent's*, a mile out of town, where my horse waited for me; and here my stars threw me upon good company, one of which they called *Climene*. We set out for Ballimany with the early sun: yet we had his company but a little while; for just as we got to the Fox and Geese (it is a house.

your Ladyship has heard me speak of), he withdrew into an apartment behind a cloud, so that the day now grew very unpleasant; but our company was so agreeable, that bad weather was little minded.

The next spectacle we were entertained with, was the *Sign of a Church*. I call it so, for it was only a Steeple standing like a may-pole, without any prop but a tall pillar, and which to us, at a great distance, seemed little bigger than the spire it supported. We could not but wonder at the humour of these people, that they should fancy only a Steeple without the necessary appurtenance of Vestry, Pulpit, or Chancel! But the next person we met told us "it was not the fault of the parish, but plainly the Devil's malice to the preaching of God's word; for as fast as the building went on by day, the Devil carried it away by night." I then asked, "Why the Steeple had better luck than the other parts of the Church?" To this he replied, "that the parish formerly had been very wicked; and that Heaven permitted the Steeple should be left standing, to upbraid the Inhabitants." Madam, if what this fellow said was true, for we thought it a piece of banter, this Steeple is high enough to be a warning to the neighbouring Villages.

Being hugely pleased with this fellow's answer, we jogged on to the Naas. And now, let us turn to the right or the left hand, we had a charming view of the Country; not but a sight of Climene was beyond all we saw, for she is a perfect beauty; yet, for variety sake, we would now and then look about us.

Being now come to the Liffey, which all pass that go to the Curragh, that River was swelled so high, that poor *Leander*, as one in our company called himself, was forced to cross it with his Hero (*Climene*) behind him. I do not know what information *Climene* received from her Friend *Leander*; but she was pleased to tell me, "she understood I had a mighty passion for my first Wife, and that she was a person that deserved it." She then inquired "Whether I loved any before her?" I told her "I did." She then asked "Who the person was?" I told her, "it was one *Rachael Seaton*; who was so very beautiful, that a Venus might have been formed out of her person; and yet her wit did far ex-

ceed her beauty." Having said so much, Climene asked me a hundred questions about Rachael; as, "Whether she was rich? what were her Parents? how we came to part? and whether I continued to love her after I married Eliza?" I told her "I did not; but could not but own I took a mighty pleasure in Rachael's company before I knew Eliza; though after I knew *her* I scarce loved any thing else; and because Rachael admired Poetry, I made my courtship to the Muses too, that I might be the more grateful to her; and, Madam, can you believe it, I had the good fortune to write something in Rachael's praise, which met with a kind reception." I first presented them to her; and she, being tickled with my commendations, shewed them to her Scotch Friends, and others; for Clara now, for so I called her, pretended to out-do me in tenderness. But, Madam, these Poetic Essays had an effect different from what I intended; for I designed, by them, only to make my own addresses to her the more acceptable; but she, by shewing them abroad, got the name of a Wit, and, having acquired a reputation beyond what she had before, began to value herself at a higher rate, and to treat me with disdain.

I was not so blind with gazing on her face, or charmed so much with her witty letters, but I could see with what contempt she treated me; and, seeing, could not but resent it to that degree, that I thought it my duty to humble her; and, in order to it, I sent her the following lines \* :

Know, Clara, since thou 'rt grown so proud,  
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown,  
 Thou 'dst else in the forgotten crowd  
 Of common Beauties liv'd unknown,  
 Had not my Verse exhal'd thy name,  
 And imp'd it with the plumes of Fame.

That killing power 's none of thine;  
 I gave it to thy voice, thy eyes.  
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;  
 Thou art my Star, shin'st in my skies.  
 Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere  
 Lightning on him that plac'd thee there.

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\* These Verses were also published by Dunton in "The Living Elegy," but are there addressed to *Mrs. Malthus*. See p. 460. *EDR.*

Treat me then with disdain no more;  
 Lest what I made, I uncreate.  
 Let fools thy mystic forms adore :  
 I know thee in thy mortal state.  
 Wise Poets, that wrapp'd Truth in tales,  
 Knew her themselves through all her veils.

How Clara resented this Poem, I never asked, for her pride had given me enough of her : pride was never yet found in a noble nature, or humility in an unworthy mind, and so I left her ; and I appeal to you, Madam, whether I had not reason to slight her ? As for Climene, my fellow traveller, she gave her judgment in my favour ; and, Madam, I want to know whose part you will take ; for this is the Wit I so often mentioned to D——ne ; and it is your judgment alone that can determine whether I did well or ill.

As we walked along, Leander would now and then put in a word against Clara's inconstancy ; but *Wells*, another of our Fellow-Travellers, could not hear the story without railing at the whole sex ; upon which Climene bantered them both. This urged them again to ask Climene, " How many whining slaves she had murdered herself ? " for she was very handsome and very witty. But, Madam, neither Climene nor any of the company would come to confession.

In such discourses as these, we passed away the melancholy day, till we came to Ballimany, our intended quarters. It is a small village of poor cabins, and an old castle, of which there is abundance in Ireland, built, it is said, by the Danes, long before the coming of the English into it ; they are square strong buildings of stone, with a small door, and stone stairs, and windows like spike-holes, purposely for strength ; for, as the Danes enlarged their frontiers, they built these castles on them as curbs to the neighbouring Irish. I have often had occasion, in some of my letters, to mention these cabins, or huts, but now take the description of them.

' They build them by putting two forked sticks of such length as they intend the height of the building, and at such distance as they design its length ; if they design it large, they place three or four such forks into the ground, and on them they lay other long sticks, which are the ridge

timber; then they raise the wall, which they make of clay and straw tempered with water, and this they call *mud*. When the wall is raised to a sufficient height, which perhaps is four feet, then they lay other small sticks, with one end on the ridge piece, and the other on the wall; these they wattle with small hazels, and then cover them with straw, or coarse grass, without any chimneys; so that, when the fire is lighted, the smoke will come through the thatch, so that you would think the cabin were on fire. Another sort of their cabins is made by laying one end of the stick upon the bank of a ditch, and the other upon a little bit of a mud wall; and then, when it is wattled, they cover it with heath-straw, or scraws of earth; and into this miserable place will half a dozen poor creatures creep for shelter and lodging. But their beds are upon such a firm foundation, that nothing but an earthquake can move them; instead of feathers or flocks, they use rushes or straw, which serves them without changing. Sheets they never provide; and, to tell the naked truth, unless they can purchase a poor cadow, which is not often, they ligg together like Adam and Eve before the Fall, not a rag to cover them but themselves; which may be one reason why they so multiply, each little hut being full of children. They seldom have any partitions, or several rooms; but sleep in common with their swine and poultry; and for second or third story, you may look long enough ere you find any. But, as the buildings of Versailles are so very magnificent as not capable of such a description that may give a just idea of them; so these, in the other extreme, are so very wretched things, that perhaps the pen of the noblest Architect would be very defective in describing them. Behind one of their cabins lies the garden, a piece of ground sometimes of half an acre, or an acre; and in this is the turf-stack, their corn, perhaps two or three hundred sheaves of oats, and as much pease: the rest of the ground is full of their dearly beloved potatoes, and a few cabbages, which the solitary calf of the family, that is here pent from its dam, never suffers to come to perfection. Madam, I should more exactly have described their dwellings, or cabins, if I durst have adven-

tured oftener into them, or could have stayed in them, when I was there.

But to proceed in my *Rambles*. Next morning early, without regarding any ceremony, we made our visit to a Popish Father, who was just up, and wiping his eyes. The weather was very fair, and we stayed at the door (which had a little green field before it) until the room within was swept to receive us. The dew lay in pretty spangles on the grass, made by refraction of the sunbeams. I had a mind to try the Father's Philosophy, and inquired "what the dew was?" He told me, "It was a vapour that fell upon the ground in the night season, and that the Sun drew it up again in the day." But Climene told him "it was an old and vulgar notion, and exploded by the newest Philosophers, who were of opinion it might be either the moisture which the horses of the Sun shake from off their manes, when they were put into his chariot rising out of the Sea; or that more probably it was the sweat of the grass and herbs, condensed by the cold of the evening air." Her notions made us all laugh; and the Priest swore, by St. Patrick's hand, "she was as witty as she was pretty;" and put some other compliments on her, the best of which were much beneath what she truly deserves. The house was now ready, and the maid came to call us in, where we broke our fast, and prevailed with Father A—— to accompany us to Kildare, where we were going to be merry. His palfrey was presently saddled, and we mounted. We soon came to the Curragh, so much noised here. It is a very large plain, covered in most places with heath: it is said to be five and twenty miles round. This is the Newmarket of Ireland, where the horse-races are run; and also hunting-matches made; there being here great store of hares, and moor-game for hawking; all which are carefully preserved. They have a tradition (I fancy it was taken from the Story of Dido's purchasing so much ground as she could surround with an ox-hide, on which she built Carthage) that St. Bridget, the great Saint of Kildare, begged as much land from one of the Irish Kings, for a common pasture, as she could environ with her frieze mantle. The Prince laughed

at her, and bid her take it; she cut her mantle into so many small shreds, as, when tacked together by their ends, surrounded all this Curragh, or Downs.

Kildare is an ordinary Country Town, not near so good as the Naas: yet it gives a name to the County, and is an Episcopal See, though but of small revenues; and is now therefore united to the Deanery of Christ Church, which is the King's Royal Chapel in Dublin, as the Bishoprick of Rochester is to the Deanery of Westminster in England. It has in it the Cathedral Church, with two or three Inns, and those very sorry ones. It has two Fairs yearly, and a weekly Market, and sends two Burgesses to the Parliament; yet, after all, it is but a poor place, not lying in any road, and not having any trade belonging to it. There are some shops, with hops, iron, salt, and tobacco, and the Merchant not worth forty pounds. This County gives the title of Earl to one of the Family of the *Fitzgeralds*, formerly called *Geraldines*, who came over into Ireland among the first adventurers in Henry the Second's Reign, and is now the first Earl here, as *Oxford* is with you. Here we dined on a dish of large trouts, and, with some bottles of wine, made ourselves merry. When we took horse, our landlord told us, "we must accept of a *Dugh-a-Durras* from him;" which is a drink at the door. He had a bottle of brandy under his arm, and a little wooden cup, with which he presented each of us a dram. From hence we went about two miles backward towards the King's County, to view the Earl of Kildare's Chair. It is an old Castle, built on the side of a hill, which overlooks all the neighbouring country. I was told it was built by some of the Earls of Kildare, as a Watch Tower, for which purpose it was very well placed. We had hence a lovely prospect towards the North, of a noble Vale, part of which was covered with corn, and part with cattle, with some woods; among which were seen some houses of good bulk and shew raising their heads; beyond these were hills, on which stood several great houses; a fine river ran through the Valley; on another side, the greatest part of the Curragh lay open to our view, which indeed is a noble plain.



After we had satisfied our eyes with staring about, we steered our course towards the Bog of Allen; which, though it be the greatest in Ireland, yet never was so famous as in the last Rebellion, where the *Rapparees* (who are a loose undisciplined people) had their rendezvous, when they designed any mischief on the country, to the number of five or six hundred, and where they easily hid themselves when pursued; for, as I am informed, this Bog is near fifty miles long, with many Woods in it, and some Islands of very good and profitable land; as the Island of Allen, which they say is worth 800*l.* a year.

His Majesty, for encouragement to breed large and serviceable Horses in this Kingdom, has been pleased to give 100*l.* a year out of his Treasury here, to buy a Plate, which they run for at the Curragh in September. The Horses that run are to carry twelve stone each; and therefore there are several fine Horses kept hereabouts for the Race, in Stables built on purpose. There is another Race yearly ran here, in March or April, for a Plate of a hundred guineas, which are advanced by the Subscription of several Gentlemen; and the Course is four measured miles.

On Thursday, Sept. 13, was the day of the Race this year for the King's Plate. There was a vast concourse of people to see it, from all parts of the Kingdom. My Lord *Galway* (one of the Lords Justices) was present at the Race, and other persons of great quality. I met on the Curragh (where the Race was run) with my worthy Friend Mr. *Searl*, and several others that I knew in Dublin. After the Race was over, our Company rode to Ballimany. At this Village is a little thatched house, like one of our English country houses, built by the Earl of *Meath*. After we had seen all the rooms in this Nobleman's thatched house, we left Ballimany, and dined that day at the Naas, and reached Dublin about nine in the evening. But, Madam, if the predictions of Astrologers be true, such men as I am are very *Mercurial* folks (I mean the Planet, not the Mineral). I had not been long in Dublin before the itch of *rambling* broke out again upon me, though I once thought the fatigue of

my Curragh Ramble would have abated the sharpness of it: but what is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh; and I, among the other Sons of Adam, am in a literal sense born to great travels; and some people are surely so much delighted with the variety of change, that, like other Epicureans, they will purchase the fancied pleasure through thousands of difficulties that attend the acquisition. Not impertinent to this is what I remember to have read in the celebrated Mr. Boyle, of one who was born blind, because of the adhesion of her eye-lids; and her Parents living far in the country, from any Physicians or Surgeons, thought her malady incurable, until the time she was about eighteen years old; when, being called to London about some business likely to require a long attendance, he brought his blind Daughter with the rest of his Family to Town, where the union of her eyelids being separated by a Surgeon's lancet, she immediately perceived a thousand pleasing objects; she beheld every minute new things with admiration; and, not satisfied with seeing, as soon as she could conveniently go abroad, she was every day on the ramble, as if she intended to make up for the losses she suffered by her former darkness; and when she became acquainted with the objects of the Town, she begged leave to roam about the Country, not without expressions of some inclinations to satisfy her eyes with a view of all the world could afford her. Of this Girl's humour my Landlord found me; for now (after I had settled the affairs of my Auction) I travelled, East, West, North, and South; and, Madam, should I tell you what Irish Cities, Towns, and Villages I next saw, I should lead you such a *Wild-Goose-Chace*, I should tire you quite, but not myself, for I am never weary with travelling. But (as much as I love rambling) I have just now received a Letter from Valeria (crowded with desires to see me) which will shorten my Ramble some thousand miles. I will see but Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or so—that is all—and be in London by Plato's year; not but I am a huge lover of Travels, and would gladly view the Globe Celestial too (as I told the ingenious D——ne) before I return; I mean, climb so high as “to hang my Hat upon one Horn of the Moon, and touch the North Pole with my Middle Finger.”

But, seeing you admire I ramble thus, let me go down from the Moon a little, to tell your Ladyship, that, had you but seen Italy, and those other Countries I am bound to, you would rather envy than pity my rambling fate.

Alas! Madam, to change my bed troubled not me; for I could sleep contentedly in America, Ireland, Wales, &c. or in any place; for, if I had the hardest lodging, I could dream of my Valeria with as much satisfaction as if I had been sleeping on a bed of down; and, when I awake, I please myself with thinking, that in a little time I shall see her again. And wherever I ramble, I am still content; for there is a wheel within a wheel, and nothing comes to pass by chance.

As to my very Auctions; if things went prosperously there, I looked upon it as an effect of Divine Favour, and returned God the praise; if otherwise, it put me on examining myself, and humbling of my Soul before my Maker; and I look on all cross accidents as trials of my patience. And indeed still, upon self-reflections, I rather wondered that things went so well, than found myself concerned they went no better. When *Patrick*\* took my Auction over my head; it was for him that I was troubled most, that he should deal so barbarously with one that never gave him any cause for it. I was well satisfied in my own innocence, and thought I was concerned to make the world so, by letting them know the truth of things; and then to leave the issue to that wise Providence that best knows how to order all things for his glory and my good.

You may suppose, perhaps, Madam, there are no Beggars in Dublin, since I have all this while been so silent, and said nothing of alms-giving: but assure yourself, Madam, to the contrary; for, to the best of my knowledge, I never saw them so thick any where else in the whole course of my life; and how to carry myself in respect to these wretches has been a matter which often disturbed me. To give unto all, is impossible; for a man then must be richer than *Cæsus*; and not to give at all, is unchristian: but the main difficulty lies in the right distribution, and to relieve those who are most necessi-

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\* Patrick Campbell. See the "Dublin Scuffle." EDIT.

tous. But who can know this? for I have heard Bishop *Hall* say (he that was Bishop of Oxford) "that once walking through Moorfields, a Beggar followed him with great importunities, and 'desired him, for Christ's sake, to give him something, for he was ready to starve.' The Bishop (not thinking him a fit object for charity) told him, 'if he refused to give him any thing, he believed he would curse him.' 'No,' said the Beggar, 'indeed, Sir, I will not.' 'Well, then,' said the Bishop, 'I will try thee for once;' upon which the Beggar fell a cursing and swearing at him like a very devil." Madam, when I meet with such vile Beggars as these, I serve them as the Bishop did: but I am, if I do not flatter myself, naturally compassionate, easily affected with the miseries of other men, in any kind, but much more when I see old age go a-begging; and it is such that have been the principal objects of my charity; and next to them the blind. I never conceive the Beggar-man the more necessitous, by being the more importunate and querulous; and of this sort, no man, I believe, has been attended with a much greater train: indeed, I have heard your old Eleemosynaries, who have been trained up to the trade from their younger years (as I am satisfied many have been, both in England and Ireland), can, by long experience and constant observation, readily distinguish, even in a crowd of men, a compassionate face; and will single him out, as I may say, to be the object of their importunities. But, after all, Madam, in matters of the distributions of charity, the right hand is not to know what the left does.

And now, Madam, having given you some account of my "Conversation in Ireland," both in City and Country, and also given you some *hints* of my several Rambles in it, and what I observed in them; perhaps you may think by this time I have seen enough of Ireland to be able to give your Ladyship some general character of it. I confess, Madam, I am very bad at descriptions: but a general character of the *dear Joys* being what I formerly promised the ingenious D——ne, I shall now send it to you, her other self; and hope your goodness will be as willing to pardon all my mistakes in it, as her's

would have been, had she lived to have read what I here send you. Then give me leave to tell you in rhyme :

Off in the Seas, and downfall of the Skies,  
 With water compass'd round, a Nation lies ;  
 Which, on the utmost Western Ocean hurl'd,  
 Fixes the *ne plus ultra* of the world.  
 Water the bowels of this land does clog,  
 Which the weak Sun converts into a bog.  
 The Sun, whose great and generous influence  
 Does life and warmth to ev'ry place dispense,  
 O'ercome by th' innate venom of this air,  
 Can't draw it out, but leaves the poison there :  
 So true is what the Natives vainly boast,  
 No poisonous thing lives on the Irish Coast ;  
 Because their air is with worse poison fill'd :  
 So has a Toad been by a Spider kill'd.

Perhaps, Madam, you may think I am too poetical, and may expect a more particular account of the country and people where my *conversation* at present lies ; so I shall now proceed to a prose character of the *dear Joys*. And here I shall give you a glimpse of the Country ; or, as it were, a general view of my Irish Rambles : and, as an Irishman is a "living jest," it will be merry and pleasant ; but a little mirth must be forgiven to a Traveller, who has little else to keep him alive.

Then to proceed to the Prose Character of poor *Teague*. And here I must first acquaint you that the Gentleman who tripped lately to Ireland calls it "the Watering-pot of the Planets ;" and the French have characterized it as "seldom dry, but often running over, as if the Heavens were a wounded eye, perpetually weeping over it." It is said there is but one good thing in Ireland, and that is the Wind, as it is generally Westerly, and sets fair to carry one out of it ; which makes good the old saying, "It is an ill wind blows no good."

Some of their chief Cities are tolerably good ; but most of them more populous than rich, Dublin excepted : for, though they are thronged like hives, yet, being for the most part drones, they rather diminish than increase their stock ; and were it not for the English, and strangers amongst them, I am persuaded in process of time they would be all starved ; so that of all the places I have yet

seen, give me Ireland to wonder at. For my part, I think it is a sort of *White Friars* at large, and Dublin the *Mint* to it. In every street you pass, you will either meet with some highway taylor, or some arrant unsatisfied pug, that drinks nothing but wicked sack. But at Dublin they have a Recorder, who at present is Mr. *Handcock*; who, besides the reputation that he has for his knowledge of the Laws, has also acquired that of a courageous and just Magistrate, impartially putting them in execution against lewd and wicked people, without regard to any degree of Quality or Riches; instances of which are frequently seen in his punishing Swearers with two shillings for each oath, according to a new Act of Parliament; and setting insolvent persons in the stocks. And many of the strolling courteous ladies of the town have, by his orders, been forced to expose their lily-white skins at a cart's-tail; by which he is become at once the fear and hatred of the lewd, and love and satisfaction of sober persons. Both Churchmen and Dissenters are joined in this noble work of exposing Vice, and all little enough. Such things as Chastity, Wit, and Good-nature, are only heard of here. Such Virtues as Temperance, Modesty, and strict Justice, which your Ladyship possesses in so high a degree, have the same credit with the beaux of Ireland, which the "*Travels of Mandevile*" find with us.

I do not hereby design any thing of the true Gentry or Nobility, amongst whom there are persons of as great Valour, as fair Estates, as good Literature and Breeding, and as eminent Virtues, as in any of the most polite Countries. But really, Madam, if you go into the Country as far as Galway, they are as bad, if not ten times worse, than I relate them. There is scarcely a Town without a pillory in it; Ballimany has one or two; Carlow has two or three, I think, the strongest I saw in Ireland; Kilkenny, I think, as many; it was here I lost my Ring, my Gloves, and my very Comb; and when I charged them with it, they cry, "the Devil burn them if they are Thieves;" and swear, "by Chreest and Shaint Patrick," that "they never saw it." I lay at Kilkenny but four nights; but here is such a den of Pick-pockets, that I think the Thieves in Drogheda are Saints to them.

I saw in my Ramble to Kilkenny that Inclosures are very rare amongst them; much of their land is reserved for grazing and pasturage; and there, indeed, "the grass being very sweet, and holding a constant verdure, it is," as a late Author observes, "in many places so indented with purling brooks and streams, that their meadows look like a new green-carpet, bordered, or fringed, with the purest silver." Yet hay is a rarity amongst them, and would cost them more pains than they can well afford towards the making of it; therefore they seldom or never trouble their heads or hands about it. And then for "their arable ground," as the same Author observes, "it lies most commonly as much neglected and unmanured as the sandy Deserts of Arabia."

Their women generally are very little beholden to Nature for their beauty, and less to Art; one may safely swear they use no painting, or such like auxiliary aids, being so averse to that kind of curiosity, though they have as much need thereof as any I ever yet beheld, that one would think they never had their faces washed in their whole lives. Amorous they are as doves, but not altogether so chaste as turtles. There needs no great ceremony or courtship, for they generally yield at first summons. The men, as birds of the same nest and feather, differ only in the sex, not in their good humour and conditions. Bonny-clabber and mulabaan, *alias* sour milk and choak-cheese, with a dish of potatoes boiled, is their general entertainment; to which add an oat-cake, and it completes their bill of fare, unless they intend to shew their excessive prodigality, and tempt your appetite with an egg extraordinary.

Thus, Madam, have I given you a brief but general character of Ireland, which I have intermixed with what I found by the *dear Joys*: and what I say of these, I send to you as the character of the better sort of *Teagues*; for as for the wild Irish, what are they but a generation of vermin? If you peep into forty cabins, they are as spacious as our English hogsties, but not so clean; you will scarcely find a woman with a petticoat can touch her knee; and of ten children not one has a shoe to his foot. And these Irish Parents are so proud, that, rather than

dishonour (as they call it) their Sons with a trade, they suffer them to beg for their daily bread; and for themselves, they are so lazy, that those of them that are not Thieves live by the drudgery of their poor Wives.

But, however careless they be of the living, they are mightily concerned for the dead; having a custom of *howling* when they carry any one to burial; and screaming over their graves, not like other Christians, but like people without hope: and sooner than this shall be omitted, they do hire a whole herd of these crocodiles to accompany the corpse; who, with their counterfeit tears and sighs, and confused clamour and noise, do seem heartily to bemoan the departed Friend; though all this is with no more concern and reality, than an Actor on the Theatre for the feigned death of his Dearest in a Tragedy. Instead of a funeral oration, they bawl out these or the like querulous lamentations, "O hone! O hone! dear Joy, why didst thou die, and leave us? Hadst thou not pigs and a potato-garden? Hadst thou not some sheep and a cow, oat-cake, and good usquebaugh to comfort thy heart, and put mirth upon thy Friends? Then, wherefore wouldst thou leave this good world, and thy poor Wife and Children? O hone! O hone!"—with much more such stuff; to all which *dear Joy* lending but a deaf ear, sleeps on till Doomsday; while home they go, to drink, and drown the present sorrow; till the melancholy fit comes upon them afresh; and then they resort to the grave, and bedew it again with tears; repeating and howling their *O hones* with as much deep sense and sorrow as before.

They have many other extravagant Customs daily practised at their Weddings and Christenings: but I reserve these for my "Summer Ramble." So I will conclude their character with only saying, they are a nest of disarmed Rebels; that have a will, though not the power, to cut our throats.

I should next speak of their Priests (fit Shepherds for such Wolves); but you will meet them often in my *Malhide Ramble*, with my conferences with them: so I will drop them here; but will send you a further account of my "Summer Ramble" by the next post: for, Madam, my mind is always with you and my dear Friends in



England; though at present I am in the Country of wrath and vengeance. But my ink is too clean for a further description \*. Yet, Madam, if you would see the picture of poor Teague more at large, I would refer you to a Book called "The Description of Ireland;" that ingenious Author being the person I so often quote.

Thus, Madam, by what I have said, you see what an excellent Country Ireland is for a young Traveller to be first seasoned in; for let him but view it as much as I did, and I dare undertake he shall love all the rest of the World much better ever after, except Scotland and France, of which more when I get thither.

If you ask, why I stay in such a vile Country? Why, Madam, he that is in a boat with the Devil, must land where and as soon as he can. However, I will stay till you answer this; and then, *ho!* for Scotland, France, Italy, and next the Hellespont; for my Geography is now rectified by my learned Friend, and it is very likely the length of my Ramble will exceed the size of my hour-glass. However,

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— All may have,  
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave †.

And, if I hear Valeria is well, I care not whether I meet the Sun at his rising, or at his going down. All places are alike distant from Heaven; and that a man's Country where he can meet a Friend. Thus, Madam, when it is my duty, you see I can *ramble* in earnest.

Madam, having now troubled you with a thousand other impertinences; that I may still keep within the bounds of my Conversation, I will proceed in the last place to give you an account of the parting visits I made when I left Ireland. In these parting visits I had the happiness of being accompanied by my two friends, Mr. Wilde and Mr. Larkin. I have already given you a brief character of Mr. Larkin; and it would be unjust not to give you Mr. Wilde's, who has deserved so good a one from me, by his faithful managing my auction.—Mr. Wilde was born a gentleman, being descended from an antient family in Herefordshire, and brought up to Learning till

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\* Dunton's description is much too sarcastic; but at that period party prejudices ran high. EDIT. † Herbert's Church Porch.

he was fit for the University ; but his inclination leading him rather to a trade, he was bound an apprentice to *George Sawbridge*, Esq. the greatest Bookseller that has been in England for many years, as may sufficiently appear by the estate he left behind him. And you may easily imagine, Madam, that serving a Master who drove so great a trade, he could not fail of understanding Books, without he was greatly wanting to himself : which he was so far from being, that I need not make any scruple to affirm, that there are very few Booksellers in England, if any, that understand Books better than *Richard Wilde* ; nor does his diligence and industry come short of his knowledge ; for he is indefatigably industrious in the dispatch of business ; of which his managing my Auction is a sufficient proof ; he far exceeded even my expectation, and gave the Buyers too, such great content, that, had I not seen, I could hardly have believed it. Nor does his talent lie in knowing Books only, but he knows Men as well too ; and has the honour to be personally known to very many of the Nobility and Gentry of the first rank, both in England and Ireland ; and there is scarce a Bookseller in Dublin but has a kindness for him. If any thing hates him, it is the fair sex, for his living so long a bachelor ; but they might excuse him, for he is too busy to think of love, and too honest to marry for money ; and I believe scorns to creep (for it is beneath a man to whine like a dog in a halter) to the greatest fortune in Dublin ; not but *Wilde* is of a courteous affable nature, and very obliging to all he has to do withal ; and it is visible by his carriage, he was bred (as well as born) a Gentleman. He had a good estate to begin the world with, but has met with losses : yet, when his stars were the most unkind, as was confessed in my hearing by his raving Enemy, he was still as honest as ever ; and being always just in his dealings, he now, like the Sun just come from behind a cloud, shines brighter and fairer than ever. Some men are only just whilst the world smiles ; but, when it frowns, they act such little tricks as renders their virtue suspected. But *Wilde* ever preserved his integrity, and is the same good man under all events. And as he was ever just in his dealings, so I must say his universal knowledge in Books

renders him a fit companion for the best Gentleman ; and his great sobriety, a fit companion for the nicest Christian ; and, to add to his reputation, where is a greater *Williamite* in the three kingdoms, than Richard Wilde ? He has done such eminent service to the present Government, that he cannot in time but meet with an ample reward ; and it is but just to think he should be preferred, for he is a true lover of his Majesty and the present Government, and a strenuous assertor of the Rights and Liberties of the People, and the Protestant Religion, in opposition to Popery and Slavery ; and this he has been from his youth ; insomuch that, for shewing his zeal in these things, even while he was an apprentice, the Tories and Jacobites, by way of derision, called him *Protestant Dick*. And, by his management of my Auction, he has given, both to myself and others, such a specimen of his judgment and great fidelity, that the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Clogher has done him the honour (in his Letter to me) to tell me he is extremely satisfied in Mr. Wilde's fidelity \*. I do assure you, Madam, I am so well satisfied in his conduct herein, that, were I to keep an Auction as far as Rome itself, Mr. Wilde should be the sole Manager. But, though Mr. Wilde really merits the character I here give him, yet he being one whom I conversed so much with in Dublin (which my inclination would have led me to, if my business had not), he also is one of *St. Patrick's* † Kennel of Scoundrels ; by which you may also know what to think of St. Patrick, whose characters run counter to the sentiments of all honest Gentlemen. And yet, even in this, Patrick is true to himself, and hereby declares he hates honesty and ingenuity wherever he finds it. But, Madam, I fear you will think me too long in my character of Mr. Wilde ; and I fear so too with respect to your Ladyship ; though, as to himself, I have not yet done him that justice he deserves from me, and therefore must remain in his debt, till I publish my "Summer Ramble."

But I will now proceed to the account of my parting Visits ; the first of which was rather an invitation than a Visit, to the house of Dr. *Phenix*, who invited myself

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\* See before, p. 506.

† Patrick Campbell. Edit.  
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and three of my Friends (Mr. Wilde, Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Price) to dinner. He lives in that part of the City which is called St. Thomas's Court, and is a peculiar Liberty belonging to the Earl of Meath. We found the Doctor discoursing with the Dean of Kihhaloe, who dined with us. At our first coming, the Doctor saluted us all in a very obliging manner; but was pleased to pay me a most particular respect, in regard, as he expressed it, that I had so much obliged the Nation in general, and himself in particular, by bringing so large a collection of valuable Books into the Kingdom. After this first greeting, the Doctor had us into his Laboratory, and there shewed us his stills, and several great curiosities. Before dinner we had some conversation with the Dean about the power of Imagination; and the Dean told us, "he knew a man at Barnet, near London, about forty years ago, that professed to have a constant converse with the Dead; affirming that, while he was discoursing with others, he was at the same time conversing with the dead. This man would utter many strange expressions of his discourses with dead people, and pretended by this converse to tell things done at that moment a vast distance off, which afterwards, upon inquiry, proved true." But dinner then coming up, put an end to our conversation, and found us other business to do, than to talk of melancholy people. After dinner, the Doctor's Lady told us this remarkable story: "That some years since, having been delivered of a fine Girl, two Ladies that were then the Doctor's Patients desired the baptising of the Child might be deferred till they were able to go abroad, because they had a mind to stand Gossips to it. But the two Ladies not being well enough to go abroad so soon as they thought at first, a month's time was passed since the birth of the child, all which time it remained unchristened. But one day, as the Doctor's Lady was in her chamber, looking for something which she wanted in a press, on a sudden she cast her eyes back, and saw sitting down in a chair an Uncle of her's, who had been dead several years; at which being somewhat surprised, she asked him how he did? And he, on the contrary, asked her, "What was the reason she did not christen the Child?" She told him, "it was because her

Husband promised two Ladies should be Gossips to it, and they were both yet indisposed, and could not come." The Spectrum then called her to come to him, which she accordingly did; and he embraced her in his arms, and kissed her naked bosom, which she said she felt extreme cold. He then asked her "where her Husband was?" And she told him where. After which, he charged her to "let the Child be christened the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon;" and then went away, she knew not how. When the Doctor came home, his Lady told him what she had seen, and desired the Child might be christened, according to the charge given by the Spectrum; but the Doctor was unbelieving, and still resolved to defer it till the two Ladies could come to be Gossips. But the time prefixed by the Spectrum being past, and the Child not christened, that night the bed-cloaths were attempted to be pulled off, she crying out to the Doctor for help, who pulled the cloaths up with all his strength, and had much ado to keep them on, his Wife in the mean time crying out grievously that somebody pinched her. And the next morning, viewing of her body, they found she was pinched black and blue in several places. This did not yet prevail with the Doctor to have his Child christened till the two Ladies could come to be Gossips. But a day or two after, when the Doctor was again abroad, and his Lady alone in her chamber, there appeared to her another Spectrum in the likeness of her Aunt, who had been dead near twenty years before, with a coffin in her hand, and a bloody child in the coffin, asking her, in a threatening manner, "why the Child was not christened?" She replied, as she had done to her Uncle before, "that her Husband delayed it on the account of two Gossips, which could not yet come." Whereto the Spectrum, with a stern countenance, said, "Let there be no more such idle excuses, but christen the Child to-morrow, or it shall be worse for you," and so disappeared. The Lady all in tears tells the Doctor of the threatening of this She-spectrum, and prevails with him to have it christened the next day; and in three days after, the child was over-laid by the nurse, and brought home in a coffin all bloody, exactly like that which was shewn her by the last Spectrum. The Doctor

confirmed that part of the story which related to him ; and as to the Spectrums, his Lady averred before myself, Mr. Wilde, Mr. Larkin \*, and Mr. Price, that what she related, was nothing but truth. The Doctor, after the story was ended, made this inference from it, " That the Baptizing of Infants was an ordinance of God, or else it had not been so much inculcated by two persons or spirits risen from the dead." But my Friend Mr. Larkin replied to the Doctor, " that he was of a quite contrary opinion ;" and said, " it was a great argument against Infant Baptism, that the Devil was so earnest to have it done." And when they both referred the matter to the Dean, he put it off by saying, " We had some discourse before dinner of the power of Imagination, and this seems to be some of the effects of it."

After this discourse was ended, Dr. Phoenix caused a Robin-red-breast, which he had in a cage, to be brought into the dining-room ; where it entertained us whilst at dinner with singing and talking many pleasant things ; as, " Sweet Lady"—" Is the Packet come ?"—" What news from England ?" and several such expressions, which the Doctor's Lady had taught it. The smallness of this bird renders its *talking* the more remarkable ; and, perhaps, Madam, this Robin-red-breast is one of the greatest rarities in Ireland, if not in the whole world ; and I believe Dr. Phoenix thinks so ; for, as small as this bird is, he told me " he would not sell it for twenty guineas ;" and I do think, were it sold to the worth of its pleasant chat, it would yield a thousand. After I had staid the utmost limits that my time would allow me, I took my leave of the Doctor ; and then, returning the Doctor and his Lady thanks for their kindness both to myself and my Friends, we took our leave ; the Doctor wishing me a *boon voyage* to England, and a good journey to London. But the Doctor is a worthy person, and I cannot leave his house till I have given a character of him ; besides, his civilities to me were so many and great, that not to acknowledge them, in a just character of him, would be very ungrateful ; for he was a great encourager of my Auction, and a very generous Bidder.

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\* Mr. Larkin is now living in Hand-alley, Bishopsgate-street.

But to proceed to his character : Dr. Phoenix is a little jolly black man, but so very conscientious, that he is as ready to serve the poor for nothing as the rich for money. His great skill in physick has made him famous ; and, which renders him the more eminent, his prescriptions are generally successful, and his *aurum potable* never fails. His wise advice has rescued more languishing Patients from the jaws of Death, than Quacks have sent to those dark regions ; and on that score Death declares himself a mortal Enemy to Dr. Phoenix ; whereas Death claims a relation to mere Pretenders to Physick, as being both of one occupation, *viz.* that of killing men. But though his great success makes patients throng to him, yet is he a modest, humble, and a very good man, as appears by this ; at his first coming to a sick man, he persuades him to put his trust in God, the Fountain of Health. The want of such seriousness hath caused the bad success of many Physicians ; for they that will not acknowledge God in their applications, God will not acknowledge them in that success which they might otherwise expect. I would be larger in the Doctor's character, but after all, must come short of it ; so will add no more about him : and shall now attempt his Lady's character, of whom I might say many pretty things ; but, Madam, I fear I shall tire you ; however, I say them all in little, by only telling your Ladyship that the person I would here describe, is *Doctor Phoenix's Wife*. I say, Madam, it is praise enough to say she is Dr. Phoenix's Wife, and that she merits so good a Husband. Then let the learned world debate as long as they please about the Nonsuch Bird, this Lady proves, by her great virtues that in Dublin (if no where else) is to be seen a She-Phoenix.

Leaving Dr. Phoenix's house, our next visit was to the College of Dublin, where several worthy Gentlemen (both Fellows and others) had been great Benefactors to my Auction. When we came to the College, we went first to my Friend Mr. *Young's* chamber ; but, he not being at home, we went to see the Library, which is over the Scholars lodgings, the length of one of the Quadrangles ; and contains a great many choice Books of great value, particularly one, the largest I ever saw

for breadth ; it was an "Herbal," containing the lively portraitures of all sorts of Trees, Plants, Herbs, and Flowers. By this "Herbal" lay a small Book, containing about sixty-four pages in a sheet, to make it look like "the Giant and the Dwarf." There also (since I have mentioned a giant) we saw lying on a table the thigh-bone of a Giant, or at least of some monstrous overgrown man, for the thigh-bone was as long as my leg and thigh ; which is kept there as a convincing demonstration of the vast bigness which some human bodies have in former times arrived to. We were next shewed by Mr. *Griffith*, a Master of Arts (for he it was that shewed us these curiosities) the skin of one *Ridley*, a notorious Tory, which had been long ago executed ; he had been begged for an anatomy, and, being flayed, his skin was tanned, and stuffed with straw. In this passive state he was assaulted by some mice and rats, not sneakingly behind his back, but boldly before his face, which they so much further mortified, even after death, as to eat it up ; which loss has since been supplied by tanning the face of one *Geoghagan*, a Popish Priest, executed about six years ago for stealing ; which said face is put in the place of *Ridley's*.

At the East end of this Library, on the right hand, is a chamber called "The Countess of Bath's Library," filled with many handsome Folios, and other Books, in Dutch binding, gilt, with the Earl's Arms impressed upon them ; for he had been some time of this House.

On the left hand, opposite to this room, is another chamber, in which I saw a great many Manuscripts, Medals, and other Curiosities. At the West end of the Library there is a division made by a kind of wooden lattice-work, containing about thirty paces, full of choice and curious Books, which was the Library of that great man, Archbishop *Usher*, Primate of Armagh, whose learning and exemplary piety has justly made him the ornament, not only of that College (of which he was the first Scholar that ever was entered in it, and the first who took degrees) ; but of the whole Hibernian Nation.

At the upper end of this part of the Library hangs at full length, the picture of Dr. *Chaloner*, who was the first Provost of the College, and a person eminent for Learn-



ing and Virtue. His picture is likewise at the entrance into the Library; and his body lies in a stately tomb made of alabaster. At the West end of the Chapel, near Dr. Chaloner's picture (if I do not mistake), hangs a new skeleton of a man, made up and given by Dr. *Gwither*, a Physician of careful and happy practice, of great integrity, learning, and sound judgment, as may be seen by those Treatises of his that are inserted in some late "Philosophical Transactions."

Thus, Madam, have I given you a brief account of the Library, which at present is but an ordinary pile of Building, and cannot be distinguished on the outside: but I hear they design the building of a new Library; and, I am told, the House of Commons in Ireland have voted 3000*l.* towards carrying it on.

After having seen the Library, we went to visit Mr. *Minshull*, whose Father I knew in Chester. Mr. *Minshull* has been Student in the College for some time, and is a very sober, ingenious youth; and I do think is descended from one of the most courteous men in Europe; I mean Mr. *John Minshull* \*, Bookseller in Chester.

After a short stay in this Gentleman's chamber, we were led by one *Theophilus*, a good-natured sensible fellow, to see the new House now building for the Provost; which, when finished, will be very noble and magnificent. After this, *Theophilus* shewed us the Gardens belonging to the College, which were very pleasant and entertaining. Here was a Sun-dial, on which might be seen what o'clock it was in most parts of the World. This Dial was placed upon the top of a stone, representing a pile of Books. And not far from this was another Sun-dial, set in Box, of a very large compass, the gnomon of it being very near as big as a Barber's pole. Leaving this pleasant Garden, we ascended several steps, which brought us into a curious walk, where we had a prospect to the West of the City, and to the East of the Sea and Harbour: on the South we could see the Mountains of Wicklow, and on the North, the River Liffey, which runs by the side of the College. Having now, and at other times, thoroughly surveyed the College, I

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\* See before, p. 237.

shall here attempt to give your Ladyship a very particular account of it. It is called *Trinity College*, and is the sole University of Ireland. It consists of three squares, the outward being as large as both the inner; one of which, of modern building, has not chambers on every side; the other has; on the South side of which stands the Library, the whole length of the Square. I shall say nothing of the Library here (having already said something of it); so I proceed to tell you, Madam, that the Hall and Butteries run the same range with the Library, and separates the two inner Squares. It is an old building; as is also the Regent-house, which from a Gallery looks into the Chapel, which has been of late years enlarged, being before too little for the number of Scholars, which are now, with the Fellows, &c. reckoned about 340. They have a Garden for the Fellows, and another for the Provost, both neatly kept; as also a Bowling-green, and large Parks for the Students to walk and exercise in. The Foundation consists of a Provost (who at present is the Reverend Dr. *George Brown*, a Gentleman bred in this House since a youth, when he was first entered, and one in whom they all count themselves very happy; for he is an excellent Governor, and a person of great piety, learning, and moderation); seven Senior Fellows, of whom two are Doctors in Divinity; eight Juniors, to which one is lately added; and seventy Scholars. Their Public Commencements are at Shrovetide, and the first Tuesday after the eighth of July. Their Chancellor is his Grace the Duke of *Ormond*. Since the death of the Right Reverend the late Bishop of *Meath*\*, they have had no Vice-Chancellor, only *pro re natá*.

The University was founded by Queen Elizabeth, and by her and her Successors largely endowed, and many munificent gifts and legacies since made by several other well-disposed persons; all whose names, together with their gifts, are read publicly in the Chapel every Trinity Sunday in the afternoon, as a grateful acknowledgment to the memory of their Benefactors; and on the 9th of January 1693 (which completed a Century from the Foundation of the College) they celebrated their first

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\* Dr. Anthony Dopping. EDIT.

secular day; when the Provost, Dr. *Ashe*, now Bishop of Clogher, preached, and made a notable entertainment for the Lords Justices, Privy Council, Lord Mayor and Aldermen of Dublin. The Sermon preached by the Provost was on the subject of the Foundation of the College; and his text was, Matth. xxvi. 13. "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole World, there shall also this that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her;" which in this Sermon the Provost applied to Queen Elizabeth, the Foundress of the College. The Sermon was learned and ingenious, and afterwards printed by Mr. Ray, and dedicated to the Lords Justices, who at that time were, the Lord Henry Capel, Sir Cyril Wiche, and William Duncomb, Esq. In the afternoon, there were several Orations in Latin spoke by the Scholars in praise of Queen Elizabeth and the succeeding Princes; and an Ode made by Mr. *Tate* (the Poet Laureat), who was bred up in this College. Part of the Ode was this following:

Great Parent, hail! all hail to Thee;  
 Who hast the last distress surviv'd,  
 To see this joyful day arriv'd;  
 The Muses' second Jubilee.

Another Century commencing,  
 No decay in thee can trace;  
 Time, with his own law dispensing,  
 Adds new charms to every grace,  
 That adorns thy youthful face.

After War's alarms repeated,  
 And a Circling Age completed,  
 Numerous offspring thou dost raise,  
 Such as to Juverna's praise  
 Shall Liffey make as proud a name,  
 As that of Isis, or of Cam.

Awful Matron, take thy seat  
 To celebrate this festival;  
 The learn'd Assembly well to treat,  
 Blest Eliza's days recall:  
 The wonders of her Reign recount,  
 In strains that Phœbus may surmount,  
 Songs for Phœbus to repeat.  
 She 't was that did at first inspire,  
 And tune the mute Hibernian lyre.

Succeeding Princes next requite ;  
 With never-dying verse requite  
 Those favours they did shower.  
 'Tis this alone can do them right :  
 To save them from Oblivion's Night,  
 Is only in the Muse's power.

But chiefly recommend to Fame  
 Maria, and great William's name,  
 Whose Isle to him her Freedom owes :  
 And surely no Hibernian Muse  
 Can her Restorer's praise refuse,  
 While Boyne and Shannon flows.

After this Ode had been sung by the principal Gentlemen of the Kingdom, there was a very diverting Speech made in English by the *Terræ Filius*. The night concluded with illuminations, not only in the College, but in other places. Madam, this day being to be observed but once in an hundred years, was the reason why I troubled your Ladyship with this account.

Having rewarded Theophilus for his readiness to shew us the Gardens, &c. we took our leave of the College ; and I then went (Mr. Wilde and Mr. Larkin being still with me) to take my leave of the Honourable Colonel *Butler*, of St. Stephen's-green ; to whom I was greatly obliged, both as he was a great encourager of my Auction, and as I had all along his countenance and favour in it, especially when there were some persons that had a mind to disturb and banter my Auction ; but by this worthy Gentleman's appearing against them, and representing the affront as done to himself, they quickly cried *Peccavi*. Madam, it would be too great presumption in me to attempt this Gentleman's character, for I should but dim the lustre of his brighter virtues by all that I could write. But the noble favours I received from Colonel Butler oblige me to a public acknowledgment ; though all I can say of him will be like lesser Maps of the large World, where a small mark sets down some ample Shire, and every point is a City. His brave and generous soul is so well known, that it is but wasting of time to tell it ; then were can I begin, or where shall I end ? Should I speak of his Learning, I might call him the *Mecænas* of Ireland ; for the Books he buys do by their number sufficiently declare his love to Learning,

and by their value and intrinsic worth the vastness of his judgment. Neither is he less remarkable for his affable carriage, his sweet and obliging disposition, his large charity, his singular humility, justice, temperance, and moderation. And I do believe his noble attainments in the Art of Painting has no parallel in the Kingdom of Ireland. Madam, I would proceed in the Colonel's character, but I fear his great modesty will make him think I say too much, though I am very sure all that know him will think I say too little.

When we came to the Colonel's house, he received me and my two Friends in a most obliging manner. After our first salutation, he had us into his dining-room, hung round with curious Pictures, all of his own drawing; some of which were King Edward VI, the Lady Jane Gray, the two Charles's, King William and Queen Mary, with others which I now forget.

When we were all seated, the Colonel told me "he took my coming to see him very kindly; and that, if he came to London, he would do himself the honour of repaying my visit." We next fell to discourse of the Auctions I made in Dublin; and here the Colonel was pleased to say, "I had been a great Benefactor to the Kingdom of Ireland, by bringing into it so large a quantity of good Books." I thanked him for the honour he did me by that expression; and further added, "that, if all my Buyers had been so generous as himself, my *Venture* had been very fortunate." This discourse about my Auction naturally led us to talk of Patrick Campbell (the grand Enemy to it); and after I had told the Colonel what treatment I had from Campbell, "he said I had just reason to vindicate myself; and that he believed there never was a fairer Auction than mine, or a better Auctioneer than Mr. Wilde;" and therefore, Madam, I dedicate \* "The Dublin Scuffle" to Colonel Butler, as a generous Protector of an injured Stranger. Upon taking my leave of the Colonel, he expressed himself very sorry that I was leaving the Country, and said, "If ever I returned with a second *Venture*, he would encourage it all he could." For this I returned him my humble thanks, confessing my unworthiness of those many favours I had

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\* See p. 491.

received from him. Then taking my final leave, he gave me that endearing salutation, which is the great expression of kindness among the Gentlemen of Ireland. After this tender favour, he honoured me so far as to say, "he should be wishing for Westerly winds, for my sake, till he heard I was landed;" and so, with wishing Mr. Larkin and myself a good voyage, we parted, well satisfied in the honour done us by the noble Colonel. Madam, I told you that Colonel Butler was very remarkable for his great humility and generous temper; and you see, by his obliging expressions to persons so much below him, how much he merits that noble character of being humble; I call it so, as pride lessens (or rather disgraces) men of the highest rank, as much or more than it does others; and therefore it is, though Colonel Butler is very eminent for every virtue, yet, if he excels in one more than another, it is in his great humility; which further appears by his inviting me often to see him, and (if I may be so proud to use his own expression) in being pleased with my conversation.

Having left the Colonel's house, we all three returned to our several Lodgings. In our way thither, we went to take our leaves of the Rev. Mr. *Searl*, at his house in Bride's-alley; and of my worthy Friend Mr. *Jones*, at his house in Great Ship-street; but neither of them were at home. However, I had the happiness of seeing Mr. *Jones's Sister* (a person eminent for her great piety), with whom I left a million of thanks for all the favours I received from him. And here I parted with my two Friends Mr. *Wilde* and Mr. *Larkin*; and the next day (it being the last for taking of Farewells) every one went as his humour and fancy led him. And the first Ramble I took this morning was to take my Farewell of Ringsend, where I had two or three good Friends; it is about a mile from Dublin, and is a little harbour, like your Gravesend in England. I had very agreeable company to Ringsend, and was nobly treated at the King's Head. After an hour's stay in this dear place (as all Port-towns generally are), I took my leave of *Trench*, *Welsted*, and two or three more Friends, and now looked towards Dublin: but how to come at it we no more knew than the Fox at the Grapes; for, though we saw a large strand,

yet it was not to be walked over, because of a pretty rapid stream which must be crossed. We inquired for a coach, and found no such thing was to be had here, unless by accident; but was informed that we might have a Ringsend Car, which upon my desire was called, and we got upon it, not into it. It is a perfect Car, with two wheels, and towards the back of it a seat is raised crossways, long enough to hold three people; the cushion we had was made of patch-work, but of such coarse kind of stuff, that we fancied the Boy had stolen some poor Beggar's coat for a covering: between me and the horse, upon the cross bars of the Car, stood our Charioteer, who presently set his horse into a gallop, which so jolted our sides, though upon a smooth strand, that we were in purgatory until we got off at Lazy-hill, where I paid 4*d.* for our fare of a mile's riding, and almost as pleased as the young Gentleman that drove the Chariot of the Sun would have been to be rid of his seat. However, they are a great convenience; and a man may go to Ringsend from Dublin, or from hence thither, with a load of goods, for a groat; and we were told there are an hundred and more plying hereabouts, that one can hardly be disappointed.

I parted with my Fellow-traveller in Essex-street, and from thence I went to take my leave of my honest Barber, *Matt Read*, upon Cork-hill; and because I found him a generous lad, I will not leave him without a Character. He is a man willing to please, and the most genteel Barber I saw in Dublin, and therefore I became his Quarterly Customer; but as ready as he is to humour his Friends, yet is he brisk and gay, and the worst made for a dissembler of any man in the world. He is generous and frank, and speaks whatever he thinks, which made me have a kindness for him; and it was not lost, for he treated me every quarterly payment, and was obliging to the last, being one of those dozen men that feasted me in Essex-street the Friday before I left Dublin, and that witnessed to the Attestation concerning my Conversation. He has wit enough, a great deal of good humour, and (though a Barber) owner of as much generosity as any man in Ireland. And if ever I visit Dublin again, *Matt Read*, or, in case of his death, his heir and

successor, is the only Barber for me. And as for his Spouse, she is a pretty little good-humoured creature, and smiles at every word.

Having shaken hands with honest Matt, I went next through Copper-alley to Skinner-row, for a parting glimpse of *Brass* and *Patrick Campbell*; for, though they had treated me ill (and that is the reason why none but they, and the old Usurer, have a black character in the "Dublin Scuffle"), yet I had good nature enough (though not to discourse yet) just to see them when I left Dublin. From paying this silent Farewell, I went to the Tholsel, where I saw Mr. *Quin*\*, the present Lord Mayor for the City of Dublin. Perhaps, Madam, you will wonder that I should send you so many Characters, and have yet omitted to send the Character of a person in such an eminent station; but the reason was, I staid to be thoroughly informed, before I attempted the Character of my Lord Mayor. But, Madam, I am now able to give you his true character; and the least I can say of his Lordship is, he is a person of great justice and integrity (as I found in the hearing I had before him), a courageous Magistrate, and a true lover of his King and Country; and has the love of all good men. But there is no need of any more than reading the "Flying Post" of February 16, 1699, to know him as well as if he stood before us; for there it is said, "Dublin, Feb. 7. Our Citizens are mightily pleased with the Lord Mayor, on the account of his proceedings against the Bakers, and relieving the Poor from their oppressions. A congratulatory Poem hath been lately printed and presented to him on this occasion." Thus far the "Flying Post," in which you see that courage and justice I told you were so eminent in him. But this faithful discharge of his great trust is what the Citizens of Dublin might expect from him, for prudence and piety have visibly shined through all the actions of his life; and it is not honour or power alters the temper of a good man; and therefore it is, since he has been chosen Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin, that his conduct is such, that he is not only a pattern fit to be imitated by all that shall here-

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\* An Apothecary in Skinner-row.



after succeed him, but in many things it will be difficult for any to resemble him; and therefore no wonder the Citizens of Dublin have fixed him in so large a sphere of doing good. A private post was not large enough for the service Heaven designed by this active Magistrate; nor (as was said of my Reverend Father-in-law Dr. Annesley) "a hill high enough for the notice of one so exemplary." And, to render him the more complete, this brave soul of his has the happiness to live in a very beautiful tenement; and it had been pity it should have lived in any other. But I shall stop here, for I had not the honour to be personally known to his Lordship; so I shall leave the *Tholsel* without any other Farewell than what I have given in this Character; and from hence shall step to the Bull in Nicholas-street, to take my leave of one who is called, what she really is, "The Flower of Dublin." No Citizen's Wife is demurer than this person, as I found at the first greeting; nor draws in her mouth with a chaster simper; and yet a virtuous good woman, and very obliging to all her Customers; and I left her with some regret, and next rambled to Cow-lane, to take my leave of the *Lady Swancastle*\*, who is deservedly famous for her great love to her Husband. Madam, "a good Wife is a good thing, and rarely to be found," said the wisest of mere men; and we have reason to believe him the rather, because, as Mr. Turner † says, "The first man Adam, the strong Sampson, the Philosopher Socrates, and many others, have been either over-reached or afflicted with Women." But, as many bad Wives as there are in the world, I do assure you, Madam, my Lady Swancastle is none of them; for she is an honour to her sex, and a comfort and crown to her Husband, and perhaps the most generous person to her friends in the world; of which the noble cordial she gave me that hour I left Dublin, and many other favours I received from her, do abundantly testify; and, though her Lord and she are antient, yet they

Live as they've liv'd; still to each other new;  
And use those names they did when first they knew.

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\* Some whimsical appellation. Edrt.

† In his "History of Providence."

Still the same smiles within their cheeks be read,  
As were at first.

And may the day ne'er come to see a change;  
Let neither Time nor Age e'er make them strange:  
And as you first met, may you ever be,  
George a young man, and Chrit. a girl to thee.  
What, George! though you should seem like Nestor old;  
And Chrit. more years had than Cumana told;  
Time's snow you must not see, though it appears—  
'Tis good to know your age, not count your years.

Madam, leaving this good Lady under much grief (for her Lord is going to sea with me), my next visit was to Mr. *Hamer*, who (as well as my *Lord Swancastle*) has met with a suitable Wife; and both being of a sweet temper, they live as loving as two turtles. They lately gave me a splendid treat, and with them I eat my Christmas Dinner\*, and therefore it was, when I gave my Farewell Supper†, I thought it proper to invite Mr. *Hamer* and his Wife, as a slender acknowledgment of the favours I received from them.

From Mr. *Hamer's* house I walked into Church-street, to take my leave of Mr. *Constantine*, the only Apothecary I made use of in Dublin, but had not the happiness to see him—perhaps he was not returned from England: however, Madam, in return for the visits he made me during my illness, I shall here give you his Character; and, seeing I did not see him, I desire it may pass as my Farewell to him. And the least I can say of Mr. *Constantine* is, that he is a very conscientious man; I speak this from my own experience; for, when I sent for the bill of the physick I had of him, I found it the most reasonable I ever met with, except Mr. *Crow's*‡, an Apothecary in Leadenhall-street; and just such a fair dealer is Mr. *Constantine*; and, which adds further to his reputation, he is a man that thoroughly understands his

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\* It was then my Lord Swancastle gave me a noble Apple, if I could have kept it; of which I have a pleasant story to tell in my "Summer Ramble."

† To Mr. Bourn, Mr. Gee, Mr. Dobbs, Mr. Servant, Mr. Dell, Mr. Penny, Mr. Tracy (*alias* Pat), Mr. Wilde, Mr. Larkin, Mr. Price, and Mr. Robinson.

‡ Who, in his Bill of 50*l.* for physick given to my first Wife, used me so very honestly, that I could not desire him to abate a farthing.

trade. He is as intimate with Willis and Harvey (at least with their Works) as ever I was with Richard Wilde, and is as well acquainted with the "London Dispensatory" as I am with my own name. He is so conversant with the great variety of Nature, that not a Drug or Simple escapes his knowledge; their power and virtues are known so well to Mr. Constantine, that he need not practise new experiments upon his Patients, except it be in desperate cases, when "Death must be expelled by Death." This also is praiseworthy in him, that to the Poor he always prescribes cheap but wholesome Medicines; not curing them of a Consumption in their bodies, and sending it into their purses; nor yet directing them to the East-Indies to look for drugs, when they may have far better out of their Gardens; and, which is admirable in him, when he visits a Patient, his presence is a sort of Cordial, for he is one of a cheerful temper; and sure I am, that man is actually dying, that is not revived to hear him talk; he never speaks but it is to the purpose, and no man ever clothed his words in sweeter epithets. The estate he has got by his great practice has already preferred him to be Sheriff of Dublin, and I do not doubt but a few years will prefer him to the honour of Lord Mayor; and why not, since one of the same profession now fills the Chair?

Madam, I might enlarge in this Gentleman's Character: but this is my last visiting-day, and the Farewells I have yet to make will not allow it; but they that would know Mr. Constantine further may see a living picture of him every day in the person of Mr. *Chambers*, who, as he is his Brother by Trade, so equals him (if any man ever did) in all the virtues of an accomplished Apothecary.—But the Sun had now strid the Horizon, so I staid but a minute in Crane-lane, and next posted to Mr. *Sudal's* in Fishamble-street. I was often invited to come hither, but could not do it till this day. When I came to *Sudal's*, I found his Wife was a kinswoman of Mr. Doolittle (the Nonconformist Minister), and one that I knew in London. Mr. *Sudal* is but a little man in his person; but I see, by the treat he gave me, that a great and generous soul may dwell in a little tenement. And the least I can say of *Mrs. Sudal* is, she is an excel-

lent Housewife, has a great deal of ready wit, and, though taller than her Spouse by the head and shoulders, is otherwise a suitable Wife; but I think Mr. Sudal deserves her, for he is a mighty obliging Husband, and very remarkable for the punctual performance of his promise. It is true, his Trade and Customers oblige him more to time than other dealers; but he is punctual more from a principle of conscience than interest; and indeed, Sudal, if I belie you here, I should scarce think you a Christian; for, as the Author of the *Duty of Man* says, p. 227, "That sort of debt which is brought upon a man by his own voluntary promise cannot, without great injustice, be withholden;" and he that dies in such an act of injustice, if this Author be in the right, "dies in a state of damnation: for," continues this Author, "when a promise is made, it is now the man's right; and then it is no matter by what means it came to be so. Therefore we see David makes it part of the description of a just man, Psal. xv. 4, 'that he keeps his promise;' yea, though they were made to his own disadvantage. And surely he is utterly unfit to ascend to that Holy Hill there spoken of, either as that signifies the Church here, or Heaven hereafter, that does not punctually observe this part of justice." Thus far "The *Duty of Man*." And I find Mr. Sudal's life is conformable to the notions of that great man. And, Madam, this part of justice (I mean that of keeping of promises) being likewise agreeable to my own sentiments, I could not but have an esteem for him. I stayed with him five hours, much of which time was spent in talking of Madam D—— and the haughty Rachel \* (that Rachel I mentioned before). But at five I bade them adieu; and next went to High-street, to take my leave of *an old Usurer*. I wish I could say any good of him, but I profess I cannot; so I think it proper to conceal his name. When I came to his house, I told *Scrape-all*, "I came to bid him Farewell;" but this "rich poor man" (as Cowley calls the Miser) had not the soul to ask me to eat or drink; so that I must say, at parting, Mr. L—— is "a beggar of a fair estate." I may say of his wealth, as of

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\* Rachel Scaton; see pp. 47, 63, 356. EDIT.

other men's prodigality, that it has brought him to this. Another that knows the right use of 200*l.* shall live creditably and to better purpose than he with his 10,000*l.* Every accession of a fresh hundred bates him so much of his allowance, and brings him a degree nearer starving. Nay, Madam, I am told by Mr. Larkin, who has known him long, that he is so very covetous, that he had been starved long since, had it not been for the free use of other men's tables. It is said, "Covetousness is the only sin that grows young as men grow old;" and I found it verified in this wretch, who, though worth 10,000*l.* the cloaths he had on when I came to see him were never young in the memory of any, and he has been known by them longer than his face. Madam, for my part, I am heartily concerned for the poor heir which will have the estate; for the old Miser never gave alms in his whole life, or did a generous action; and every one thinks it will never prosper, but be rather as great a curse to the heir as it is to the present possessor. Yet, to give the Devil his due, he is as charitable to his neighbour as he is to himself; and rather than go to a Doctor, Mr. Larkin says, he is sure he would die to save charges. He has but one Kinsman, who was forced to wander to London to get bread. He might have married a great Fortune, would this Miser have drawn his purse-strings; but he would do nothing for him while he lived, though 500*l.* given or lent him in his life-time would have done his Cousin more service than 10,000*l.* after his death. But I should starve should I stay here; so I leave *Sir Miser*, to take my leave of a more generous Friend; I mean the ingenious Dr. *Whaley*, a great Benefactor to my three Auctions. When I came to the Doctor's house, I found he was gone out; perhaps in search after Patrick Campbell, for putting of his title to "Cumpsty's Almanack;" but, if Campbell would ask pardon, I believe the Doctor would soon forgive him, for Dr. Whaley is a man of a noble spirit, and justly merits the esteem he has with ingenious men. His "Almanack" bears the bell from all the rest in Ireland. I was very desirous to have seen the Doctor at leaving Dublin, to thank him for all his favours; but, missing of him, I next rambled to Mr. *Carter's*, in Fishamble-street.

I had but just time to bid Carter adieu, but will say at parting, he is a genteel honest Printer; is like to marry a Beauty. I heartily wish him courage, for "faint heart never won fair lady;" and he cannot but conquer, for he is a witty man, and charms a thousand ways.

Having shaken hands with Mr. Carter, I went next to visit my Friend *Spartin* in Damas-street. He is a very ingenious man, and blest with an excellent Wife. He was gone to the Custom-house; so I missed taking my leave of him, for which I was heartily sorry, for he was my fellow-traveller to Malhide, and I wanted to thank him for old favours. So I rambled next to the Keys in High-street, where I met by appointment with *Jacob Milner*, and his man *Shepherd*. As to Jacob, he is a well-set handsome man, and I shall treat him civilly in my "Summer Ramble," provided he grows humble, is very respectful to Mr. Wilde, and tells Campbell of his great sin in printing "*Hodder's Arithmetick*" with *Cocker's* title. And so *exit* Jacob, to make way for his man Shepherd, of whom I shall only say, *Trim-tram*; for he bought Books at my Auction, and I found him an honest fellow, and there is an end of it. Having taken my leave of Mr. Shepherd and his good Master, I went to spend half an hour with Mr. *Corbury* and his good Wife, who are very obliging persons; and I shall ever love them, and one day requite them, for their great tenderness to one of my best Friends. But the day spends, and I have other Farewells to make: so my next business was to take my leave of my three Landlords, Mr. Orson, Mr. Landers, and Mr. Cawley. As I went along, I happened to meet with Mrs. *Maxfield*, a very sensible good woman; she was going, perhaps, to the Four-Courts, to hear a Trial she had there depending. She hurried so fast after her Lawyer, that I had but just time to bid her adieu, and to send a tender Farewell to her virtuous Daughter.

Having left Mother Maxfield, I stopped no where till I came to my three Landlords; I have already sent their Characters, and shall only add that, after a little wringing of hands, and some tears at parting, I took my final leave of each; and in my way home I unexpectedly met with the ingenious *Climene*, my Fellow-traveller to Ballimany. We walked together to Mr. Larkin's, and there

parted. As we went along, we had a glimpse of a remarkable black man. She told me it was Dr. *Proby*; she gave him a mighty character, for his great success in curing the Stone, for his skill in Surgery, and readiness to serve the Poor. But I had not the happiness to be known to him; so I prevented her speaking to him, being here met by my servant *Robinson* (as true a hearted man as lives) and by his dear Spouse, who has brought me a pigeon-pie, I had almost said large enough to victual a single cabin to the East Indies. Having taken my leave of this happy couple, I should next inquire for the Gentleman with a red face, honest Dr. *Robinson* (I mean him who makes so noted a figure in the Dublin Custom-house). He is a very agreeable Friend, punctual to his great trust, yet very obliging: had I a minute to spare, we would shake hands over a glass of claret. And from him I should step to the Post-house, to take my leave of Mr. *Shepherd*. He is a very generous good man, and I should in justice give him a Farewell bottle; but I am tired with my day's Ramble; and the Sun has got on his night-cap, and, if I do not hasten, will be gone to his bed before I am got to my chamber. But I engaged Mr. *Wilde* to make an apology to Dr. *Robinson* and Mr. *Shepherd*, and to present them in my name with a Farewell-token. This Saturday night concluded my Dublin Farewells; and, if the wind be fair on Monday, I shall embark with Owner *Pickance*, and then Farewell to the Kingdom in general (Farewell for ever); and when I get to London I will fall to printing this Account of my Conversation, and also my "Scuffle with Patrick Campbell;" for it is expected in Dublin, as appears by a Letter directed to Mr. *Larkin*, which begins thus: "Sir, We, or many of us here, would be glad the 'Dublin Scuffle' was out, which *Dick Pue* says he will buy one of, and chain to his table, that the sale may be spoiled by every body's reading it for a penny apiece, and that he shall get. I am sorry, therefore, he is not likely to have a severer lash than I am afraid he will, without it be subjoined in a Postscript; for Dick and I now are two, and, for want of yours, made a Dublin Scuffle of our own the other night."

Thus far the Letter to Mr. Larkin; and an hour ago I received myself a Letter from *Sir Haackney* (I call him so as he is Campbell's tool), wondering the "Dublin Scuffle" is not yet out; but withal threatening I know not what if I omit the inserting some of his own maggots. It is true, Madam, such a fellow as this is scarce worth my notice; yet I would tell you his name, but that he is ashamed of it himself: but, to shew this Hectoring tool how much I defy him and all his abettors, I will here insert the Character of *Robin Boghouse* (for so he calls himself). His face is full of a certain briskness, though mixed with an air a little malicious and unpleasant. He has a large stock of ill-nature, pride, and wit, in which lies his chiefest excellence, though a very unenvied one. His face is made of brass, and his tongue tipped with lies (for there was not a true word in all his Letter); yet, as lewd as that and his tongue is, they are the two best accomplishments he has. I find in his Letter he has not a dram of tenderness for his best Friends; I mean those who pay him for scribbling. But no wonder he abuses the Men, for he is so unmannerly as to revile even the Fair Sex. Then where shall a man find him? for he slanders every body, and, Proteus-like, appears in all manner of shapes. Sometimes he calls himself a Student of Trinity College near Dublin; at other times a Knight-Errant, and fights every thing; and the next moment owns himself a poor Labourer. He will swear through an inch-board, and do any thing rather than starve: so that, if two Irish Justices and myself be not mistaken, Robin Boghouse (*alias T. D.*) will die looking through an *hempen casement*; or, if he will kneel low enough for it, perhaps he may come off (for I will stand his Friend when I see him penitent) with being only whipped at the cart's tail.

Thus, Madam, having sent you the "History of my Conversation in Ireland," and some hints of my "Summer Ramble," from the time I landed to the Sunday I left it; and having also as truly related how I came to be engaged in a Dublin Scuffle; perhaps you will expect my remarks on the impatience of these two, till my Scuffle arrives in Dublin.

Then first as to Dick Pue. I cannot find by the Letter



sent Mr. Larkin whether he so impatiently desires my Scuffle, that he may spoil the sale of it, by chaining one to his table, or that (to use the words in Mr. Larkin's Letter) he may "get a penny by people's reading it;" but I rather incline to this last opinion; for Dick hopes, by the many pence he shall get by it, that he might reimburse himself of that money he paid (for somebody) for secret service; and I know to whom, and what sum; and so shall the world too, except he will bring Boghouse to light, that the world may know the man that begets Actæons; and that is all I shall say at present concerning Dick, or his dear Cousin.

And now, Madam, having in this Letter sent you the Characters of almost every thing I conversed with in Ireland, I hope you will pardon me if (in the last place) I allow myself a Character amongst the rest \*.

Your Ladyship once satirized me with the name of a Poet (for it is the same thing as if you had called me a Beggar; even famous Butler † was forced to die, and be interred on tick), and say all my tender expressions proceed more from the brain and fancy than my heart. But, Madam, as much as I love rhyming, yet there are four or five in the world (of which your Ladyship is one, and the ingenious *Hamlen* ‡ another) that I respect without the least mixture of Poetry. And I appeal to yourselves for the truth of this part of my character; for you both know I have but one heart, and that lies open to sight; and, were it not for discretion, I never think aught whereof I would avoid a witness; and therefore it is strange I have one Friend in the world; for folks do not love to hear of their faults; and I am downright, and call "a spade a spade." I also own I am very rash in my actions, and scarce ever did any thing (save taking two women for better for worse) but I repented of one time or other. I have a great deal of mercury in my natural temper, for which I must have allowance (or shall appear but an odd Christian). But the best men are the most charitable; and no man (if he considers himself) will blame that in

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\* This Character he afterwards transferred to his "Life and Errors;" see it already printed in p. 239.

† As Oldham tells us in his Poems.

‡ Now living at Frome in Somersetshire.

me which I cannot help. Perhaps I shall be blamed for this open confession ; but, having an honest design in every thing I do, I publish that to the world which others would keep as a secret ; and, for this reason, I creep to nobody, but, by daring to tell the truth, do often lose a Friend for the sake of a jest : but, bating but this fault, though I say it myself, I am as fit to make a Friend as any man I know ; for my bosom is my Friend's closet, where he may safely lock up all his complaints, his doubts, and cares ; and look, how he leaves so he finds them. The dead, the absent, the innocent, and he that trusts me, I never deceive or slander ; to these I owe a nobler justice, and am so sensible of another's injuries, that when my Friend is stricken, I cry out. I was never forward in contracting of Friendships ; but where I once love, I never hate ; no, not for a crime, any longer than till pardon is asked ; and, if my Friend falls to decay, I am even ready to rejoice (I ask his pardon) that I have an opportunity to convince him I loved in earnest ; and, though it were impossible he should ever requite me, while I have any thing, my Friend shall have all ; nay, I have this peculiar to myself, that I love a Friend better for being poor, miserable, or despised. True friendship ; like the rose, flourishes best amongst thorns ; and my hopes are so strong, that they can insult over the greatest discouragement that lies in the way of serving my Friend ; and therefore I would rather serve my Friend\* than barely pretend to it ; for I hate a noise where there is no performance. I never do that to my Friend that I cannot be content he should do to me ; and therefore, loving at this warm rate, it is but just I slight what loves not so much as myself.

So much for my Birth, Education, Person, Temper of Mind, Religion, and Friendship. As to my Dealings with men, my word is my parchment, and my *yea* my *oath*, which I will not violate for fear or gain ; and this is one reason why I never eat my promise, or say, "this I saw not, but this I said." In 600 Books I have printed I never swerved from the price agreed on, or made any

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\* The several hundred pounds I have paid for others sufficiently proves this.

Printer call twice for his money (which practice I learned from my honoured Master); nor did I ever print any man's Copy, or purchase his Author by out-bidding; and my way of traffick is all above-board, for I betray the faults of what I sell. I have twenty times in Dublin restored the overseen gain of a mistaken reckoning; and (being haunted with a scrupulous mind) have often paid a sum over twice, for fear of doing wrong; and this even Dick Pue will own, if he has any justice left. But what justice can I expect, when the malice of some men is so deep, and their capacities so shallow, as to believe a criminal in his own case, to the prejudice of an innocent man? But they that will judge me by the malicious tongues of my prejudiced enemies are fitter for a place in Bedlam, than to live amongst honest people; for honest men there are in the world; and therefore I appeal to Mr. *Wilde* in Dublin, to Mr. *Wilkins* in New England, to Mr. *Darker* in London, and all that have traded with me, for the truth of this scrupulous justice. But, as scrupulous as I am in trade, I was never wanting to my belly, nor a wretch to my back; and am the same enemy to prodigality as I am to a sneaking temper: and I think I am right (in this part of my character); for Solomon says, Eccles. ii. 24, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour." But though I pity the man, Eccles. vi. 2, "to whom God hath given riches, and not the power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it;" yet, of the two extremes, I think it much better to live beneath, than above my estate; for I had rather want than borrow, and beg than not pay.

Whatever your Ladyship thinks (or my Enemies may say against me) all that know me will own this is the true Character of John Dunton; or, at least, it is the Character of what I should be. I write not this out of vain-glory, but as a necessary vindication of my life and actions against the abuses of Patrick Campbell. But, perhaps, your Ladyship will say, "I live by ill neighbours; that I praise myself:" to this I answer, I see little in this Character that adds much to my praise; or, if I did, I should spoil it with telling your Ladyship that my faults are so many to my few virtues, if I have any, that I am

ready to own myself the worst of men ; and do often cry out with the Publican, Luke xviii. 13. " God be merciful to me a sinner." However, Madam, if I have been too kind to myself in this present Character, if your Ladyship, in your remarks on it, will honour me so far as to take your pencil, and draw me just as I am, for this Conversation sets me in a true light, I will print the Character you give me, though it were a satire upon my whole life ; for I know you are just, and will write nothing but what you think ; and I so little value the praises of others, that I will print it just as you send it ; and if the exposing my faults will make others avoid them, I shall reckon the publishing of them amongst the chief blessings of my life. And if, when your hand is in at Characters, you will send me your own, it would direct my pen in my writing to you, and be the best rule (next the Bible) that I could live by. But, Madam, if I find by your Character you are as fallible as other Ladies, I will be as severe upon it (in our future correspondence) as I desire you would now be upon mine ; which (if I know any thing of myself) is so far from being romantic, that I appeal to my own conscience for the truth of my whole character. And here conscience will stand my friend ; nay, in some sense, a man's conscience is the only Friend or Enemy he has in the world ; for a man cannot fly from himself (as I hinted in the " Dublin Scuffle"), and therefore must be as great a fool as knave, if he turns Argus (*alias* Traitor) to his own person. But I am so little guilty of this madness, that I think Argus a base animal, to suppress Letters merely to carry on a correspondence of his own with the same person ; for, notwithstanding *Bogland* boasts of no venomous thing, such a Serpent there is in Ireland, or else I am wrong informed : but he is a sly invisible tool, and I almost despair of catching him ; but, that I may do all I can to discover him, I will fall to write " A Search after Argus." I hear of him in London by the Bristol packet, and perhaps shall see him in Scotland ; but shall scarce catch him, except at Rome in a Jesuit's habit. But, if I miss him at Rome, I will take shipping for St. Helena, for he resembles a Cousin of mine that was born there, but *like* was never the same ; so I will leave this Island, and, re-

ther than search in vain, I will ramble next to Helicon, to inquire of Madam Laureat, the Western Nightingale, who justly wears the bays, and has no equal on earth but your Ladyship; and I am apt to think I shall meet him here, for, when Herma lays her hands to the spinnet, or charms with her heavenly tongue, the very Angels sit and listen to her song; and what cannot a Lady discover, that can beckon to Angels to give her intelligence? But suppose Herma can give no account of Argus, yet this Ramble may bless the rest; for she is my Friend more than in words; and, if I meet her, will wish me a great deal of diversion in my travels; and, being a generous Lady, will contribute towards them.

I will next inquire of Mr. Read, the Barber I before described, for he will dine with me to-morrow in Jewin-street, and then I shall hear of Argus, for Mat has been viewing Holland, and, some say, had a glimpse of Argus in Amsterdam; and not unlikely, for his manners shew him a Dutchman. If I gain no intelligence here, I will send to Lucas, in Crane-lane; for he is a man very inquisitive; and, being a grateful person, if he hear of Argus, will let me know it by the first post. But my search is still after Argus; and, rather than not find him, I will next ramble to *Symon*, for he is a generous good man; and, if he knows such a wretch as Argus, I am sure will bring him out; or at least direct me to an old Gentlewoman, a grave, pious, ingenious Lady, who knows Argus by Numb. iii. and is the only person that can discover him: but, if I inquire for Argus here, perhaps this old Lady will think him a dry subject, and never consent to the favour I ask; no, though I whine like a dog in a halter; but this Matron need not fret herself, for it is beneath my spirit (as was observed by one that had reason to know) to court a young (much less an old) woman in vain. Besides, Rosinante will soon be saddled, and poor Sancho knows the way to the Bath, and, if I desire it, will go with me round the World; I mean still in search after Argus, whom I will find if possible; but, as Scoggin said when he untiled the ridge of a house to seek for a gold watch, I must as well look where he is not, as where he is; and therefore, in my further search after Argus, I will next step to my Friend *Ignotus*, and from him to the

learned *Fido*, for they are two generous Levites, and would never conceal my Enemy. If I miss him here, as I judge I shall, I will next ramble to a certain Frenchman, and ask if he knows Argus, for Argus says he is intimate with him; but what I get of Monsieur must be by way of petition, for Argus says he is a desperate blade, and I have no fancy to a broken pate. If Monsieur will give no account of Argus, I will next step to the Post-house; for some say this invisible fox gets his bread by sorting and intercepting of letters; but, if I can have no account of him here, I will ride post to all the gibbets in Christendom, as the fittest place for a man that betrays his trust; and, if I miss of him here, I will conclude the story of Argus was but a poetical fiction, or that the Devil is run away with him.

Madam, I have now finished the "Account of my Conversation in Ireland;" to which I have added my search after Argus, the only Serpent thought to be in it, which perhaps your Ladyship will think as true as the story of Bevis, or the Travels of Tom Coriat; for how can this hang together, that this letter should be written at Patt's Coffee-house, as I at first hinted, when part of it seems to be written to your Ladyship in Dublin after my arrival at London; and part of it from Dublin, whilst you were in England. And perhaps, Madam, the World will be as much puzzled to find out how I could at the same time mention the last things I did in Ireland, as well as the first, and all this in one letter. How can this come right, except you are a man of art, and can reconcile plain contradictions?

This, Madam, is easily reconciled, if your Ladyship pleases to remember, that, though it is printed as one continued letter, yet it was sent to you in several; as were also your Ladyship's answers. And though this be enough to atone for the seeming contradictions, yet I may further add, it is not to be thought that a man that is not quite distracted would quote so many eminent persons, and some of the first rank, to countenance that which they could contradict. And as this alone is enough to prove the truth of part of my Conversation; so the additions I made to it since I came to London, upon a further recollection, reconcile all the seeming contra-

dictions in it ; for might I not write a great part of it at Patt's Coffee-house in Dublin, and send it to your Ladyship at your return to London, with a desire you would inquire after the state of my house in Jewin-street ? and is it not equally as probable that, whenever your Ladyship went back to Dublin, I should tell you, upon my arrival in London, of the last things I did in Ireland, with the names of the persons that hazarded their lives to see me on shipboard ?

Thus, Madam, though unacquainted with the subtle distinctions of art ; yet, by the clue of truth, I have led your Ladyship out of those labyrinths in which my Irish Conversation, printed in one tedious letter, might seem to involve you.

But, Madam, I fear I have tired you quite, and yet could scarce avoid being thus tedious : for, since I was resolved to have my cause tried at your bar, it was necessary to give you a full account of my Conversation ; that so, by putting things in the clearest light, you might be the better able to judge me aright. And, having done this, I shall conclude with this request to your Ladyship, that you would now "read, try, judge, and speak as you find." And whatever your sentence be, you will thereby oblige,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most humble, and most obedient servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## EXTRACTS FROM

## DUNTON'S ATHENIAN PROJECT;

*(Published in 1710.)*

THE COURT AND CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY I;  
WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF HER PRIVATE CABALS,  
AND THE METHODS SHE USED FOR INTRODUCING  
POPERY; CONTAINING SECRETS THAT OUR ENGLISH  
CHRONICLES HAVE WHOLLY OMITTED.

SEVERAL persons of great worth and learning have already given account of the great cruelties that have been exercised by Papists on Protestants; and some particularly have wrote of the dismal condition of the Reformed Christians in Queen Mary's days: but none have yet, as I remember, acquainted the World with Queen Mary's private cabals, and the method she used to introduce Popery, which was at her coming to the Crown in a fair way of being extirpated: and, considering that the discovering of a rock on which some have formerly split may be of great use for others to avoid it, especially our Tacking Gentlemen, who were lately going to ruin their native Country by their dangerous experiments, I have undertaken to give you this following account of the *Court and Character of Queen Mary I.*

King Edward VI. only Son to Henry VIII. succeeded him in the Crown of England; a Prince that was too good to live long; the Phoenix of English Kings, had he had time to prosecute his intentions, and mature his genius: but the Sun in him did shine too bright in the morning; God gave England only the representation of a good King, but would not, in judgment, let us be blessed long with him. Religion began to revive, Liberty to bud forth, the people to peep out of their graves of



slavery and bondage, just at they did at the landing of King William of ever glorious memory, and to have their blood fresh and blushing in their cheeks. But all is presently blasted by his death; and the people, who have seldom more than hopes for their comforts, are now fainting for fear. England is benighted, and hung with black; Queen Mary, that Alecto and Fury of Women, succeeds; and now both souls and bodies of the people are enslaved, and nothing but bonfires made of the flesh and bones of the best Christians. It is true, after the death of Edward VI. the Lady Jane, Wife to the Lord Clifford, fourth Son to the Duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queen, as given to her by Edward VI.; but Lady Mary, eldest Daughter to King Henry, had the greater party, and so came to the Crown. Soon after which, she assisted at several private cabals, to burn her Protestant subjects; and in a few weeks restored the Pope and Cardinal, &c. to his former Supremacy over England, darkened the Reformation begun, and appointed the Church service again in Latin. And such a bloody Tyrant she was, to make sure of the Crown, she beheaded the Lady Jane Clifford and others. Yet she did not sit quiet on the Throne; for, to complete her sin, she drank deep of the blood of the Saints, and sent multitudes to Heaven in fiery chariots. And the like Fiery Trial we must have expected again in England, had the Pretender succeeded in his late attempt upon Scotland, as I shall prove in the conclusion of this Essay.

This bloody Queen married Philip, Prince of Spain; yet the Lord shut up her womb, that she had no Child, and cut her off, when she had raged over the Saints in this Nation five years, four months, and odd days, in 1559. But it is too much to name her as a Queen in the English tongue. I shall therefore proceed to describe her Court and Character, as she was a bloody Tyrant, and Persecutor of God's People.

Henry VIII. King of England, having left the Kingdom of England in great peace, and in a fair way to shake off the burthensome yoke of Rome; Edward VI. his Son, as I hinted before, succeeded him; a Prince so hopeful, that, in six years time, he had almost perfected the good work begun by his Father King Henry,

but unkind Death snatched him away, on the 6th of July 1553, in the 16th year of his age, whose death was much lamented throughout the Nation; most people prophetically presaging the misfortunes which were coming on them. And though the Lady Jane, as I observed before, was proclaimed Queen, her Reign lasted only ten days; for the Council turning to the Lady Mary, in the latter end of July 1553, caused her to be proclaimed Queen of England in London and other parts of the Realm; upon which she removed from her Castle of Framlingham towards London; and being come to Wansted in Essex, on the thirtieth of July, the Lady Elizabeth her Sister, with a train of a thousand horse, went from her place in the Strand to meet her.

On the third of August the Queen rode through London to the Tower, where she set free Stephen Gardiner, late Bishop of Winchester, and restored him to his Bishopric. On the fifth of August Edmund Bonner, late Bishop of London, prisoner in the Marshalsea, and Cuthbert Tunstal, the old Bishop of Durham, prisoner in the King's Bench, had their pardons, and were restored to their Sees.

Soon after this, it was resolved by Queen Mary, in her private cabals, that all Bishops whatever which had been deprived in the time of Edward VI. should be restored to their Bishopricks, and the new removed; and, according to this resolution, all that would not then forsake their Religion were turned out of their livings, and several old laws were again revived by Act of Parliament for the trial of Heresy; and Commissions and Inquisitors were sent abroad into all parts of the Realm: whereupon many were apprehended, and afterwards most of them burnt to death, or else through cruel usage died in prison, and were buried in dunghills in the fields, to the number of near 300 persons, men and women, in the short reign of Queen Mary. But, notwithstanding Queen Mary's Reign was thus bloody, yet at the beginning of it, *viz.* "On the twelfth of August, she made an open declaration in Council, that, though her conscience was stayed in matters of Religion, yet she would not restrain or compel others, otherwise than as God should put it into their hearts to embrace that Religion she was in;

which she hoped would be done by putting of godly and virtuous men into livings, to preach the word of God."

Upon this all parties hoped for a toleration to worship God their own way ; but the Papists, presuming upon the Queen's being of their Religion, openly commended their own Religion, and reproached the Reformed : so that on the thirteenth one Bourn, Canon of Paul's, preaching at Paul's Cross, not only prayed for the dead, but declared, " that Dr. Bonner, Bishop of London, late restored, and then in presence, for a Sermon by him made four years before on the same text, and in the same place, had been unjustly cast into the Marshalsea ;" which speech so offended the people, who had a great veneration for the good King Edward, that a great disturbance arose, and a dagger was thrown at him ; but he with much difficulty was conveyed into Paul's school by Mr. Rogers, whilst Mr. Bradford stepped into the pulpit and appeased the people. This being reported to the Queen, she makes another Declaration, " that she would have all her subjects live in amity ;" and charged them not to use the words *Papist*, or *Heretic*. Shortly after, all the Bishops which had been deprived in the time of King Edward VI. were restored to their Bishoprics, and the new removed ; also all beneficed men that were married, and would not renounce their Religion, were put out of their livings, and others of a contrary opinion were put into their room. These men, when restored, urge the Queen to re-establish Popery ; whom she answers, " that she designs nothing more, yet must act with so much secrecy and caution, as not to enflame her Reformed subjects." In the mean time, private cabals were held by the Queen and some of the most vigorous Papists, and, after several consultations, it was fully resolved that Popery should be suddenly restored.

On the 19th of August, John Duke of Northumberland, who professed himself a Protestant in King Edward's time, and persuaded the King to declare his Daughter, the Lady Jane, his successor, was tried and condemned for High Treason, and on the 22d executed ; and at his death declared himself a Papist, and to have

been so always. By which you may note what Temporalizers Papists are, who can seem to be any thing for interest. Now, things seeming to be a little settled, the Queen thinks it convenient to make another step towards Popery; which is, by a Proclamation to prohibit preaching; it being certain that when man is ignorant, he is ready to embrace any novelty, not being capable of considering whether it be good or evil. Many censures passed upon this Proclamation; but none durst openly testify their resentment, for fear of being clapped up; and though the Queen seemed to carry all things fair, yet some of the wisest of the Reformed, being sensible that persecution was coming on them, held several consultations, but their consciences will not let them rebel against their Sovereign; yet, on the 15th of September, Archbishop Cranmer courageously declares against the Mass; of which Bonner makes use to inflame the Queen against him, and within two or three days Cranmer and Latimer are sent to the Tower: upon it several Reformed Christians fly beyond sea. The Queen, who had all this while contented herself with being Queen, by Proclamation, seeing things something settled, proceeds to her Coronation; which was accordingly splendidly performed on the last of September. After which she discharges a tax; published a general pardon, but interlaced with so many exceptions of matters and persons, that very few took benefit of it; and those that did, were by the Commissioners assigned to compound with them, despoiled of offices and estates.

Soon after this, Justice Hales was imprisoned, for that, at a Quarter Sessions in Kent, he gave charge upon the Statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. in derogation of the Primacy of the Church of Rome: which was a high ingratitude in the Queen; he having, in King Edward's time, refused to sign a warrant for disinheriting the Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth.

On the 10th of October, the Queen summons a Parliament, and Members are chosen by force and threats in some places; and in others, those employed by the Court did, by violence, hinder the people from coming in to chuse; in many places false returns were made; and when the Parliament met, some were violently turned

out of the House. Several Bishops were thrust out of the House of Lords, for not worshipping the Mass, and soon after imprisoned.

On the 3d of November, Cranmer was arraigned in Westminster-Hall, and found guilty of High Treason; which, by the way, note, was only for not worshipping Mass, though other things were alleged against him; and was condemned to die. After which an Act was made for repealing the Laws made by King Edward touching Religion (see what a Parliament can do when one is picked out for the purpose). Then they passed another Act for preventing affronts to Popish Priests, who then began mightily to appear. Then another Act was passed for preventing "Unlawful Assemblies," by which was meant the meeting of the Reformed Protestants.

The Queen, having brought things to this point, begins to shew herself more openly; and publicly declares her resolution of being reconciled to the See of Rome, and accordingly sends Cardinal Pole to the Pope for his blessing and directions; but he was stopped by the Emperor as he was on his journey. But, the Queen sending to the Emperor to desire him not to hinder, Cardinal Pole went on his journey. In the mean while, Gardiner at home proposes to the Queen several private methods for rooting out the Reformed Religion, which are accepted of, but not put in execution till other necessities are dispatched; viz. the Match with Prince Philip of Spain, which Match the House of Commons disliked, alleging that it would bring England under a foreign yoke; and, since the Commons cannot be persuaded to consent to it, the Parliament is dissolved (the constant practice when they would not do what they thought destructive to the Nation), and a new one picked out (by the former methods) to agree to the Match. They were such men as could be bribed to do any thing the Queen would have them; for there were 1,200,000 crowns sent from Spain to corrupt them. They confirm the Marriage, set up the Mass, and concur with the Queen in all Acts for persecuting the Protestants. But, thanks be to God, we are not now in danger of such Parliaments; people's understandings being every where enlightened, and the whole Nation sensible of what will be the conse-

quence of such Parliaments, who shall concur with a Popish King, for destroying the lives, liberties, and properties, of those that are of the Protestant Religion; a Religion which authorizes not murders and rapines; that teacheth the way to Heaven, by meekness and humility, by loyalty and faithfulness to their Prince, and love to one another: but, on the contrary, the Popish Religion pretends to convert people by gaols, fire, and faggot; the first instance of which in this Queen's Reign is Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, three Reformed Bishops, being adjudged Heretics, and condemned to die. After which follows the burning of Rogers a Minister, Hooper and Farrar two Bishops, and Bradford another Minister.

On the 25th of July 1554, Prince Philip comes to Winchester, attended by several Nobles who were sent to Spain to fetch him; and on the 25th the Marriage was solemnized there. An infinite number of Papists of all Countries came over with him. The King and Queen send for Cardinal Pole from Rome; who, being come, his attainder was taken off, and he makes a Speech to the Parliament, exhorting them wholly to the Mother Church; upon which they desire pardon, and repent of their former errors, and profess themselves ready to abrogate all Laws prejudicial to the See of Rome; upon which he gives them and the whole Nation absolution. In March, the Queen delivers up all the Abbey Lands, and leaves them to the disposal of the Pope and his Legate. So that by this Gentlemen may see what they are to expect from a Popish Prince; viz. to have all their Estates taken away, their Families ruined, and even suffer the loss of their lives at his pleasure.

Soon after this, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, are burned, with thousands all over England; the repetition of who they were, and where executed, I shall not trouble you with, since published at large in "Fox." I shall next discover Queen Mary's designs; how she intended to have persecuted the Protestants in Ireland, but was by Providence prevented; as you shall further know by the following relation, in which I shall only insert (as I have hitherto done) such material passages as have been omitted by other Historians, but have been averred (as you will hear anon) by several sufficient persons, as well

Ecclesiastical as Civil. Then to come to Queen Mary's designs against the Protestants in Ireland.

Queen Mary having dealt severely with the Protestants in England, about the latter end of her Reign, signed a Commission for to take the same course with them in Ireland; and, to execute the same with greater force, she nominates Dr. *Cole* one of the Commissioners, sending the Commission by this Doctor; who, in his journey, coming to Chester, the Mayor of that City, hearing her Majesty was sending a Messenger into Ireland, and he being a Churchman, waited on the Doctor, who, in discourse with the Mayor, taketh out of a cloak-bag a leather box, saying unto him, "Here is a Commission that shall lash the Hereticks of Ireland," calling the Protestants by that title. The good woman of the house, being well affected to the Protestant Religion, and also having a Brother named *John Edmonds* of the same, then a Citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the Doctor's words; but, watching her convenient time, whilst the Mayor took his leave, and the Doctor complimenting him down stairs, she opens the box, and takes the Commission out, placing in lieu thereof a sheet of paper, with a pack of cards, the Knave of Clubs faced uppermost, wrapped up. The Doctor coming up to his chamber, suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. The next day, going to the water-side, wind and weather serving him, he sails towards Ireland, and landed on the 7th of October 1558 at Dublin: then coming to the Castle, the Lord Fitz-Walter, being Lord Deputy, sent for him to come before him and the Privy Council; who coming in, after he had made a Speech, relating upon what account he came over, he presents the Box unto the Lord Deputy; who, causing it to be opened, that the Secretary might read the Commission, there was nothing save a pack of cards, with the Knave of Clubs uppermost; which not only startled the Lord Deputy and Council, but the Doctor, who assured them he had a Commission, but knew not how it was gone. Then the Lord Deputy made answer, "Let us have another Commission, and we will shuffle the Cards in the mean while." The Doctor, being troubled in his mind, went away, and returned into England; and

coming to the Court, obtained another Commission : but, staying for a wind at the water-side, news came unto him that the Queen was dead ; and thus God preserved the Protestants in Ireland.

This is a copy of Richard Earl of Cork's Memorials ; as also of Henry Usher, sometime Lord Primate of Armagh ; being also entered amongst Sir James Ware's Manuscripts, who hath often heard the late James Usher, Nephew to the said Henry, and also Primate of Armagh, aver the same, and wondered that Mr. Fox had not inserted it in his " Acts and Monuments." There is yet living \* a Reverend Father of the Church, *Henry* †, now Lord Bishop of *Meath*, who can affirm this relation from the said James Usher, late Lord Primate of all Ireland.

Upon the re-calling of the Lord Fitz-Walter into England, Queen Elizabeth, who succeeded her Sister, discoursing with the said Lord concerning several passages in Ireland ; amongst other discourses he related the aforesaid passage that had happened in Ireland, which so delighted the Queen, that her Majesty sent for the good woman, named *Elizabeth Edmonds*, but by her Husband named *Mattershad*, and gave her a pension of forty pounds, *durante vitâ*, for saving her Protestant Subjects of Ireland.

I shall conclude this brief account of the Court and Character of Queen Mary I. (wherein I chiefly insert such State Secrets as our English Chronicles have wholly omitted), with a brief account of those dreadful judgments that fell upon Bishop Bonner and Bishop Gardiner (the two chief Persecutors in Queen Mary's Reign), with the remarkable judgments that befell herself.

1. *Edmund Bonner*, Bishop of London (and the greatest Persecutor in Queen Mary's days), being imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth, died in his bed impenitent ; and was denied Christian Burial, being at midnight tumbled into a hole amongst thieves and murderers.

2. Bishop *Gardiner*, a cruel Persecutor, died despairing ; and having a Bishop with him, who put him in mind of St. Peter's denying his Master, he said, " I have denied

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\* That is, when Sir James Ware wrote. EDIT.

† Dr. Henry Jones, Bishop of Meath 1661—1680. EDIT.



with St. Peter, but never repented with St. Peter." He, rejoicing at the news of Bishop Ridley's and Bishop Latimer's burning, at a dinner that day, was that instant struck sick, denied the use of nature, either by urine or otherwise, for fifteen days, and then died with a sad inflamed body. And

3. As to Queen *Mary*, while she promised her protection of the Gospel she prospered, and by the help of the Gospellers she got the Crown; but afterwards breaking her promise, and bringing in of Popery, and burning of God's people for the Gospel sake, she and her Nation were much punished, and she was especially punished these several ways:—1. Her best Ships were burned. 2. She was opposed in her endeavours to restore the Abbey Lands. 3. Her Subjects suffered almost a famine, so that the poor people were forced to eat acorns instead of bread. 4. She lost Calais, in France, which had been the English Kings' right for the Reign of eleven Kings. 5. She was deprived of Children, which she greatly desired, and the whole Nation was cheated in the rumours of her bringing forth a Son. And, lastly, she having married Philip King of Spain, and so subjugated her Subjects to a Stranger (with whom she promised herself much felicity), was very unhappy by his withdrawing from her; and the short time she reigned does of itself shew God's displeasure for her burning so many eminent Protestants.

And now I shall only beg every honest Englishman, who is willing to serve his God in peace, and enjoy the privileges which God and the Laws have given him, to consider how sad the change of the present Religion and Government would be, when it shall lie in the power of the Pope to order the destruction of Protestants, and a Popish Prince think himself obliged to execute such his Holiness's orders; when we, who are free-born Englishmen, should be Priest-ridden; when those that will not rack their conscience to save their estates and lives shall be murdered; for such, and much worse, will be certainly the consequence of Popery, since all their learned Authors do publish "that every man is obliged to convert or confound Heretics;" and it is by that name they style us.

Let us reflect a little upon the late designs of the Pretender, or sham Prince, against Scotland. Was not the scene of converting England and Scotland, laid in blood? What care ought then to be taken for preventing the designs of such men! How diligent ought we to be in counter-plotting! How industrious ought we to be in choosing good Members for Parliament, who, if bad (I mean Tackers or Papists), can make such a figure in altering the Government, and bringing the Country to destruction! How ought we to amend our lives, and live answerable to God's great mercies hitherto bestowed upon us; and send up our hearty prayers, that God would continue her Majesty's life to us, and destroy and confound all her's and the Nation's enemies, and give a blessing to our Forces both at sea and land; for, should the French King, or the Pretender, that sham Prince he lately sent to Scotland to burn and ruin us, ever get footing in Great Britain and Ireland, we could expect no other than a second Fiery Trial.

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## THE MATHEMATIC FUNERAL;

OR, A MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE LATE PIOUS AND LEARNED DR. JOHN WALLIS,  
IN ALGEBRAIC TERMS.

AS the calm Night had chas'd away  
The noise, and tedious hurry of the Day;  
And grateful Sleep, with gentle rest,  
Had of all cares relax'd my breast,  
Within my brain did such ideas play,  
As with this scene supplied the absence of the Day.

Amidst the shade and silence of a grove,  
Where not a bird did sing, or leaf did move,  
Methought a grave majestic Matron sat,  
That seem'd oppress'd by some severer fate;  
The coronet she wore did quake,  
And both her hands convulsed shake;

Of which one held a book, and one a cypress bough ;  
 And trouble sat in wrinkles on her brow ;  
 Nor could I guess what 't was the pageant meant,  
 Till in these words abrupt she gave her sorrow vent :  
 " Not so, dear *Wallis*, must thou quit the stage,  
 Unheeded, unlamented by the age !  
 I'll rather raise up some unthought-of Muse,  
 My thankless offspring to accuse,  
 And tell—how deeply learn'd in Mathematic lore,  
 Thou went'st in paths scarce trod before,  
 And taught'st my tender Sons the way  
 (Such as would follow and obey),  
 To trace ev'n unto Demonstration's top  
 The most mysterious problems up ;  
 Whate'er they do, I cannot chuse but moan  
 Their Tutor and their Father gone ;  
 Nor hast thou left me such another Son."  
 As these last words she spake, methought I saw  
 Another shape near to the former draw,  
 Which like the first in all things did appear  
 (*Granta* her Name) for they two Sisters were,  
 But that there sat not such a Reverend Snow  
 Upon her head, or so much sorrow on her brow.  
 She soon advanc'd, and with respectful air  
 Enquir'd, what meant the words that struck her ear.  
 Why her fair Sister shew'd such mighty grief,  
 Who 'midst so many Sons could never want relief ?  
 The first replies, " Ah, *Granta*, did you know  
 The righteous cause, you would not blame my woe.  
 Hear then—for, if it must be said,  
 Why *Rhedicina* grieves, it is for *Wallis* dead ;  
 To whom, in Algebraic numbers skill'd,  
 Did every arduous Problem yield ;  
 Who taught what sure vicissitude did guide  
 The flux and reflux of the Tide ;  
 What laws confine the Sun, and Moon, and Stars,  
 And guide the motions of the Spheres ;  
 That could, with astronomic eyes,  
 On Jacob's Staff, as on his Ladder, rise :  
 Nay, as he Nature's larger volumes did,  
 And Heaven's fair characters spell out, and read ;  
 So could below abstrusest things reveal,  
 Though Cryptic Symbols strove and would conceal :  
 However mingled and obscure, his eye  
 Could through the mystic veil th' intended sense espy ;  
 When labouring tongues impregnant went,  
 When in articulate sounds he gave them easy vent.  
 Taught by him, e'en the dumb did silence break,  
 And without miracle learn'd to speak :

Of what in any wise was great  
 His mighty genius knew to treat.  
 Who to the sum of all his arts would mount,  
 Almost with his Arithmetic of Infinites must count.  
 Well, as I can't but mourn his fall,  
 I'll give him at my charge the following Funeral.

I'll have the solemn pomp, and stately show,  
 In Geometrical Progression go.  
 Sage Algebra, with eyes cast down,  
 By Cubes and Roots encompass'd round,  
 Shall lead the Van; and by her widow'd side,  
 A gentle band of Fluxions glide;  
 Æquations, with affected pace,  
 Shall gravely next take place;  
 Tall Axioms then shall march, upon whose state  
 Long Corollaries shall await.  
 This leaped and lamenting tribe  
 A huge Ellipsis shall describe,  
 Whose two Focuses shall be  
 Algebra and Geometry;  
 Geometry, which mighty Queen  
 Shall in robes the next be seen;  
 Her Mathematic Guard among  
 Slow Cylinders shall roll along,  
 And all her Curves, and Squares, and Circles join'd,  
 In figures properly combin'd,  
 Shall make her up a flowing train behind.

This Cavalcade upon the Bard shall wait,  
 And in her way participate his fate.  
 Fluxions shall weep so long, till they be grown  
 Most of them Niobes of Stone,  
 And carved with + and — upon his Grave fall down.  
 The whole contributors shall be  
 Of something to the luckless treasury;  
 And thus erect (or rather shall become  
 Themselves) his monument and tomb  
 (Not Epicurus' atoms could advance  
 The choicest of them in a happier dance).  
 Thick Cubes shall down the lowest fall,  
 And make the solid base of all.  
 Then shall tall Cylinders stand up, and close  
 Beauteous Pillars to compose,  
 Whereon small Cones themselves shall rear,  
 And at due distances appear;  
 Superinduc'd from end to end

Shall the Catenaria bend ;  
 Upon whose high and arched top,  
 Held by an Archimedes up,  
 A wide-stretch'd Hemisphere shall grow,  
 And be of all the Cupola.  
 Laid underneath shall the dear Wallis be,  
 And truly Rhedycina thinks that she  
 Can't a more sweet Interment have  
 Than to lie down and take a slumber in his Grave."

Methought here Granta answered—  
 "Our loss, indeed. I truly moan,  
 As he was also once my Son ;  
 But let not sorrow to excess  
 Thus your maternal breast possess ;  
 There are that ought to wipe our tears away,  
 And consolation may display ;  
 Your *Gregory* lives, who may maintain,  
 In business, and in grandeur, the Mathematic train.  
 I have, howe'er, a Son, whose vaster mind,  
 By ancient limits not confin'd,  
 O'er Learning's former mounds has stepp'd,  
 And the Herculean Pillars leap'd.  
 He can, I'm sure, the mighty loss supply,  
 And cherish all the orphan progeny.  
 He tells how of Projectile Force  
 Attraction did divert the hasty course,  
 And subject to that only law above  
 All the Celestial Bodies justly move ;  
 Which one great principle unknown before,  
 Supersedes the need of more ;  
 And, on all Nature's Works impress'd,  
 Does all things solve, like once the mighty Alkabest.  
 For, what in vain preceding ages sought,  
*Newton* produc'd at one prodigious thought."

More was the Matron ready to have spoke,  
 But that that mighty name Sleep's tender fetters broke—  
 The Vision fled away ; and I, surpriz'd, awoke \*.

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\* Dr. Wallis died at the Savilian Professor's house, in New College Lane, Oxford, Oct. 28, 1703, in his 88th year, and was interred in St. Mary's ; where a monument was erected by his Son, John Wallis, Esq. a Barrister, EDIT.

## THE NIGHTINGALE;

OR, AN ODE UPON THE DEATH OF MR. HENRY PURCELL, WHO (AS IT IS HOPED) IS GONE TO HEAVEN;  
 "WHERE ONLY HIS HARMONY CAN BE EXCEEDED."

WEEP, all ye Muses, weep o'er Damon's hearse,  
 And pay the grateful honours of your verse;  
 Each mournful strain in softest accents dress,  
 His praises and your sorrows to express.  
 Ye Sons of Art, lament your Learned Chief  
 With all the skill and harmony of Grief:  
 To Damon's Hearse your tuneful tribute bring,  
 Who taught each Note to speak, and every Muse to sing.

### FIRST ACCOMPANIMENT.

#### *Flat Trumpet.*

Hark! how the warlike trumpet groans!  
 The warlike trumpet sadly moans,  
 Instructed once by Damon's art

#### *Sharp Trumpet.*

To warm the active Soldier's heart,  
 To soften danger, sweeten care,  
 And smooth the rugged toils of War;

#### *Flat Trumpet.*

Now with shrill grief and melancholy strains  
 Of Damon's death and Albion's loss complains.

### SECOND ACCOMPANIMENT.

#### *Hautbois and Violin.*

The sprightly Hautbois and gay Violin,  
 By Damon taught to charm the list'ning ear,  
 To fill the echoing Theatre,  
 And with rich melody t' adorn each scene,  
 Forget their native cheerfulness,  
 Their wonted air and vigour to express,  
 And in dead doleful sounds a tuneless grief confess.

### CHORUS.

Weep, all ye Muses, weep o'er Damon's hearse,  
 And pay the grateful honours of your verse.

### THIRD ACCOMPANIMENT.

#### *Flute and Theorbo.*

Mark how the melancholy Flute  
 Joins in sad concert with the amorous Lute,

Lamenting Damon's hapless fate :  
 From him they learn'd to tell the Lover's care,  
 With soft complaint to move the cruel Fair,  
 To calm her anger, and to change her hate.

## FOURTH ACCOMPANIMENT.

*Organ.*

The various Organ taught by Damon's hand  
 A nobler passion to command,  
 The roving fancy to refine,  
 And raise the ravish'd soul with charms divine,  
 Now in deep sighs employs its tuneful breath,  
 And bids each secret sound conspire  
 To mourn its darling Damon's death,  
 And with consenting grief to form one num'rous choir.

## CHORUS.

Weep, all ye Muses, weep o'er Damon's hearse,  
 And pay the grateful honours of your verse.

Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, forbear  
 To aggravate your sad despair !  
 Cease to lament your Learned Chief  
 With fruitless skill and hopeless grief ;  
 For sure if Mortals here below  
 Aught of diviner Beings know,  
 Damon's large mind informs some active Sphere,  
 And circles in melodious raptures there,  
 Mix'd with his Fellow-choristers above,  
 In the bright Orbs of Harmony and Love.

## GRAND CHORUS.

Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, forbear  
 To aggravate your sad despair.

So much by way of Ode to the memory of Mr. *Purcell* ;  
 I shall only add, in Westminster Abbey an ingenious  
 Gentleman (whose name I conceal\* for a special reason)  
 has bestowed upon him this Epitaph :—

“ Here lies Henry Purcell,  
 who left this Life, and is gone to that Blessed Place  
 where only his Harmony can be exceeded.  
 Obiit 21<sup>o</sup> die Novembris, anno ætatis suæ 37, annoque  
 Domini 1695.”

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\* The Monument was placed by direction of the Lady Elizabeth Howard, and the Inscription written by Dryden. EDIT.

## DIGNIFIED AND DISTINGUISHED;

OR, A CHARACTER OF THE MOST EMINENT CON-  
FORMISTS IN THE QUEEN'S DOMINIONS\*.

"PRINCES," says Dryden, "shine not on their Thrones,  
Unless supported by Apollo's Sons :"  
King Lewis had the Muse of famed *Boileau*,  
Our Royal William had his *Congreve* too ;  
Our very Clergy did but dully shine,  
Till learned *Norris* did their sense refine ;  
'Tis Poets make the Clergymen *divine*.  
Then, Muse, bestow (you scorn to write for bread)  
A Character on *Priests* that are *inspired*,  
Who 're *Dignified*, and so *Distinguished*.  
First draw the Primate. He 's that pious rule  
That Priests should mind, that would not play the fool.  
*Paint Tenison*——No, Sir, it is in vain,  
His merit baulks the Muse's humble aim,  
She 's yet unfledg'd for the bright tracts of Fame.  
A shining host of Virtues round him wait,  
And vindicate his name from Time and Fate :  
No Church was e'er in danger where such Bishops sat.  
Great, yet not vain ; though just, he 's not severe ;  
At once he wins with Love, and wounds with Fear ;  
His eyes diffuse a venerable grace,  
And Charity itself sits in his face.  
He prays himself to soul to curb the sense,  
And makes almost a sin of abstinence :  
All Pulpit-fools might learn true wisdom hence.  
Learning and Piety the Patriarch lead,  
And Moderation crowns his aged head :  
He was Distinguish'd for this cause alone,  
To reconcile and make two Nations one †.  
Awful as Shade, yet, like a Comet bright,  
Where'er he goes he sheds a stream of light,  
The Pulpit-fools run trembling from his sight :  
His Looks and Preaching all in conquest lies,  
You cannot hear him but we find you wise.  
His aspect shines with temper and with love,  
His mind 's as active as yon Fires above ;

\* From the Second Edition, corrected and enlarged, 1710.

† Alluding to the uniting of the two Kingdoms of England and Scotland, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury was very instrumental.



His aims are pious as his post is high,  
 'Twas Virtue alone that gave him Dignity;  
 Born with auspicious stars and happy fate,  
 But more in merit than in fortune great;  
 He's an Archbishop in the wisest sense,  
 For use, not grandeur, he the See maintains:  
 Father indeed in God—as God does bless  
 His toils and province with such great success,  
 There's not one Pulpit-fool in all his Diocess.  
*Eusebia* smiles beneath his gentle hand,  
 That waves with such success the sacred Wand;  
 His tender care his Rev'rend Children shares,  
 As he the just return—their praise and prayers.  
 Swift may the Guardian speed the course he bends;  
 And drop his Mantle as he late ascends:  
 He's Dignified to make the Nation Friends.

The next Archbishop here shall be descried,  
 Was truly pious, learn'd, and Dignified,  
 And so Distinguish'd by his healing tongue,  
 Had not King William mitred *Tenison*,  
 No other Prelate could have fill'd his room:  
 For he is dead—e'en *Tillotson* must die—  
 "No Patent's seal'd for Immortality."  
 Though ne'er so base, or never so sublime,  
 All human things must be the spoil of Time:  
 Bishop and Hero with the rest must go,  
 Their Fame may mount, their Dust must lie as low.  
 Thus Dignified, is *Tillotson* expir'd,  
 With *Beveridge*, who lately has retir'd,  
 As much lamented, and as much admir'd.  
 Long we enjoy'd him; on his tuneful tongue  
 All ears and hearts with the same rapture hung;  
 As his on Royal *Mary* while she sung.  
 His style does so much strength and sweetness bear,  
 Hear it but once, and you'd for ever hear!  
 Various his Sermons, yet they jointly warm,  
 All spirit, life, and every line a charm;  
 Correct throughout, so exquisitely penn'd,  
 What he had finish'd nothing else could mend.  
 Now in soft notes like dying Swans he'd sing,  
 Now tower aloft like Eagles on the wing.  
 Speak *Gouge's* Charity in such a strain\*,  
 As all but *Burnet*† would attempt in vain.  
 His Sermons this peculiar glory claim,  
 As writ with something more than mortal flame;

\* Mr. Gouge's Funeral Sermon, preached by Archbishop Tillotson, is here meant.

† Bp. Burnet preached Archbishop Tillotson's Funeral Sermon;

Wit, judgment, fancy, and a heat divine,  
 Throughout each page, throughout the whole does shine :  
 Th' expression clear, the thought sublime and high,  
 No fluttering, but with even wing he glides along the sky.  
 Railing disputes he daily sought to cure,  
 He thought it Hell \* the Damned did endure.  
 But when both Whig and Tory shew'd their spite,  
 In smoke and flame involv'd, they did not fight  
 With so much force and fire as he did write.  
 But where, Distinguish'd Prelate, is that He  
 Surviving now to do the same for thee ?  
 At such a Theme my conscious Muse retires ;  
 Unable to attempt thy praise, she silently admires.  
 Nor did old age damp his Seraphic flame,  
 Loaded with threescore years 'twas still the same.  
 Some we may see, who in their youth have writ  
 Good sense, at Fifty take their leave of Wit ;  
 Chimæras and incongruous Fables feign,  
 Tedious, insipid, impudent, and vain :  
 But he knew no decay ; the sacred fire,  
 Bright to the last, did with himself expire.  
 Such was the Man whose loss we now deplore ;  
 Such was the Man, but we should call him more ;  
 Immortal in himself, we need not strive  
 To keep his sacred memory alive.  
 Just, loyal, brave, obliging, humble, kind,  
 The English he has to the height refin'd,  
 And the best standard of it leaves (his Sermon Notes†) behind. }  
 Having done the Primate justice, 't is my place  
 To do those right that copy from his Grace ;  
 Then, Dunton, place *Sarum* in the second seat,  
 In wisdom, alms, and moderation great, }  
 And all things else that make a Saint complete :  
 How he the orbs of Courts and Councils mov'd !  
 But, Muses—how he preach'd, and how he lov'd !  
 What Spirit keeps his purse, your wit defines ;  
 Amongst the Stars how Bishop *Burnet* shines !  
 In this great Man does sparkle every grace,  
 Angel in tongue, and Venus in his face ;  
 He honours Lawn-sleeves, and makes the Mitre blaze. }

\* Archbishop Tillotson, in the Preface to one of his Books, tells us,  
 "He is apt to think that furious disputing and quarrelling is part of  
 the torment in Hell."

† These Sermons are printed in fourteen Volumes in Octavo, by  
 that eminent Bookseller and truly honest Man, Mr. Richard Chiswell,  
 who has printed so many excellent Books, written both by the present  
 and late Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Patrick, Bishop Burnet,  
 Bishop Wake, and other eminent Divines, as will perpetuate his name  
 to the end of Time.

A thousand Cherubs round his Pulpit play,  
 And Seraphs spread their garments in his way;  
 All Heaven inspires when he does preach or pray.  
 I' th' Pulpit you see his Soul in raptures pass,  
 Clear as the lily in the crystal glass,  
 And Heav'n gives all this fair extatic grace.  
 Each atom of his Body is so fine,  
 In every part it has the Stamp Divine.  
 The Greek that strove to make a piece so high  
 As might the works of Nature's self outvie,  
 From all the rarest patterns which he knew,  
 The best perfections which they had he drew.  
 But, after all, it prov'd so ill, he swore  
 He'd never strive to perfect Nature more.  
 Had he view'd Sarum with impartial eye,  
 He'd look no further for Divinity,  
 Or any grace that charms the soul or eye.  
 St. Paul's hearers, late a list'ning throng\*,  
 Confess'd the pious beauties of his tongue:  
 Such charms are in his pulpit-oratory,  
 Does he rejoice—Heav'n 's in that extacy.  
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,  
 A living sermon of the truths he taught.  
 Burnet's unblemish'd life, divinely pure,  
 In his own heavenly innocence secure,  
 The teeth of Time, the blasts of Envy, shall endure.  
 Serene as are the brighter Heavens! his mind  
 O'erflows with bounty, and is unconfin'd:  
 'Tis only Pulpit Fools that have his frown,  
 He owns no High-Church but the Church of Rome †.  
 He loves Religion, but he hates extremes,  
 All persecution and *occasional dreams*.  
 His life 's an equal thread correctly spun,  
 Secure his interest when his days are done.  
 I'll here attempt a shining character  
 Of that great man the learned *Rochester* ‡.  
 His fame will live, he is so Dignified  
 By merit, place, and ev'ry thing beside;  
 He 's a first rate in the Distinguish'd tribe.

\* *Viz.* That Royal and Noble Auditory that heard him preach the Thanksgiving Sermon for that Glorious Victory obtained at Ramillies by the Duke of Marlborough.

† See Bishop Burnet's Speech to the House of Lords, concerning Occasional Conformity.

‡ Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester.

His matchless style, and Royal History \*,  
 His flowing wit, commission — loyalty †,  
 Will be admir'd, till time itself shall die.  
 He thinks so deep, and does so much excel,  
 He's so Distinguish'd by his writing well;  
 Soft France we scorn, nor envy Italy,  
 The only universal wit is he.

'Anger is mad, and choler mere disease;  
 His Muse sought what was sweet, and what would please:  
 Still led where Nature's beauteous rays entice;  
 Not touching vile deformities, or vice.  
 Here no chimera skips, no goblin frights;  
 No Satyr 's here, nor monster else that bites.  
 Sweetness his very vinegar allay'd;  
 And all his snakes in ladies' bosoms play'd.  
 Nature rejoic'd beneath his charming power;  
 His lucky hand makes every thing a flower.  
 So every shrub to jessamine improves;  
 And barren trees to goodly myrtle groves.  
 Some, from a sprig he carelessly had thrown,  
 Have furnish'd a whole garden of their own.  
 Some, by a spark that from his chariot came,  
 Take fire, and blaze, and raise a deathless name.  
 This character is to his merit due,  
 On earth the King of Wits, they are but few,  
 And, though a Bishop, he 's a Preacher too.

The next Distinguish'd Clergyman I 'll name,  
 Is Bishop *Blackall*, free from ev'ry stain;  
 His life and sermons Dignify his fame:  
 He 's pious, learned, humble, truly wise,  
 He grasps short-liv'd Occasion ere she dies,  
 Prevents address, and rescues by surprise.  
 Others' devotion only comes and flits,  
 And their zeal warms them but like ague-fits:  
 His constant is, its motion still the same,  
 Nimble and restless, like aspiring flame.  
 So the Sun's heat and active influence  
 Do life and vigour constantly dispense.  
 At Blackall's name my languish'd Muse revives,  
 And a new spark in the dull ashes strives:  
 I hear his tuneful voice, his song divine,  
 And am inspir'd by every charming line.

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\* "The History of the Royal Society" is here meant; a matchless Work for learning, wit, and language.

† Alluding to his Book, intitled, "A Letter from the Bishop of Rochester to the Right Honourable the Earl of Dorset, concerning his sitting in the late Ecclesiastical Commission."

Oh, Hoadly! pious Hoadly! how could you complain\*  
 Of Sermons studied by so great a man?  
 They are so fine, no Orator can reach  
 Their excellence, or so divinely preach.  
 What life! what doctrine bless'd St. Mary's chair †!  
 (It was no Church if Blackall was not there)  
 He's Dignified by many a convert's prayer.  
 Who don't believe what Bishop Blackall said,  
 (When at Boyle's Lecture he both preach'd and pray'd)  
 Would not believe a spirit from the dead ‡.  
 In short, he is a Preaching Cherubim—  
 His Sermons in his conversation shine.

Sir William Dawes should next Distinguish'd be,  
 By learning, noble birth, and piety.  
 But here my Muse has lost her pinions quite,  
 No pen the praise he merits can indite,  
 Himself to represent himself must write.  
 Sir William does in every Church display  
 An air of something new and something gay;  
 'Tis Heaven, at least, to hear him preach or pray.  
 He Dignifies his Pulpit, Sec, and Lawn,  
 And is a very Angel of a man.

And now I talk of Angels, if we'd hear  
 An Angel indeed, St. George's Chapel's near §:  
 'Tis here each Sunday morning I repair  
 To hear a man, but find an Angel there,  
 That wears a gown to Dignify the place  
 (For Dr. Marshall's Nature's master-piece).  
 He, like Amphion when he form'd a town,  
 Puts life in every stock and every stone.  
 None are so wicked, or so sear'd with vice,  
 But hearing him does melt their hearts and eyes;  
 Ev'n Ormond cannot hear him but he sighs,  
 To piety he ever did incline,  
 Forsook the Law || to follow the Divine.

\* Alluding to "An Answer to the Sermon preached by the Bishop of Exeter, &c."

† The Pulpit belonging to St. Mary Aldermary Church (where Bishop Blackall preached) is here meant.

‡ Bishop Blackall preached several excellent Sermons at Mr. Boyle's Lecture upon those words: "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Luke xvi.

§ It is the New Chapel erected at the upper end of Ormond-street, near Lamb's Conduit Fields.—This Chapel was consecrated by Bishop Gibson in 1723, as the Parish Church of St. George the Martyr, Queen's Square. EDIT.

|| I have heard Dr. Marshall forsook the Law to study Divinity, and he preaches like one in earnest for Heaven.—The Rev. J. Marshall died 1730. He had been Preacher at this Chapel, and was the first Rector. EDIT.

He does the serpent change into a dove,  
 The factious with persuasive rhetoric move,  
 And shews the furious Tacker how to love.  
 The stubborn of each sex to reason bring;  
 Like Blackall he can preach, like Cowley sing,  
 And 's a Distinguish'd man in ev'ry thing.

Wise — as the best, will the learn'd *Stanhope* seem,  
 But in St. Lawrence pulpit picture him;  
 For, Dunton, 'tis there you 'll find the Seraphim,  
 Devotion is the empress in his breast,  
 Learning and zeal below divide the rest;  
 He loaths the fools that dare to preach in jest.  
 His temper is harmonious as the spheres,  
 Copious his wit, yet sparkling as the stars.  
 Athens and Rome, when Learning flourish'd most,  
 Could never such a famous Preacher boast;  
 Whose matchless beauties in the English tongue  
 Can even rival the fam'd Tillotson.

Judgment does some to reputation raise,  
 And for invention others wear the bays:  
*Stanhope* has both, with such a talent still,  
 As shews not only force of wit, but skill.  
 So faultless are his works, 'tis hard to know,  
 If he does more to Art or Nature owe.  
 Read where you will, he 's music all along,  
 And his sense easy as his thought is strong.  
 Some, striving to be clear, fall flat and low,  
 And when they think to mount, obscure they grow.  
 He is not darker for his lofty flight,  
 Nor does his easiness depress his height;  
 But still perspicuous, wheresoe'er he fly,  
 And, like the Sun, is brightest when he 's high.  
 He 's Dignified by all the Books he writes,  
 And so Distinguish'd by his learned flights;  
 His mere Translations shine, and far excel  
 What others write, though an Original.

Some men a luckless imitation try;  
 And whilst they soar, and whilst they venture high,  
 Flutter and flounce, but have not wing to fly.  
 Some in loose words their empty fancies bind,  
 Which whirl about like chaff before the wind.  
 Here, brave conceits in the expression fail,  
 There, big the words, but with no sense at all.  
 Still *Stanhope's* sense might *Stanhope's* language trust,  
 Both pois'd, and always bold, and always just.  
 None e'er may reach that strange felicity,  
 Where thoughts are easy, words so sweet and free,  
 Yet not descend one step from majesty.  
 I 'll add but this, lest while I think to raise  
 His fame, I kindly injure him with praise;

Spotless his Pulpit, and his Sermons quaint,  
A finish'd Preacher, and an equal Saint.

Make famous *Savage* \* with the next advance,  
Charming at every word, with every glance.  
Sweet as his temper paint his heavenly face;  
Draw him but like, you give your piece a grace:  
(For he's Distinguish'd with a thousand rays)  
Blend for him learning, wit, and piety;  
Draw him — a living University.

But bold — to make him most divinely fair,  
Consult himself, you'll find all beauties there,  
He's not advanc'd—but Bishopricks are near.

Let pious *Hoadly* next his station find,  
Grown man in body now, but more in mind;  
His looks are in the Mother's beauty drest,  
And Moderation has inform'd his breast †:  
He preach'd — (when he did railing fools detest).  
But here, John Dunton, is thy skill confin'd,  
Thou canst not paint his grave polemic mind,  
That task is for wise *Calamy* assign'd.

The Painter's pencil cannot make a draught  
Of things unseen, nor dares he paint a thought:  
'Tis neither Art nor Nature can amend him,  
I should not wrong him if I should commend him;  
I'll only add, that *Hoadly*'s Dignified  
By wit and grace, and not one spark of pride.  
Merit has made him great, and spread his fame,  
He is Distinguish'd by a life that's clean,  
His answering Blackall is his only stain.

With him let *Norris* be for ever join'd,  
Alike in Metaphysicks and in mind:  
He search'd *Malebranche* ‡, and now the Rabbi knows  
The secret springs whence truth and error flows.  
Directed by his leading-light, we pass  
Through nature's rooms, and tread in ev'ry maze;  
A throng of virtues in his soul repose,  
Which single would as many Saints compose:  
Or, if all Graces you would see in one,  
View his *humility*, for there 't is found §.  
He is Distinguish'd by his low retreat  
To Bemerton, far from a Bishop's seat,  
Yet Dignified, for Learning makes him great.  
Then, Pulpit-fools, to *Norris* all submit;  
For here, or no where, you will meet with wit:

\* Minister of Blackfriars.

† He published a Sermon upon that subject.

‡ This is the Book which Mr. Norris so greatly admired.

§ Viz. a Book he published, entitled "A Practical Discourse concerning Humility."

The learned and the brave survive the tomb,  
 Poets and Heroes death itself o'ercome \* ;  
 By what they write or act, immortal made,  
 They only change their World, but are not dead ;  
 Norris can never die, of life secure,  
 As long as fame or aged time endure.  
 A tree of life is Sacred Poetry,  
 Whoe'er has leave to taste can never die :  
 Many pretenders to the fruit there be,  
 Who, against Nature's will, do pluck the tree ;  
 They nibble, and are damn'd ; but only those  
 Have life, who are by partial Nature chose.  
 Norris is Nature's darling, free to taste  
 Of all her store, the master of the feast :  
 Not, like old Adam, stinted in his choice,  
 But lord of all the spacious Paradise.  
 Mysteriously the bounteous Gods were kind,  
 And in his favour contradictions join'd :  
 Honest, and just, yet courted by the great ;  
 A Poet, yet a plentiful estate ;  
 Witty, yet wise ; unenvied, and yet prais'd ;  
 And shews the age can be with merit pleas'd ;  
 Minerva and Apollo shall submit,  
 And Norris be the only God of Wit.  
 Press on, bright Saint, and nobly climb the sphere,  
 You yet at your meridian don't appear ;  
 Still soar, and nearer still to Heaven retire ;  
 Be high, that we may leisurely admire ;  
 So that great light to which we owe the day,  
 With distance qualifies th' exorbitant ray.  
 The Levite's soul we best of all define,  
 When from afar the lavish virtues shine.  
 Let's now no more the partial Planets damn,  
 That each low mortal does the Muse condemn :  
 None dare, when Levites wear the name, deride ;  
 We hoast our laurel to the gown ally'd.  
 Let future chronicles then silent lie,  
 Now in her zenith Nature seems to be ;  
 T' enrich our age, beggars posterity.  
 Oh, may the World ne'er lose so brave a flame !  
 May one succeed in Genius and in Fame ;  
 May, from his urn, some Phoenix-Norris rise,  
 Whom the admiring World like him may prize.  
 May he in his immortal numbers sing,  
 And paint the glories of our matchless Queen.  
 Oh may his verse of learned Norris taste !  
 And mend the coming age, as he the last.

---

\* He printed a Volume of Divine Poems, that will spread his fame to the end of time.



If these fam'd Preachers have thy art refin'd,  
 Dunton, draw *Moss*, that's dazzling yet behind;  
 Paint sweetness in his eyes at once, and awe,  
 And make his looks preach Piety and Law;  
 No Pulpit-notes, or Angel, ever sung  
 More harmony than dwells upon his tongue:  
 Happy in preaching, dignity, and parts;  
 And (which is strange) the Lawyers he converts\*,  
 Who, all men know, have seared, stony hearts.  
 But, by his Pulpit art and eloquence,  
 These stones are flesh'd †, and fools made men of sense.  
 His voice sure is by nightingales advanc'd!  
 He does but speak, and all men lie intranc'd.  
 Being thus Distinguish'd for a man of sense,  
 Though not my Lord, yet, as he serves his Prince,  
 We'll call him Bishop in the future tense.

Paint *Flamstead* next in his high Greenwich seat,  
 Where all the arts of his profession meet,  
 To Dignify his gown, and make him great.  
 This is no Pulpit fool, nor e'er will be,  
 He preaches from Heaven by Astronomy.  
 This reverend man, from his auspicious hill,  
 Does all the secrets of the Stars reveal.  
 His Astrolabes are made with so much art,  
 They can the distance of the Sun impart;  
 Disclose a Parallax i' th' heavenly sphere,  
 And shew the place of ev'ry wand'ring Star.  
 Fix'd Stars themselves think it no scorn to be  
 Plac'd and directed in their way by thee;  
 Thou know'st their virtue, and their situation,  
 The fate of years, and every great mutation.  
 With the same kindness let them look on earth,  
 As when they gave thee first thy happy birth;  
 The gentle Venus rose with Mercury  
 (Presage of softness in thy Poesy);  
 And Jove and Mars, in amicable trine,  
 Do still give spirit to thy polish'd line.  
 Thou may'st do what thou wilt without controul,  
 Only thyself and Heaven can paint thy soul.  
 Flamstead, you wisely preach — at least we see  
 Celestial motions all set right by thee.  
 In this Divine, great Archimedes' Sphere  
 Is so reviv'd, his genius does appear!  
 His text is Heaven (he does ev'n gaze by rule),  
 And is too wise to act the knave or fool;  
 One thus Distinguish'd has a double soul.

\* He was chosen Preacher to a Society of Honourable and Pious  
 Lawyers in Gray's Inn.

† Ezekiel xi. 19.

Thus Dignify'd and thus Distinguished  
 Are all those Priests that I have here display'd :  
 And for such other Levites that conform  
 (Though not plac'd here, as being too forlorn),  
 If you 'd your lives and characters adorn,  
 Neglect in Pulpit no becoming grace,  
 Ascend with modesty the sacred place,  
 And by your venerable carriage show  
 That you the reverence of your Function know.  
 And, if I might presume to give advice  
 To such whose office 't is to make us wise,  
 Let not the Pulpit Satyrs e'er infest,  
 For fear damnation should attend the jest.  
 Shun Rhetorick, which improvement does bereave,  
 And does our mind but just diverted leave ;  
 Preaching thus may indeed the World content,  
 But ne'er reform'd, or made one penitent.  
 'Tis Preaching—where th' alarmed Soul betakes  
 Itself to a new life, old sins forsakes,  
 For he no Sermon who no Convert makes.  
 Speak from the Heart, and then the Heart you 'll touch ;  
 Don't say too little, nor yet over much ;  
 Ne'er cloy nor starve, the preaching art is such.  
 Lash ev'ry sinner, 'till his conscience hears ;  
 Words please the great ones best—the people, tears ;  
 To please by turns their different palates seek ;  
 Cry at *John Shower's*\*—and at *St. Lawrence* speak ;  
 Manage your voices, tone, and latitude,  
 That without pain you may be understood.  
 This, shunning slowness, gallops on post-haste ;  
 The other jades, in fear to march too fast.  
 One I can't follow, nor for t' other stay,  
 And, neither pleasing me, I go my way :  
 Too fast their Sermons, or too lagging go,  
 When they by heart say what by halves they know.  
 Valour was never judged by a noise,  
 Nor Eloquence beholden to a voice.  
 In vain to kindle fires the Preacher tries,  
 Which want of Zeal to his own breast denies ;  
 And though he strives with warmth drawn up by art,  
 Seems ice to me, and cannot warm my heart.  
 To regular motions let your hands be brought,  
 To shew your meaning, and express your thought ;  
 You'd swear that into sinful souls our Priest  
 (I need not tell you *Pomfret* is i' th' list)  
 Would beat Repentance in with 's doubl'd fist.

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\* The Rev. John Showers was a popular and pathetic Preacher, and noted for his Funeral Sermons.

Work on, work on, good Zeal ; but still I say,  
 Law forbids threshing thus o' th' Sabbath-day.  
 O' th' Sabbath-day, who can that day declare ?  
 For Pomfret lives as if all Sundays were.  
 This Saint's whole life is but a preaching text,  
 And that a pulpit where he speaketh next :  
 The place may change, but 't is a pulpit still ;  
 Practice does preach, or all he says is ill.  
 This Preacher 's wise, ne'er was a Pulpit fool :  
 He gives \*, he speaks, and even thinks by rule ;  
 And all his preaching is to save the soul.  
 Mind that, ye Pulpiteers, and learn your art,  
 For there is many an honest Christian heart  
 Which may be touch'd, if Preacher does his part.

These preaching rules will make you grave and neat :  
 But, that you may be fam'd and more complete,  
 Mind *Talbot*, *Lucas*, and a thousand more,  
 Who preach like Angels, and like them adore.  
 Read *Glanvil*, *South*, *Dove*, *Culverwell*, and *Scot*,  
 Whose matchless Sermons ne'er will be forgot.  
 Hear learned *Sharp*, *Trelawny*, *Hall*, and *Fennet*,  
*Compton*, *Evans*, *Fowler*, *More*, and *Kennett*,  
*Wake*, *Hough*, *Lloyd*, *Williams*, *Hooper*, *Cumberland*,  
*Sprat*, *Beveridge*, *Humfreys*, *Walfe*, and pious *Brand*,  
*Pain*, *Neut*, *Murray*, *Nicolson*, and *James*,  
*Dell*, *Moncriefe*, *Abercromby*, *Haskard*, *Rheams*,  
*Harris*, *Ashton*, *Ball*, and pious *Hayley*,  
*Gastrell*, *Whincop*, *Smithyes*, *Dodwell*, *Bayly*,  
*Stubbs*, *Willis*, *Freeman*, *Atterbury*, *Finch*,  
*Pead*, *Burgess*, *Sawyer*, *Bisset*, *Milner*, *Winch*,  
*Knaggs*, *Fleetwood*, *Rochford*, *Edwards*, *Manningham*,  
*Young*, *Nichols*, *Bentley*, *Hotchkis*, *Dr. Lamb*,  
*Trop*, *Meggot*, *Ellis*, *Costan*, pious *Fell*,  
*Mackenzie*, *Bedle*, *Wyat*, *Cole*, and *Snell*,  
*Bragg*, *Clogher*, *Johnson*, *Francis*, *Dr. Sterne*,  
*Row*, *Fisher*, *Jones*, *Weld*, *Bradford*, aged *Mearn*,  
 With *Marsh*, *King*, *Sinclare*, *Smith*, and polish'd *Fearn*.  
 To these add *Hickman*, *Mayo*, *Shute*, and *Long*,  
*Burhop*, *Hayes*, *Drake*, *Woodward*, and *Addison*,  
 Whose fame's as universal as the Sun.

Thus has my Muse impartially describ'd  
 The eminent Priests that have been Dignified,  
 From the Chief Priest down to the meanest tribe,  
 The names of other Levites I could give,  
 Who preach on earth, but do in Heaven live.  
 Who (like to these I have nam'd) so well are wrought,  
 They scarce do err, in looks, in word, or thought.

\* Mr. Pomfret is a man of a most free and noble charity.

All these are Preachers, pious, learned, mild,  
Free from all tricking and affected style.  
Copy from these, you ne'er can preach amiss,  
Their life and doctrine are the road to bliss!

Thus moderate men, who to the Pulpit rise,  
Honour the gown, and make their hearers wise ;  
But fiery Levites burn their Dignities.  
And 't is but just, for why should any fool  
Be Dignified, or rise in Honour's school ?  
Such rail, as if to war with Church and State  
Were Preaching, when 't is only Billingsgate.  
But those Divines that I have here describ'd  
Are men of peace, and such are Dignified ;  
If not on earth, yet in the See above,  
Where the Archbishop is the God of Love.

Then, Pulpit-fools, repent, and learn of these,  
How you should preach, and how your fortunes raise :  
'Tis not by railing, but by preaching peace.  
All we yet know of blessed Saints above,  
Is, that they sing, and live in peace and love.  
Here pious souls of all Religions came,  
Their worship various, but their God the same.

Here *Doolittle* with *Comber* friendly twines,  
Here *Scot* does fly to clasp the pious *Vines*.  
Here *Mead* and *Patrick* in embraces meet,  
And *Alsop* joins in praise with *Stillingsfleet*.  
*Horneck* and *Annesley*, and millions more,  
Alike are happy, and alike adore.

All, all is peace, all prejudice forgot ;  
From several stations, at one mark they shot.  
The just reach Heaven, although by different ways,  
God is their Sun, and they his spreading rays.  
Though at the Circle some are opposite,  
They meet and centre in eternal light.  
Then, Pulpit-fools, your causeless feuds remove :  
Would you below be blest like them above,  
Preach peace like them, and learn from them to love.  
If Peace be Heaven to ev'ry Saint that dies,  
No Pulpit quarrel can be counted wise \*.

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\* See this confirmed in that "excellent Sermon" (to repeat the character given of it by the House of Commons) preached before the Queen and the two Houses of Parliament, December 31, 1706, by the Right Reverend Father in God, Gilbert Lord Bishop of Sarum, where are these words ; "Peace is a word of an agreeable sound ; it strikes, and has charms in it. God forbid that any who carry the name of a Christian, should resolve against terms of Peace ; and then," adds this truly pious and learned Prelate, "it would ill become a Minister of the Prince of Peace, to sound the trumpet of War."

There's *Lesley, Birch, and Darrington* who scolds,  
Are all three railers,—that's three Pulpit-fools\*.  
*Sacheverell, Bennet, Jane, and staring Hickes,*  
Do act the fool in all their railing tricks;  
They rail i' th' pulpit, press, and every where,  
They'd rail in Heaven, were but Dissenters there;  
Railing is all their zeal, their death-bed theme,  
And, might they live, they'd bite the Whigs again.  
Their sermons, spite, and prayers, do always mix;  
Their dying words are, "Whigs are Schismatics."

All Pulpit-fools are enemies to Love,  
If e'er they think, 't is how to fend and prove.  
Then, if you'd drop the fool, and wisely preach,  
Practise that doctrine which you weekly teach,  
And let your motives still be Love and Peace;  
Sermons convert not the ideal fool,  
The Parson's practice is the people's rule.  
But, above all, don't sordid avarice love;  
Your work is Heaven, and you must live above.  
If (as in *S*——) vile avarice controuls,  
Old Nick may take us, you'll not mind our souls.  
His Flock think him divine—poor blinded elves!  
But they must cram his cupboard and his shelves,  
Or souls might starve, and kids baptize themselves.  
He'd ne'er more cant, or shew the whites of eyes,  
But for reward—his God is Avarice.

Then loathe his vice—and preach up Peace and Love,  
You were *Distinguished* but to act the Dove.  
You'll ne'er be Bishops (but for Fools decried),  
If that your preaching be not *Dignified*.

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\* A Friend of Mr. Philip Henry's (as the learned Author of his Life tells us, p. 179) writing to him not long before he died, desired his thoughts concerning the differences among the London Dissenters. To which he returned this answer: "I can say little concerning our divisions; which, when some men's judgments and tempers are healed, will be also healed. But when will that be? They that have most holiness are most peaceable, and have most comfort." This excellent remark of the pious Henry gave rise to the line above; for, if the Ministers of the Gospel (who are called "the Ambassadors of Peace," *Isaiah xxxiii. 7*) who rail in the Pulpit (and thereby lose the comfort they might expect from a peaceable temper) are not Pulpit-fools, where never was, or will be, such a thing in the World.

## A NARRATIVE OF THE SCOTCH COMMENCEMENT;

OR, AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT PASSED IN THE SEVERAL ASSEMBLIES AT EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, AND ABERDEEN, AT THE LATE PROMOTION OF MR. DANIEL WILLIAMS, MR. BENJAMIN CALAMY, AND MR. NATHANIEL OLDFIELD, TO THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, &c.—WITH A CHARACTER OF THE SCOTCH PROFESSORS; IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF THESE SHEETS, BY THE REV. MR. M—A—, ONE OF THE NEW GRADUATES,

To Mr. JOHN DUNTON.

DEAR SIR,

You desire me to send you a Narrative of the Scotch Commencement, or an account of what passed in the General Assembly at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, myself, and others. I have here answered your request; and, to set this Narrative in a better light, I will first give you a brief account of the original and ends of erecting Universities, and then proceed to the Narrative of the late Commencements in the Scotch Universities.

It is a truth clearly evident to all who in a small measure have but conversed with History, or are not absolute Infidels against the fidelity and facts of former ages, that there have been few Nations so feral and savage who have not honoured Literature; and, in some way or other, have not instituted means for the propagating of Learning; which is sufficiently witnessed by the most Nations of note—for the Indians had their Brachmans and Gymnosophists; the Persians their Magufæi, or Magicians; the ancient Gauls and Britains, their Druids; the Jews their Rabbies, both Cabalists and Talmudists; and the Grecians their Masters and Philosophers: the Egyptians also had their Priests, who were men of great learning, and did but account of the Grecians, in point of knowledge, as children, as one of them

objected, "Vos Græci semper estis pueri;" and this was that great learning, which Moses being skilled in, is commended by St. Stephen, *καὶ ἐπαιδεύθη Μωσὴς πάσῃ σοφίᾳ Αἰγυπτίων*, "and Moses was instituted from a boy in all the learning of the Egyptians."

Now these had their Gymnasia, or Public Universities, wherein they instructed their youth, as Apollonius Tyaneus witnesseth of the Indians; and so St. Paul testifieth of himself, "that he was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel." And doubtless, in imitation of these Eastern Nations, the Grecians erected their Schools and Academies; for Pythagoras, Democritus, Socrates, Plato, and others, having travelled into foreign parts, to participate of their knowledge, and returning home abundantly enriched therewith, did open their Schools to instruct their Countrymen, and to let them, in some measure, taste of the sweet fruit of their far-fetched and dear-bought science. Yet had they not (as far as I can gather) any public salaries; but their merit was their maintenance, and their excellency in arts, and diligent industry, the only trumpet to blow abroad their fame, and to procure them both advancement and auscultators.

I shall not need to enlarge myself to speak of their antiquity, or the commendable ends of their first erection, it being manifest that the chief ends in the institution of the public schools amongst the Heathen, were, first, to enable men for their undertaking in the Commonwealth; and secondly, to fit them for the service or worship of their Idols, and imaginary Gods; which ends, though diversified in the object, were, in all probability, the same that Christians aimed at in setting up their schools and universities; the first of which was good, politic, useful, and profitable, enabling men for all kind of undertakings, both military and civil.

Mr. Dunton, having given you a brief account of the original and ends of erecting of Universities, I shall now proceed to give you a brief narrative of the late Commencements in the Scotch Universities.

Sir, your request about the Act at the Doctor's Commencement flows from your mistake about the manner of it. There was nothing that passed which will bear a representation from the press. I went along with Mr.

Calamy into the upper-hall, or gallery, wherein the principal, Mr. Carstairs, the professors, and all the members of their Society, were present; where they invested us with proper habits; and, cushions being laid for us, the Principal prayed over us in elegant Latin, and then proceeded to the ceremony of Laureation, pronouncing the known form of words, "Ego eadem potestate quâ instituta fuit hæc Alma nostra Academia à Jacobo Sexto, &c." making and declaring us Masters of Arts, and putting the *Pileus* upon our heads. Mr. Calamy was made Master of Arts along with me, in the first place, in regard that Degree was necessary as a footstool for the Doctoral, Degrees academical not being conferred *per saltum*.

Mr. Calamy was then invested with a Doctor's gown, and placed in the chair, out of which he rose, while another prayer (as I remember) was made in Latin by Principal Carstairs, who, in the next place, pronounced the common form of words, "Ego eadem potestate quâ instituta fuit hæc Alma nostra Academia à Jacobo Sexto beatæ memoriæ, te Edmundum Calamy Doctorem, &c." Putting the Doctor's *Pileus* upon his head, and embracing him, the ceremony ended.

We passed under no formal examination, excepting common discourse, and the fame which had reached that length before we came there. When this ceremony was over at Edinburgh, the members of the College had prepared coaches for us to carry us down to Leith, where they treated us with a noble dinner; and, at our return, the distance being only a large mile, we gave them a treat in the City of Edinburgh, and received our diplomas.

As to Dr. Williams and Dr. Oldfield, they not being upon the spot, nothing more passed than the writing their diplomas of Doctor, and the subscription of them by the members of the society.

We travelled North to the City of St. Andrew's, and saw the place where Archbishop Sharp was murdered upon the moor, and afterwards saw his monument in one of the Churches of that City. We visited their three Colleges there, New College, St. Leonard's, and St. Salvador's; and at the first of these we were present at the Laureation of about four Students. The members of



these Societies treated us with the utmost respect. We saw the place where Wisbert was burnt, and the window which Cardinal Beaton looked out of, as you have it in Bp. Burnet's "History of the Reformation." I hence travelled to the New and Old Aberdeens, and visited both the Universities.

At Old Aberdeen they conferred the degree of Doctor afresh upon Dr. *Calamy*, where Dr. *Middleton*, an Episcopal Divine, officiated. At Glasgow the Doctor received a Doctor's Diploma over again; and I had my Diploma of Master of Arts, being too young for a superior degree.

These Scotch Universities were worth our seeing; but are so well known, and so fully described in that late treatise entitled "The Present State of Scotland," it were loss of time to say any thing further of them. But that which redounds most to the glory of Scotland is—first, that they can shew a catalogue of Kings for above twenty ages, which amount to the number of one hundred and nine, from Fergusius to Charles I. And, secondly, that their Divines are inferior to none in Europe for their great piety and learning; of which assertion the Principal, Mr. *Carstairs*, and the present Professors of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, are shining instances. The Scotch Divines, as is seen by Mr. *Hamilton*, Mr. *Nisbet*, Mr. *Fleming*, and Mr. *Trail*, now living in London, are Preachers, not Sermon-readers; and for their affable carriage, great learning, and holy lives, they have few equals. So that it is no reflection upon those two famous nurseries of piety and learning, Oxford and Cambridge, to say the Scotch Universities have bred as eminent Preachers as they have done, and such as are both a blessing and ornament to the British Nation: and for that reason the Scotch Clergy are greatly honoured and respected in all countries; but more especially in London.

Mr. Duntou, I might here inform you what great masters the Scotch are of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues; but I will save myself that labour, having told you before, they are so well skilled in the learned languages, that they can even pray in elegant Latin; and I believe all will own, that have visited the Scotch

Universities, that their Pupils there are as soon qualified for the work of the Ministry, as they are either at Oxford or Cambridge, or at any other public or private academy; I will only except Dr. *Ker's* in Clerkenwell, who is acknowledged by all to have an art in educating young men for the Ministry beyond all other Tutors that can be named; of which Mr. *Rosewell* and Mr. *Marriat* are two famous instances.

Mr. Dunton, I shall say no more concerning the piety and learning of the Scotch Professors, or of Edinburgh and Glasgow, where I took my degree of Master of Arts, save that these Scotch Professors speak of every thing without any mixture, and in its own purity; of physical matters as Physicians should speak; of policy, as Politicians; of logic, as Logicians; of metaphysics, as Divines; and so lay open the whole course of Philosophy, dispersing those shadows and chimeras which make it obscure and dark in most other Universities; and therefore I did not wonder to see Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, so much crowded with Pupils, or that New College, before mentioned, should laureat fourteen Students at one time; for certainly all that design for the great and momentous work of the Ministry ought to take the shortest and nearest way they can find to conduct them to sciences; for, if they linger or go astray never so little, they will never come to an end of this brave journey, there are so many things to be known in this world. The volume which Nature gives us to read over is so large, she hath so many secrets hidden in her breast, that we are so far from attaining to the knowledge of all things, that the greatest wits have asserted, that all that we know is nothing in comparison of the things which are unknown to us. But, if any Tutors have found out the shortest way to the Arts and Sciences, it is the Scotch Professors; for in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, young men often finish their study of Mathematics and Philosophy at fifteen or sixteen years, even before they are of age to undertake that profession whereunto they are designed for the residue of their lives; which makes them more capable and fitting for public employments than most other Students are; for all the parts of Philosophy and Mathematics are applicable to the necessity of living, and welfare of commonwealths; Logic clears and

strengthens discourse, giving a method and rule unto it; Moral Philosophy governs and mitigates our passions; makes us good Fathers of Families, and good Citizens; Physic gives us the principles, and disposeth us to be good Physicians; the Mathematics fit us for affairs belonging either to War or Peace, either in mechanic or liberal arts, which are the grounds and maintainers of societies; and these several Arts and Sciences the Students of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, run through with so much expedition and applause, that they are in some sort Masters of Arts before the *Pileus* is put upon their heads.

Thus, Mr. Dunton, I have given you a brief, but true Narrative of the Scotch Commencement, of the piety and learning of the Scotch Professors, and of what passed in the General Assembly at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, myself, and others. But, you see, there is, as I said before, nothing in these commencements that will bear a representation from the press. The chief passages that deserve remark are these.

1. The Principal's (Mr. Carstairs) praying over us in elegant Latin, before he proceeded to the ceremony of laureation.
2. The Principals and Professors investing us with proper habits; as Mr. Calamy with a Doctor's gown, and myself and others with habits according to our several Degrees.
3. Mr. Carstairs putting the Doctor's *Pileus* upon Dr. Calamy's head, and embracing him.
4. The Laureation of the fourteen Students at New College; and the several degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Divinity, that are conferred at the Scotch Commencements. And, lastly, it is worth remark, that at Old Aberdeen they conferred the Degree of Doctor afresh upon Dr. Calamy, whilst Dr. Middleton, an Episcopal Divine, officiated.

My first remark shall be upon the Principal's (Mr. Carstairs) praying over us in elegant Latin. My remarks here shall first respect the Principal's praying before he entered on the ceremony of Laureation, and next his praying in elegant Latin. Mr. Randolph says,

He that i' th' morning does forget to pray,  
Bids not himself good morrow, nor good day.

X X 2,

It is certain no serious Christian will enter on any affair of consequence without first praying to God, and begging his blessing upon it. Braithwait tells us that Paul the Hermit was found dead, kneeling upon his knees, holding up his hands, lifting up his eyes; so that the very dead corpse seemed yet to live, and by a kind of zealous and religious gesture to pray still unto God. In matter of spiritual life it is as necessary to pray, as in the animal to breathe. The New England Captains, on a Training-day, as soon as ever they come into the field, call all their Companies into their close order, in order to go to Prayer, and then pray themselves at the head of their Companies; and when their Exercise (or Training) is done, the Captain concludes with Prayer, as Mr. Carstairs did (as I hinted before) when the Laureation Ceremony ended. I have read that Gustavus Adolphus, the warlike King of Sweden, would before the beginning of a Battle kneel down devoutly at the head of his Army, and pray to God, the Giver of Victory, to give them success against their Enemies, which commonly was the event; and that he was as careful also to return Thanks to God for the Victory. But solemn Prayer in the Field, upon a day of Training, I never heard of but in New England; or saw, upon the mere conferring the titles of Doctor and Master of Arts, &c. but in pious Scotland. But certainly thus beginning and ending every action with Prayer is a duty incumbent on us; for, as we are created of God after his own Image, and for that intent to honour and serve him, it is but reasonable we should pray to him; but more especially morning and evening: and whenever we enter on any affair of consequence, like Mr. Carstairs, we should begin it with Prayer; for we find that Abel prayed; Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and other Patriarchs, prayed to God in all their doubtful affairs, and gave thanks for the good achieving of them. So that to enter on our new Degrees with praying to God that they might tend to his glory, is but to imitate the practice of holy men from the beginning.

And so much shall serve for the reason of Mr. Carstairs praying before he entered on the ceremony of Laureation. I shall next proceed to make some few

remarks upon his praying in elegant Latin. And here I shall first observe, it were much to be wished, for the satisfaction of men, the concord of Nations, and the communicating of thoughts, that there were but one Language in the World. Then were it easy to travel into far Countries; there would be great facility in Commerce, and the whole World would be, as it were, but one State. But, since so much happiness is not to be hoped for, we are at least bound to refine our own Language, and make it uniform throughout the whole Kingdom; which if we do, and fit it so that we may teach Sciences, and, like Mr. Carstairs, even pray in elegant Latin, the Latin Tongue will grow in as great repute as other Languages were; and Foreign Nations will come to us, as they formerly did to Greece and Egypt, to learn Sciences. But, though Mr. Carstairs prayed, and many English Divines do often preach, in elegant Latin, yet it must be owned the Latin, as well as other Languages, hath been subject to mixture and corruption, and hath not long remained in one state, as divers learned Authors have writen. We may observe in it five several idioms or kinds of Language, namely, the First and Antient; the Latin, the Roman, the Mixed, and the Bastard. The Antient, which the first and primitive people of Italy used, wherein some obsolete verses were extant in Varro's time. The Latin, which the Latins used, was spoken under the reigns of the Tuscan Kings; and in that Language were written the Decemvirs Tables, the holy and sacred Laws, and the Public Edicts. The Roman, which sets down the Roman Histories and the Civil Law, began immediately after the Kings were expelled; and was refined by the Poets Plautus, Nævius, Pacuvius, Ennius, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace; amongst Orators and Historiographers, by Cato, Hortensius, Cicero, Cæsar, Sallust, and Livy. The Mixed began with the increase of the Empire, and was in esteem under the Emperors, who, admitting divers Nations to the right of being Roman Citizens, and to City honours, were thereby constrained to admit also of a mixture of several barbarous words; by which means the Roman virtue began to degenerate, and, by little and little, with its Liberty lost the purity of its Language. Finally, the

Bastard and spurious Latin, which hath lasted from the dissipation of the Empire to this time, every day receding more and more from its primitive pureness, at last was divided into the Italian, Spanish, French, and several other Tongues. So that the speaking (and much more praying) in elegant Latin sufficiently proves what I said before of the Piety and Learning of the Scotch Professors; and that Mr. Carstairs does well deserve the title and honour of being their Principal.

My next remark shall be upon the Principals and Professors investing us with proper habits; as Mr. Calamy with a Doctor's Gown, and myself and others with Habits according to our several Degrees. Before Sin, Adam and Eve were clothed with Light (that was the proper habit with which they were then invested)—Oh, precious attire! The Sun will have no other mantle than his own rays, nor the Rose any other robe than her own scarlet, because Nature hath sufficiently adorned them: so Man, had he continued within the limits of original justice, would not have wished any garment but Innocence; no habits can be so proper as that; and for that reason, when Plato was going to be invested with an embroidered robe offered him by Dionysius, he refused it, saying, "That he was a Man, and therefore would not adorn himself like a Woman:" but Aristippus accepted of that robe saying, "The outward accoutrement cannot corrupt a chaste mind." And for the same reason, Dr. Calamy so far complied with the Laureation-Ceremony, as to accept of a Doctor's Gown; and myself and other Graduates with Habits according to our several Degrees. Neither can any Student be made a Graduate, either in Oxford, Glasgow, or Dublin, without being invested with such proper habits as are used by the Clergy and Students in those Universities where they take their degrees; and from this source or spring ushered in distinction of Garments, Gowns, Hoods, Tippets, Round Caps, Surplice, Mitres, Sursingles, &c.

And to the end that Prelacy and Clergy in England might be had in outward reverence and honour, and as a badge to distinguish them by, it was enjoined by Ecclesiastical Canons and Constitutions what manner of Robes all Masters and Fellows of Colleges and Halls, all Stu-

idents of both Universities, Ministers, Archdeacons, Prebendaries in Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, Deans, Bachelors of Arts, Masters of Arts, Bachelors in Divinity, Doctors in Divinity, Bishops, and Archbishops, should wear.

Archbishops had their particular habits and titles, to be called Metropolitans, because their See was in the Mother City of the Province. Clement I. ordained that all Patriarchs and Archbishops should wear a Pall; which doth signify meekness and justice, wherewith they should especially be garnished. Then also the inferior Orders began to be divided, and invested with proper habits, as that the Archdeacon should be above a Deacon, and Arch-priest above a Priest, and over them the Deans; and then were ordained Canons that sing in Cathedral Churches; all which Dignitaries are invested with a distinct habit. But all their Canonical Garments have not always been esteemed proper habits; for, as I noted before, Innocency was the garment Adam wore in Paradise; and had Eve forborne the forbidden fruit, we had never heard of a Doctor's Gown, or a Cloak, or of any of those habits that either the Scotch or English Graduates are invested with when they take a Degree.

In Tertullian's time, every one that was made a Presbyter did renounce his Gown, which was the Roman vestment; and the Clergy and Laity in the end came to be both alike habited. But Dr. Fuller, in the third Book of his "Ecclesiastical History," saith, "that about the year 1202 it was ordained, that the garments of Clergymen should be of one colour:" so that that custom is of no great antiquity. But black colour hath been so revered, and accounted so peculiar to the Clergy, that in late years it caused admiration if any other colour presumed to preach; as if the Ministry of the Gospel were entailed on that colour. It is true St. Jerome, a learned man, and a Reverend Father in the Church, about the year 348, bade Nepotian, being to enter into the Clergy, to avoid black attire; and a Bishop was condemned by the Council of Gangre for introducing the fashion of sad-coloured Gowns; which that Assembly condemned, as unbecoming the Priesthood\*.

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\* Tertullian de Pallio, with the Notes of Salmasius.

However, if the Habits of the Clergy were only used for distinction and decency (as they are in the Scotch Universities), and not made Sacramental; viz. to be "an outward visible sign of an inward spiritual Grace; I do not think," says a late Author\*, "any man would be frightened out of the Church by seeing a Reader in white; and the conveniency of a Gown would soon make it pass for a proper habit, and certainly carry it for a Gown against a Cloak (though we have an account of St. Paul's Cloak, but not of his Gown) if it were once declared that there is no more holiness in a Clergyman's Gown than in an Alderman's. And I do not believe St. Paul used to preach in his Cloak; for, if he did, being so constant a Preacher, he would not have left it behind him at Troas."

My third remark shall be upon Mr. Carstairs's putting the Doctor's *Pileus* upon Dr. Calamy's head, and embracing him. This friendly way of embracing even ties pious souls together by links of love, and is very antient; for it was the manner of the Hebrews to embrace Strangers at their first meeting. Jacob embraced Rachel before he made it known to her that he was her kinsman; and Laban, after he knew him to be his Sister's Son, embraced him with his arms; perhaps in the same friendly manner the Principal embraced Dr. Calamy. And the Roman custom was, to kiss their Kinsfolks and Friends; but afterwards this custom was changed to only embracing them. But, whatever might be the custom of those antient salutations, it is certain Mr. Carstairs embraced Dr. Calamy in token of that great respect he bore to his person and eminent learning. And their embracing after he had put the Doctor's *Pileus* upon his head shews that the late Union between England and Scotland has extended to the Clergy of both Nations as well as the Laity; and even melted both into one interest, and, if I may so express it, into one friendship. So that now, instead of public raillery and writing against each other, all the controversy now is, who shall embrace each other in the kindest manner, and be most obliging.

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\* In his Book entitled "Catholicism without Popery; or, an Essay to render the Church of England a Means and a Pattern of Union to the Christian World."



The English and Scotch Clergy have united and embraced in the late Commencement, and I hope the Union will be more lasting than that between the Presbyterians and Independents in their late Heads of Agreement: and that it may be so, let us all take Mr. Mead's advice\*, to "take heed of impropriating Christ to a Party; a common evil, but a great one." It was the sin of the Church of Corinth: "Every one of you saith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollo, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." Now the Apostle reproves them all; as well them that said "I am of Christ" as any of the rest. We shall never embrace with hand and affection too, if we are thus partial. If Christians would live in brotherly love, as well as shew they do so by kind embraces, they must labour to remove all the causes of division. And to do this, as Mr. Mead observes, "we must take heed of passing rigorous censures on every light occasion; and making the worst of matters." In weighing the actions of others, be sure always to cast in the allowance of human frailty; because it is that which you expect many grains of for yourself when another holds the scale. There is no embracing, or true friendship, where men are of a proud, narrow, censorious spirit; for this austerity and sourness of spirit is usually attended with a double mischief: it hinders union, or friendly embraces, where it is endeavoured, and it often breaks it where it is attained. And therefore, if we are men, let us be humane; i. e. imitate the pious and courteous Carstairs in his kind embraces and brotherly love. What is the meaning of Humanity, but affability, gentleness, pleasantness in our carriages one towards another? But still the consideration grows higher, as we are subjects to the same Queen; a Queen that has united England and Scotland, which all her Predecessors could never do, and who has nothing so much at heart as an Union amongst all her Subjects; but, above all, as we are Christians, and joined in such a blessed root, Jesus Christ;

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\* In his Sermon entitled "Two Sticks made One; or, the Excellency of Unity;" being a Sermon preached to the Presbyterian and Independent Ministers at their happy Union, and at their unanimous request made publick.

the foundation of all love and peace, and in whom we should all unite.

I have read of two Rivers in the East, Sava and Danuby, that run along in one channel threescore miles together, without any noise or bubbling, and yet they both keep themselves distinct all along. Why should we not think it possible for us to go along close together in love, and to embrace as Friends, though in some indifferent things our judgments and practices be apparently different one from another? Mr. Carstairs and Dr. Calamy very kindly embrace, though, as it is said, their judgments differ in some things; and I heartily wish the Orthodox Clergy of all persuasions would imitate their example, and shew to the World, by their embracing of one another, "that variety of opinions, and unity of those that hold them, may stand together." I would enlarge upon this healing subject, as Mr. Carstairs's embrace is honour enough to deserve a larger remark; but I shall meet it again in my remark upon Dr. Middleton's (an Episcopal Divine) officiating at Dr. Calamy's taking his Degree at Aberdeen; and therefore, that I may not be tedious, I will now pass on to

My fourth Remark upon the Laureation of the fourteen Students at New College, and the several Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Divinity, that are conferred at the Scotch Commencements.

In these Scotch Commencements, as well as in those in England, divers Degrees and Titles are conferred. At New College we were present, as I hinted before, at the Laureation of about fourteen Students. Here, as well as at Edinburgh, &c. Degrees are conferred according to their standing in the University: Bachelor of Arts in such a time, Master of Arts in such a time, Doctor in such a time, &c. Doctor is he that has taken the highest degree in Divinity, Physick, Civil Law, or Musick, and is a title that was in the Apostles' days; for St. Luke tells us that Christ was found in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the Doctors\*. And Gamaliel is called a Doctor of Law†. So that "Doctor" is not only a title of dignity, but of great antiquity. It is true, Zuingleus on

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\* Luke xi. 46.

† Acts v. 4.

Matt. xxiii. said, "that the titles of Masters and Doctors are not of God." And Mr. Wilson, in his "Christian Dictionary," saith, "ambitious seeking after Titles ought to be eschewed." And John Wicliff, condemned at Constance, who suffered as a Martyr for his testimony against the apostatized Roman Church, his testimony was, "that Graduations and Doctorships in Universities and Colleges then in use conduced nothing to the Church of Christ." But the mistakes and errors of hot men ought to be no rule for us to walk by, where we have Scripture precedents and the Word of God to direct our practice.

When University Students have got a Degree in the Arts, then they have a gown and a cap for the sign of it; and the first Degree is Bachelor of Arts, in Latin *Baccalaureus*; which implies as much as Laurel-berries; which puts me in mind of those Romans who accounted Apollo their God of Wisdom; and they dedicated the Laurel-tree to him, and such as were judged deserving, they became *Laureati*; that is, were crowned with, or did wear garlands of laurel in token of honour and glory. And this title, this gown and cap, are as signs and liveries of that whereof they by their natural education are made Masters; and such in Scotland as are attained to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Divinity, are called *Laureati*, Laureat, from the Laurel-tree.

My last remark shall be upon Dr. Middleton's (an Episcopal Divine) officiating whilst Dr. Calamy has afresh the Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him at Aberdeen.

That great respect was paid in Scotland to Dr. Calamy's person and eminent learning, that he is afresh made Doctor of Divinity at Aberdeen, Dr. Middleton (an Episcopal Divine) officiating at the ceremony; and it is hoped this pious and learned Doctor, by his conversing with such Dissenting Ministers as were then present, did not find them (to use an expression of Dean *Young's*, which I shall further quote in the conclusion of these remarks) such "supercilious, untractable, and selfish men, as Sacheverell does represent them; for by that mutual respect that passed upon this occasion between Dr. Middleton and Dr. Calamy, it is evident (as Mr. Rogers

observes \*) "This falling out by the way among good people proceeds from want of frequent conversation and acquaintance with one another: they whet their spirits with abundance of useless and dry disputes; and when they come affably and civilly to talk together, they find they are all of one mind." Strangeness, and distance, and reservedness, and shyness, perpetuate many times the quarrels and contentions which an hour or two's familiar discourse would remove; for it is worth remarking, good Dr. Middleton (though an Episcopal Divine) does here in person officiate at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, a Nonconformist. Would Dr. *Hicks*, or Mr. *B——net* (who call the Dissenters Schismatics) have been thus generous and condescending? I would not judge uncharitably, but I fear not. Or, if they would, I am apt to think they would begin to entertain a better and more favourable opinion of the Dissenters than they had before. And indeed (as Dean Young observes, as you will hear anon) "We ought to converse with one another as friends, and remember that the way to agreement of all parties is not to bring men to be of one opinion, but to be of one mind;" which we may be, though of different opinions, "not by thinking the same things, but by thinking well one of another; endeavouring to preserve charity, as carefully as to preserve truth †. I do not see any reason (says Mr. Rogers) why a Conformist should shun our society, or we theirs; nor why we should be strange to one another, because we have not the very same sentiments in things that are not essential to Religion. And when we mutually become such good Christians, as to converse with one another, it is my advice (says Mr. Rogers) that we avoid all needless disputations: carnal zeal may put us on disputing, but true zeal will put us upon prayer. For my part (says Mr. Rogers) I had rather be a quiet Ploughman than a fiery Philosopher." Disputes occasion abundance of ferment in the minds of those who would otherwise be very quiet people. Such as love disputes generally

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\* In his Book intituled, "Fall not out by the Way."

† Bishop Patrick's second Part of a Sermon before the then Prince of Orange, p. 39.

sting one another with many base and mean reflections, and which taste more of Billingsgate than of Jerusalem. "I thank God," continues the same Author, "I have a peculiar antipathy in my temper to all hot and fiery proceedings, and had rather preach one Sermon of Unity among Brethren, than write a thousand Folios of Controversy." And I am apt to think, were all our Conforming Brethren as truly kind and charitable as Dr. Middleton has shewn himself to be, by officiating at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, all names of distinction would soon cease, and all Orthodox Protestants of all persuasions would all love and unite as Brethren. And sure I am, we have all reason to be thankful that our age is pretty well delivered from a doating admiration of the old Schoolmen, that spun Divinity into cobwebs, and made depths and mysteries where they found none. However, this is certain, "Could we," as Dean Young observes, "but once descend from our high pretences of Religion to the humility that only makes men religious; could we but once prefer Christianity itself before the several factions that bear its name, our differences would sink of themselves; and it would appear to us, that there is more Religion in not contending, than there is in the matters we contend about."

Thus far Dr. *Young*, Dean of Exeter, who, it is evident by these words, would have been as willing to converse with different parties as Mr. Rogers, and perhaps as ready to officiate at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, as Dr. Middleton. But, lest some prejudiced men of the Church of England should think I have stretched Dr. Young's charity to the Dissenters farther than it did extend, I shall here give it in his own words:

"And you our Brethren, the Pastors of those that separate (for I am willing to cast away a few words in the air, though there be none here concerned to regard them), I say you our Brethren, the Pastors of those that separate! what shall we do to conciliate or oblige you? Would you have us come off from the Establishment to meet you? but that is not in our power. Do you think that Establishment so extremely blameable? But why will you always be Judges where you are Parties? We desire not to be so. Let all former ages, and all the wise

men of the indifferent world at this day, be Judges be-  
twixt us. In the mean time, why do you not vouchsafe  
us your correspondence? why do you not seek the  
fruits of Peace in the methods of Peace? Come and see  
whether we are those supercilious, those untractable,  
those selfish men. See whether you should not be wel-  
come to our Friendships, if they were thought worthy.  
See whether you should not be welcome to our Fortunes,  
if they were thought needful. Cannot the consolation  
of Christ, and the comfort of Love, and the fellowship  
of the Spirit, and bowels and mercies, avail any thing  
to cement us? Must our own particularities continue to  
divide us, though the things of Christ conjure us to  
unite?"

Mr. Dunton, if any thing extraordinary had passed at  
these Commencements, more than the Narrative and  
Remarks I have here sent you, it might have given life  
to a Pamphlet; but as the case stands, this brief Narra-  
tive must satisfy your curiosity, and that of your Friends.  
I shall only add, my health would not suffer me to  
preach last Lord's-day; and I think I shall not stay long  
in the World. I have studied more than my constitu-  
tion will bear, and am now to receive my *quietus*.

I am, dear Sir, in great haste, and out of health,

Your truly affectionate Friend, M. A.

Thus, Reader, I have given thee "A Narrative of  
the Scotch Commencement," &c. as it was sent to me  
by the Reverend Mr. M—— A——, one of the new  
Graduates, without the addition or alteration of one  
word, save the account of the original and ends of erect-  
ing Universities, and the five Remarks, &c. which are  
all mine (though, for the better understanding the  
Scotch Narrative, they are inserted as if they had been  
part of it); and therefore, if there is any mistake in the  
Remarks, my Reverend Friend is not accountable for  
them; for, by living as far as Edinburgh, he has never  
yet seen them either in print or writing, but they are  
such Remarks as I thought proper upon the promotion  
of Dissenting Ministers to the Doctoral Dignity; and  
though my Reverend Friend modestly tells me there was  
nothing happened at this Commencement that will bear  
a representation from the press; yet, Reader, upon

viewing his Narrative, I suppose you will be of another opinion. However, I was willing to think that this Narrative of the Scotch Commencement (as it is every word of it true, being sent to me by a Reverend person, and one of the new Graduates) would be very acceptable to some persons in London, who have heard much of the Dissenting Doctors, but have yet had no particular account of what passed at their Commencement; which is here briefly and truly related.

But, perhaps, this Prose Narrative will be a little too grave for some Readers; and therefore (as it was matter of public joy, to see Mr. *Williams*, Mr. *Calamy*, and Mr. *Oldfield*, advanced to the Doctoral Dignity) I will grow a little more cheerful, by presenting the Reader with a Congratulatory Poem.

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## THE DISSENTING DOCTORS:

A POEM ON THE LATE PROMOTION OF MR. DANIEL WILLIAMS, MR. EDMUND CALAMY, MR. JOSHUA OLDFIELD, TO THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF DIVINITY;

[From the Second Edition, 1710, completing "the Character of the Dissenting Clergy."]

To the DISSENTING CLERGY; but more especially to those who lately took, or accepted, the Degree of Doctor of Divinity in the Scotch Universities; in which is proved this paradox, "That Protestant Churchmen, and such as dissent from it, are Members of the same Church."

REVEREND SIRS,

SOME Authors, I suppose, would expect the thanks and respect of the Dissenting Clergy, after attempting their praise; but that is an honour I as little expect as deserve. Those Dissenting Ministers I have charac-

terized may with more reason find fault with me than those I have omitted (though all my omissions are rather owing to forgetfulness than design); for it is much better not to be drawn at all than to be drawn by halves; which all those Ministers are (but more especially you who lately took, or accepted, the Degree of Doctor in the Scotch Universities) whose characters are attempted in the following Poem, which was formerly inserted in my satire, intituled "The Pulpit-fool \*:" but here so greatly enlarged, as to complete (so far as I could do it upon my own knowledge) the character of the Dissenting Clergy.

You all know the business of a Poet is to please; and though the Dissenting Doctors (for you are all so, or merit that title, as is proved in the following Poem) neither desired or expected a panegyrick from me (your own eminent piety and learning being sufficiently known to all that either know your persons, or read your works; especially those published by Dr. Williams, Dr. Calamy, Dr. Oldfield, Mr. Shower, Mr. Watts, and the immortal Stennet); yet I hope it will be some apology for my writing the following Poem, that I keep as near to truth in my several Characters as ever Poetry did; and that most of the characters of the Dissenting Clergy are my own observations digested into a few hasty rhymes, which had been more polished, had not my two Printers (Mr. Tookey and Mr. Darrack) wanted Copy much faster than I could provide it. However, Gentlemen, if neither my Prose "Narrative of the Scotch Commencement,"—I call it mine, as I made such large additions to the Letter Mr. A—— sent me on that subject—or this Poem, I call "The Dissenting Doctors," do not gratify the curious, yet I hope it will anger no man; for, as I said before, the business of a Poet is to please; and sure I am he is very unhappy who gives offence where he designs nothing but respect; and for that reason I have not attempted the Character of six Ministers in this Poem with whom I am not personally acquainted. The whole body of the Dissenting Clergy of England would be a boundless subject. "Painters

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\* Sold by John Morphew, near Stationers-hall.



(as one observes) own they find it a harder matter to give a true and lively air and posture to a Picture, to place the legs, and duly proportion all the parts, than to draw the face, and take the likeness." But this picture of the Dissenting Doctors was only intended for an half-length; and that too is only a rough draught, and in miniature. However, Gentlemen, though the following Poem may want an excuse with the High-flyers, and such as tack all Religion to their own party, I will not despair of a pardon from the Dissenting Clergy (to whom it is here dedicated); for if I have failed in describing your eminent piety and learning (of which I was an eye and ear witness for thirty years) I have at the same time given you an opportunity of shewing your goodness and forgiving temper, which (if I am not mistaken) is the most difficult point in Christianity, either to understand or practise.

I dedicate this Poem to the Dissenting Clergy, as I have often desired a fit opportunity to testify, both to yourselves and the world, how much I honour your transcendent piety and learning; and to pay my grateful acknowledgements for the many undeserved favours I received from you, during the life of my Reverend Father-in-law, Dr. Annesley, of whom Mr. De Foe gives this deserved character\*.

"He had no priestcraft in him, nor no pride."

And certainly, as Mr. De Foe observes, "it is very beautiful, to see a man that is a Minister be also a Gentleman; for good manners are the most consistent with Christianity of any thing in the World; but vanity and self-esteem on one hand, and covetousness and self-seeking on the other, are things so frequent among our Teachers (Churchmen as well as Dissenters), that there never was more need for us to hear the Word of God without respect of persons." And for that reason I can gladly hear a pious Orthodox Preacher of any persuasion. But, Gentlemen, I hope you will think it no reflection upon the Dissenting Clergy, if I surprize you so far as to say, I resolve to live and die in the Communion of the Church

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\* In his Elegy that he calls "The Character of Dr. Annesley."

of England, as believing that kneeling at the Holy Sacrament is the most becoming posture for all such as would humbly and devoutly commemorate the Death of the Blessed Jesus. Our great Redeemer himself kneeled down, and prayed, Luke xxii. 41. And that, for certain, is the best pattern we can follow. If our blessed Lord so humbled himself, the greatest man must not think much to come down so low.

"Kneeling ne'er spoil'd Silk Stocking." HERBERT.

If it hurt the Finery, it will make him the better Christian. Kneeling is a fit posture for all acts of devotion. The Eucharist is the highest act of worship; or rather it contains in it many other acts, Prayer, Praise, Thanksgiving, and Adoration; "and why should we not, then," says Mr. Wesley \*, "in the celebration thereof, fall down, and kneel before the Lord, our Maker?" The main reason why some well-meaning persons might at first scruple kneeling at the Sacrament seems to have been the fear, lest this should tend to the adoration of the elements, or of any fancied corporal presence of Christ's Body and Blood in them: but this (as Mr. Wesley observes) "is entirely precluded by our Church, who must be allowed to know best the meaning of her own injunctions and practice." And, in order to prevent any misinterpretation of this innocent and decent ceremony, she has expressly declared †, "that thereby no adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread and Wine, which is bodily received, or unto any Corporal Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood." And the famous Mr. Baxter tells us, "that for kneeling, he never heard any thing to prove it unlawful ‡; for, 1." says Mr. Baxter, "there is no Word of God for or against any gesture. And, 2. the nature of the Ordinance is mixed; and if it be lawful to take a Pardon from a King upon our Knees, I know not what can make it unlawful to take a sealed Pardon from Christ, by his Ambassador, in the same

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\* In his Book entitled "The Worthy Communicant," p. 88.

† Rubrick after Communion-service.

‡ Baxter's Christian Directory, Part II. p. 3.

manner." And therefore (as I said before) I take Kneeling at the Holy Sacrament to be the most becoming posture for all such as would humbly and devoutly commemorate the Death of the Blessed Jesus. But, though these are my reasons for kneeling at the Holy Sacrament, and being (what the High-flyers abhor) a Moderate Churchman, yet I would not censure any serious Christian that is of a contrary opinion; for, as Mr. Rogers well observes \*, "The way to agreement of all parties is, not to bring men to be of one opinion, but to be of one mind;" which we may be, though of different opinions; not by thinking the same things, but by thinking well one of another, endeavouring to preserve Charity, as carefully as to preserve Truth." And this was ever my belief and practice, and of my Reverend Father † before me; whose Charity was so extensive to all parties, that he had generally a Dissenting Minister ‡ preaching in his own house §, at the same time he was reading of Prayers, and preaching in Aston Church; and would bind me Apprentice to no other but an eminent Dissenter ||, as Mr. Sands can testify, if he be yet living. So that you see, Gentlemen, Dunton's Creed (or my reasons for being a Moderate Churchman) has both Scripture, Reason, and my Reverend Father's example for its recommendation; and for that reason I assure myself, that no Dissenting Clergyman will have the worsen opinion of me for speaking my thoughts of the Church of England in this Dedication. Or, at least, that they may not, I shall here prove this healing Paradox ¶, that Protestant Churchmen, and such as dissent from it, are Members of the same Church.

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\* In his Book entitled "Fall not out by the Way; or a Persuasion to a Friendly Correspondence between the Conformists and Nonconformists."

† Mr. John Dunton, Rector of Aston Clinton, in Bucks.

‡ The truly pious and learned Mr. John Marriat, whose Son (Mr. Obadiah Marriat) was Minister at Chiswick and Croydon for many years; and his Grandson (Mr. Zephaniah Marriat) a Minister in London.

§ The Parsonage-house of Aston Clinton.

|| Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three Crowns, in Cheapside.

¶ As I lately did against the Tacking Clergy, in my Satire entitled "The Pulpit-Fool."

I know, Gentlemen, some of the High-flyers of all parties will argue, from my Satire entitled "The Pulpit Fool," that the Author has no Religion at all; or at least (as he now publishes a Poem he calls "The Dissenting Doctors") but a trimming one. To this I answer, I am, or would be, a True (not High or Low) Churchman; and, therefore, let the High-flyers call me Trimmer, Fanatick, or what they please; for it is of small moment with me, whether a malignant world will allow me that excellent character. My right to the Covenant of Grace, and my Eternal Interest, have no dependance upon ill-nature and envy. However, that the serious Reader may be no longer confounded with the distinction of High and Low Church, but be, what he ought, a True Churchman, I shall here give the character of a True Churchman, that the world may the better judge to whom this excellent name belongs, and who they are that unjustly usurp it.

A True Churchman (whether of the Clergy or Laity) is one who lives in communion with the Church of England; that is, who communicates in Religious Offices, in the Prayers and Sacraments of the Church. Some think it title enough to the name of Churchman, that they communicate with no Dissenters; as if to dissent from all Religion were the character of a True Churchman. Certainly, a man of any Religion is nearer the Church of England than he that hath none; for they agree in worshipping God, though they differ in the Modes of Worship. And there is too great a party of these Churchmen who seldom see the inside of a Church, and as seldom shew any signs of devotion when they are there. God deliver us from such Churchmen, and the Church from the scandal of such pretenders! This, in short, is the character of a True Churchman; wherein I have not lived answerably to it (for I must cry with the Publican, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!") I heartily ask pardon from God, and forgiveness (where it is necessary) from Men. Then, should any call me Fanatick, Trimmer (that is, in the sense of the High-flyers, a person of no Religion), yet I shall ever declare myself a True Churchman; that is, in three words, a Protestant Christian, a Son of the Church of England as now esta-

blished by Law: and (as Eternity depends upon it) I think no man can blame me for choosing what I count the best way to Heaven. Not that I think the Anabaptists, Independents, Presbyterians, who come nearest the Church of England of any that dissent from it, of a different Religion from mine; and shall be ever ready, as opportunity offers, to hear and encourage, as my estate shall enable me, a serious Preacher, or poor Christian, of any of those persuasions; for we all hold one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism, &c.; and it betrays great ignorance, as well as uncharitableness, to call myself of another Religion from those three I have named, when we all agree in the fundamental points of the Christian faith.

Reverend Gentlemen, I shall give no farther account of the Author of this Poem, or my reason for calling it "The Dissenting Doctors;" but only to acquaint you I have performed the whole without partiality either to persons or parties; and I am thus impartial to all parties, as believing, what I am now going to prove, that all denominations of Protestants, holding the fundamental articles of the Christian Faith, are of the same Church. I own it is a great paradox to call Churchmen and such as dissent from it Members of the same Church: but it is clear they are so; for it is not, to use Bishop Hall's expression, "a title, or a retinue, or a ceremony, a garment, or a colour, or an organ-pipe, that can make us a different Church."

"I affirm," says the ingenious Povey, "that every person that subscribes his name to an Orthodox Confession, and orders his conversation suitably thereunto, is no Schismatick, notwithstanding that he disagrees from the Church of England as by Law established, by refusing to pay obedience to her forms and ceremonies. I am sorry that any who profess themselves genuine Sons of that Community should so far expose themselves to the scorn of all quick-sighted men, as to affirm that any make Schism in our Church, but such as live unanswerable to the purity of her Doctrine." So that it is clear, Mr. Povey, a professed Son of the Church, &c. thinks all True Churchmen and Orthodox Dissenters, for so he calls the Independents and Presbyterians, &c. to be of the same Church. I have ever lived, and hope I shall

die in the same opinion ; for, as this Gentleman further observes, "Whoever will be saved, must have a true lively faith, and an universal charity, a temper even and firm, a peaceable mind, and a pure soul." It was this Christian moderation to such as dissent from the Church, that made Bishop Burnet say, "I own I began the world on a principle of moderation, which I have carried down through my whole life, and in which I hope I shall continue to my life's end."

Then let Pulpit-fools, and they are no better that rail against their own Church, for such I have proved the Dissenters are, fling as much dirt as they please, to gratify their passion and ill-nature ; I will, for my own share, truly love and respect every honest Dissenter, that fears God, and honours the Queen ; that is, to keep to my paradox, I will love and respect him as a True and Orthodox Churchman. This made King William declare with his last breath, "that he died a Christian of a comprehensive charity." It is no small satisfaction to me, to find all wise and learned Clergymen thus moderate ; and more especially those described in the following Poem. This charitable and peaceable temper is most acceptable to God, and all those that are in love with true Religion ; and not a bare opinion and empty name only of I know not what party, sect, or opinion.

It is sad to behold how far the differences of the times have prevailed with even the better sort of men, as well Churchmen as Dissenters ; how much they have blinded the eyes, and embittered the hearts, of those that call God Father, and so should each other Brother ; it is strange that when Christianity obligeth its professors "to bear with one another, to speak no evil, to think no evil, to forgive injuries, yea, to requite and overcome them with good ;" that they should practise the contrary to these precepts, and yet not perceive it, although they have them often in their mouths : the one side believes the other hath too little charity to be religious, the other thinks they as much want zeal ; and neither betray a greater defect of both than by thus censuring each other. What strange ideas of one another do the passions and interests of men create ! But, these distempers excepted, which their affections make undiscernible,

and many times adopt them into Religion; in all things else, the Clergy on both sides approve themselves eminent patterns of wisdom and piety; and it is not easy to say, as you see by my Poem entitled "Dignified and Distinguished," as well as by that I entitle "The Dissenting Doctors," which deserve most commendation.

For my own part, I so adhere to neither, as to swallow down the errors of the one as far as I can discern them, or to reject things laudable in the other; neither would I have objects that are comely in themselves appear deformed to me, through the fault only of a distempered organ, or medium. I know the God of wisdom and of peace can make a sweet harmony out of these discordant sounds, and I humbly pray him to do it. In the mean time, I cannot away with a monopoly of God's free grace, and dare not conclude he favours not a person whom he hath not privileged with the understanding of some points, which it may be I count of greater concernment than they are. I cannot think it a piece of Religion to anathematize from Christ such as will not subscribe to every one of my Articles; but am conscious to so many errors, speculative and practical, in myself, that I know not how to be severe towards others.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have trespassed so far on your patience, as to inform you why I resolve to live and die a True (that is, Moderate) Churchman; and I expect abundance of enemies for being thus tender-hearted; for I know my notions of moderation will displease the furious bigots of all parties. "It is true," as Dr. Fuller observes, "once in an age the moderate man is in fashion; each extreme courts him, to make them friends." But it is the fate of the moderate man (like him that dines in the middle of a long table, and cannot reach the principal dish either at the upper or lower end) to rise often with a hungry belly; and therefore it will be no surprize to me, if I find the reward so commonly bestowed on such as write *Irenicums*, for adjusting and compounding litigious matters; *i. e.* to be pinched on both sides. The *Antesignani* that lead contending parties, though all to pieces in every thing else, yet can meet and hold together, like Sampson's Foxes, to carry firebrands, and set the fields all in a flame. I know what the moderate man

uses to be taken for, among such furious drivers : but I must beg their pardon if I cannot take them for any of the best judges. I had much rather be determined by that most reverend and renowned Primate, whose great soul much disdained the mean service of our squibbing *Boutefeus*, that fill the Church with endless noise, and heat, and pother, about the Mint, Anise, and Cummin ; but was for having all such bones buried before his own ; and I cannot forbear to quote a golden paragraph, worthy of such an excellent Author, in his preface to a collection of Bishop Wilkins's Sermons. Vindicating the most deserved fame of that Right Reverend Prelate, he says, " I purposely mention his moderation, and likewise adventure to commend him for it ; notwithstanding that this virtue, so much esteemed and magnified by wise men in all ages, has of late been declaimed against with so much zeal and fierceness, and yet with that good grace and confidence, as if it were not only no virtue, but even the sum and abridgment of all vices. I say, notwithstanding this, I am still of the old opinion, that moderation is a virtue, and one of the peculiar ornaments and advantages of the excellent constitution of our Church, and must at last be the temper of her Members, especially the Clergy, if ever we seriously intend the firm establishment of this Church, and do not industriously design, by cherishing heats and divisions among ourselves, to let in Popery at those breaches."

Gentlemen, I break not in upon any thing that is established, nor confront whatever for decency and order is appointed ; being well satisfied that I can be a Member of the Church of England, and yet the Lord's free-man ; yea, whenever I look towards Rome, to use the words of an eminent Conformist, " I cannot but bless his name, that by the grace of God I am where, and what I am." But I cannot think they are true to their Lord, nor just to their Church, nor yet kind to their brethren, who would have men under their girdle, where the Lord and the Church both have left them at liberty. But, could I speak like an Angel for moderation, and in " Defence of the Conforming Nonconformists \*" from men of narrow

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\* The name of a Book printed for Mr. Robinson.



souls and stingy principles, that are under the power of false notions, and bound up in superstitious fetters, I expect hideous outcries of loose doctrine, and a door opened to all wickedness, by defending such moderate principles. I hear and smile when I know some of the great libertines in practice; to be the most nice and straight-laced men for certain modes and opinions. They can make bold to take all loose liberties in their conversation and manners; and go so far this way, that they must be men of large consciences indeed, and have as little of God's holy fear, that dare venture to follow them; and yet at the same time, and in the midst of all their rants and excesses, who more hasty to find great fault with much better than themselves? and make heavy complaints and tragical exclamations of the insufferable boldness and laxity of all that are not such high observers of times and places, words and forms, gestures and customs, as themselves, nor jog along just in their very mode; as if every one had lost his way, and none could possibly be saved that did not exactly like them? Whereas, God help them that do! for how much worse and sadder would it be with the world than it is, if we had no better patterns, in the lives of the Moderate Conformists and Dissenting Clergy, than is to be found amongst the High-flyers, when dignified with a gown and cassock?

And this, Gentlemen, in reality, is my reason for being thus charitable to all parties; and as some of all parties have gone astray, of which the Episcopal *O*—, the Independent *L*—, the Presbyterian *B*—, and the Anabaptist *C*—, are four late instances, so the sad thoughts of such scandalous falls should raise the value of such men, who, like the Dissenting Doctors characterized in this Poem, keep themselves unspotted from the like errors. I say it again, from the like errors; for, as high flights as Poetry does allow of, I profess I do not know one Dissenting Minister in the following Poem whose pious and generous soul has any thing in it that is little, or mean, save *Jeffery Stevens*; and I am apt to think, when I have convinced him of his mistake, in his self-justification, he will repair the damage I complain of with all the honour and justice imaginable. But for you, his Reverend Brethren, to do you justice, any thing that

is selfish and narrow "is really below you, as Gentlemen, as well as Christians." Or, if any one of the Dissenting Clergy excel the rest, it is Mr. *Henry*, Mr. *Pomfret*, Mr. *Reynolds*, and Mr. *Stennet*—the first, for his universal learning, and excellent Comment on the Old Testament; the second, for his ready and noble charity; the third, for his great humility and sweetness of temper; and the last, for his eminent wit and piety; for which graces I judge no man will think himself reflected on, if I say Mr. *Henry*, Mr. *Pomfret*, Mr. *Reynolds*, and Mr. *Stennet*, have no equal. But, in Learning, Clergymen's excellences differ as their genius leads. Some are great Linguists, some fine Preachers, and some nice Disputants; and therefore, as far as it lay in my power, I have let no Dissenting Minister want his due character in the following Poem; which though it no way deserve your patronage, it will serve to convince the world, and I hope yourselves, how much I am,

Reverend Gentlemen,  
Your most obliged, and very humble Servant,  
JOHN DUNTON.

### THE DISSENTING DOCTORS.

" As joyful Nature, who till then lay mute,  
Did the first Sun's exalted beams salute;  
So Britain, rescued from the sullen cloud  
That seem'd her new-created face to shroud,  
Beholds, at once transported and amaz'd,  
To proper spheres her brightest Planets rais'd;"  
For *Williams*, *Calamy*, *Olufield*, now are Doctors made.  
Other Dissenters will be Doctors too,  
If they'll but stay— true merit need not woo.  
Merit may wait some years before 't is heard,  
But first or last true Merit is preferr'd.  
Thus Priests whose actions are to Heaven allied,  
Like Providence, by time are justified.  
Uniting Muse, then tune thy loving strings,  
To sing the honour that true Learning brings;  
Scotland unites in Doctors as it does in Kings.

Dissenting Doctors— now must be thy theme,  
 Who preach in Town, commence in Aberdeen,  
 (For all unite who truly love the Queen).  
 Doctors!— 't is even so, for news is spread  
 That *Williams, Calamy, Oldfield*, are preferr'd.  
 They first deserv'd (for honour springs from grace),  
 And now D. D. does flourish out their praise :  
 Or 't will do so when they do print again,  
 As D. D. gilds their works, and sense does guide their pen.

Doctor 's a word, that 's understood by few ;  
 Desk-Readers, Surgeons, and 'Poticaries too  
 Are oft call'd Doctors by the vulgar crew :  
 But these as far from Doctors are as sense,  
 For Doctor is a name of excellence :  
 'Tis he that takes " the very high'st degree  
 In Physic, Law, or sound Divinity,  
 That is the Doctor— and 't is only he."

So that Dissenter, when a Doctor made,  
 Can soar no higher in the Preaching trade ;  
 Archbishops and Bishops must first be Doctors made.  
 'Tis thus in the Dissenting Hierarchy  
 Doctors are made by sense and piety ;  
 And it rejoices honest men in black  
 (Churchmen and Whigs, and all but such as tack)  
 To see such good examples plac'd so high ;  
 Saints honour titles by their piety.

Since, then, Dissenting Doctor is my theme,  
 I'll shew who has, and who deserves that name,  
 That so no Parson that dissents may slip,  
 Or lose his character of Doctorship.

Then, Dunton, rhyming Dunton, act thy part,  
 Let now the *Noncons* have their due desert ;  
 They preach with zeal, and merit all thy art.  
 The *Cons* have had their due, and now 't is fit,  
 (If not a schism) to do Dissenters right.

'Tis true the Jacks— such as *Sacheverel*,  
 Do preach, " To be a Whig is to rebel :"  
 They know 't is false ; but yet these Popish tools  
 Will preach, ah swear, that Whigs are canting fools,  
 All mere Tub-preachers, leaders of misrule ;  
 But, Dunton, do them justice in this place,  
 Give every Whig the features in his face ;  
 Each has his charms, and all some certain grace.

The first Dissenter then I'll here display  
 Is *Daniel*, Doctor *Williams* I should say.  
 Muse, crown his brow, but make his laurel wreath  
 As mild and sweet as morning roses breathe ;

He clemency to courage reconciles,  
 And in his face delighted Nature smiles \*.  
 For Presbyterian Bishop he may pass  
 (Being Head, or Chief, of the Dissenting race),  
 And, Bishop-like, he keeps a fine calash †.  
 But Whig and Tory too deserve reproaches,  
 For both grow lazy, when they ride in coaches ;  
 Yet Dr. Williams an exception is.  
 So that a Doctorship is justly worn  
 By such a Priest ; 't is but a just return,  
 Adorning him who Meetings does adorn.  
 A Poet's genius should be all on fire ;  
 What extacies should his rais'd soul inspire,  
 When crowds at sight of him can rapture feel !  
 See how they press, to load his chariot-wheel !  
 His soul and all his Sermons are inspir'd,  
 And Doctor Williams is by all admir'd.  
 To fetter'd numbers how shall be confin'd  
 The compass of his comprehensive mind ?  
 Sense, reason, music, in his language throng,  
 The Graces sit assembled on his tongue :  
 'T would beggar thought and language both, to raise  
 The full-proportion'd tribute of his praise.  
 His Sermons every sort of hearers warm,  
 Philosophers instruct, and Women charm.  
 In prayer no man can weep as he can do ;  
 He gives the law in conversation too.  
 He seems by Nature made for ev'ry thing ;  
 But to be pious is his chief design.  
 This humble Doctor can his temper bind,  
 Gives men his passions, makes them of his mind,  
 And their opinion change, as he inclin'd.  
 Good preaching he hath to perfection brought,  
 And men to live are by his virtues taught.  
 Thus famous *Bates* did mend the English tongue,  
 And now they live the language which he sung.  
 They both alike Eternity do give,  
 For still in Williams Dr. Bates does live.  
 His Gospel Truth shews piety and wit ;  
 Like Dr. Bates, he 's ever in the right :  
 So chaste his flesh, so spiritual his mind,  
 'Tis hard to say which is the most refin'd.  
 To sum up all the Doctor's piety,  
 When Dr. Williams on the Bench you see,  
 Without a trope, say " There sits Equity !

\* I have ever thought there is an unusual sweetness that reigns in the countenance of this great and good man, Dr. Williams.

† By Calash here I only mean Dr. Williams's Travelling Coach.

But! but! (for where 's the man without a *but*?)  
 There is one *Stevens* that has bruis'd my foot;  
 I mean, has squeez'd me with that cruelty  
 To make me sell five hundred pound for three.  
 Sure *Jeffery's* Heaven lies somewhere under ground,  
 He grip'd my all for one poor hundred pound\*.

How black and cruel is a Usurer's heart,  
 For *Stevens*, asham'd to act the dunning part,  
 Made snotty red-nose cats-foot to his art.

\* My meaning is, that a less mortgage than my whole estate, which consisted in near 200 acres in houses, land, and woods, would not satisfy *Jeffery Stevens* for one hundred pounds; for the payment whereof (and one hundred pounds more, which had continued on bond till now, had not *Stevens*, by demanding a mortgage on my whole estate, prevented it) I was forced to sell several acres of wood for 300*l.* &c.; which, could I have helped it, I would not have sold for 500*l.* It is true, my estate was jointured, and he forbore the interest for five years; which is all that pleads in his favour, but that was no excuse for his demanding an unreasonable mortgage; for my bare woods, distinct from my estate, were sold for three hundred pounds, three times more than I owed *Stevens*, and would have gone for 500*l.* had they been sold to their worth. I must do *Stevens* that justice to say, that, upon my complaining that six *per cent.* was extortion, considering he had land security, he made restitution of five pounds under the notion of a gift, as being, on the account of his coat, ashamed to be thought an usurer; but it is not that five pounds shall excuse his merciless treatment at first, for, as it is in the Poem "He griped my all for one poor hundred pound;" so much as those two orphans hinted in these words, "Let orphans sink, he'll save none but himself," were both excluded out of the mortgage; for his words were these, "I will have the whole estate made over by a mortgage for the hundred pounds, and will agree to no other terms; but I will promise (which his banker made good by a defeasance, for neither bond nor mortgage were made in his own name) that the estate shall not be released till the orphans are both paid." This, Reader, being the true state of the case, as I am able to prove, by several letters that were sent to me, both by him and his banker, I appeal to every man [that would have a conscience void of offence, &c.] if in honour and justice he is not obliged to make good the great loss I sustained by the forced sale of my woods; for, though I owed him an hundred pounds, yet a merciless man may screw up justice to the pitch of an injury, which was the case here; for, had he given me longer time, I could have paid him, and every body else, all I owed, to a farthing, without selling my woods; but old Red-nose, his haughty banker, treating me in a sordid manner, I chose rather to sell my woods for two hundred pounds less than their real worth, than to be any longer beholden to him: but, as I am now out of his merciless hands, I shall no longer conceal my resentments; but here tell *Jeffery Stevens*, that, though it is true he does not owe me a farthing by the Law of the land, yet, as his forcing me to sell my woods has defaced and damaged my whole estate, I do arraign him in the Court of Conscience for satisfaction.

But, now he 's paid, this Reverend man shall see  
 (Though I have sold five hundred pound for three)  
 My injur'd Muse can preach as well as he. }  
 Good Dr. Williams knows this man, I hear ; }  
 Then pray, good Doctor, whisper in his ear ; }  
 A word from you would make the Miser leer.  
 Tell him that Dunton, scrupulous Dunton, saith  
 (And will assert it with his dying breath),  
 That Justice he screw'd up to an injury \* }  
 Will be a stain to him, a loss to me,  
 'Till Jeffery does repair the cruelty. }  
 Your servant, Doctor, pray excuse the news,  
 That I do Jeffery Stevens still accuse.  
 You are so good, you 'd pardon cruelty ;  
 But I am pinch'd, and can't forbear to cry.  
 But how does Dr. Williams wrongs controul ?  
 How still contention, and how tune the soul ?  
 Where men to heats, and strifes, and feuds, do run,  
 Where you but speak you make all voices one.  
 Then would you condescend but to resent,  
 E'en Stevens, cruel Stevens, would relent ; }  
 Reproof from you would make the rocks repent.  
 To move you to 't (I think 't is understood),  
 They best believe that do the greatest good ;  
 For whatsoever Jeffery Stevens thought,  
 'This was the doctrine that our Saviour taught.  
 If Stevens, to excuse his avarice,  
 Cries " I am mad, to try his patience thus,  
 He owes me nothing, and will nought refund ;  
 He 's strictly just, and never yet was dunn'd."  
 He would not say so were the Hogs † his own ;  
 But men excuse what they 're asham'd to own.

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\* No honest Dissenter, except blinded by interest or prejudice, will deny but a man may screw up justice to the pitch of an injury ; which was my case, as that mortgage I gave Jeffery Stevens made me sell a most noble and flourishing wood for about half the value ; or, if any man be so weak as to think that justice cannot be screwed up to the pitch of an injury, to set him right in this nice point let him consult Mr. Mead's Sermon preached to the United Ministers ; where, in p. 29, he will find these words : " Those ἀντιθεσιν, that examine all things by the rigid rule of extreme right, are neither just nor wise. They are not just to the rule, which requires moderation, and bearing and forbearing, where the case needs it. Nor are they wise for themselves ; for such, Solomon says, trouble their own flesh, Prov. xi. 17."

† Plowden, an eminent Lawyer in Queen Elizabeth's time, being asked by a neighbour of his, what remedy there was in law against his neighbour, for some hogs that had trespassed in his ground, answered, " He might have very good remedy." But the other replying that they were his own hogs ; " Nay, then, neighbour," quoth he, " the case is

'Tis true he treats me like a pious wight,  
Gives smiles for blows, and pardons all my spite.  
But I would ask him, were I now to die,  
Who on that Preacher's doctrine can rely,  
When all his actions give his words the lie ?

Then pray, good Doctor, preach to Jeffery Stiven,  
He 'll mind your words, he knows you preach from Heaven.  
A word from you would pierce him to the soul ;  
But let your subject be, " The Golden Rule."  
(The Golden Rule would so reform the man,  
As to repair the damage I sustain.)

Dunton and Stivens then conclude the breach,  
When Dr. Williams does to Stivens preach.  
Then, Dr. Williams, take this man in hand,  
And by your Sermon melt a harden'd man ;  
For, till you preach, his justice I arraign.  
But, lest you should mistake this Jeffery  
(For some say this, and some say that is he),  
As for his name, if you would know his rank,  
You must ask *Lawrence*, and the Royal Bank.  
That 's mark enough, I shall no other name,  
Save this, he ever lives in Smoothing Lane.  
But, if you meet, he scarce will do me right,  
For you 'd be noble, he would sink me quite :  
However, to your judgment 'tis referr'd,  
To your research all secrets lie unbarr'd,  
And nothing to your wisdom is too hard.  
And as his guard is policy and sense,  
If you move Jeffery to disgorge the pence,  
By this a double Doctor you commence.

The next Dissenting Doctor I shall name  
Is *Calamy*, a man of spreading fame.  
He did as Doctors should, took his Degree  
In person, not by gift or courtesy ;  
He is by merit Dr. *Calamy*.  
He went and stood the test of his advance,  
He is no Doctor made by wealth or chance.  
*Carstairs* \* himself did place learn'd *Calamy*  
I' th' Gown and Chair of Doctoral dignity,  
He is no Doctor in effigie.

altered." And I do assert (and I would say the same with my last breath) that I do not think there is one Dissenter in London, that now vindicates Jeffery Stivens, but, had they suffered the same damage as I have done by the mortgage I gave to him, they would with Plowden no alter the case as to think this public resentment as just and reasonable as I do. However, as the private Letters I sent to Jeffery Stivens made no impression at all upon him, he may see by this public Satire my damage is so great that I resolve to have satisfaction one way or other.

\* The Principal of Edinburgh University.

Doctor, with fear my Muse approaches you,  
 Wit's ablest judge, and best example too.  
 Then, oh! would strength with my desires comply,  
 My song a Dithyrambic pitch should fly,  
 Pursuing your just praises to the skies;  
 But they tower swift, and I want wings to rise.  
 Yes, fam'd Carstairs, the man you did embrace  
 Is a tried Doctor, and deserves your praise.  
 No wonder, then, he's double Doctor seen,  
 First in your arms, and then at Aberdeen:  
 For unto whom should Scotland titles spare  
 But Calamy (a first-rate Pulpiteer),  
 Sprung from a Clergy Race of old renown;  
 He centres all their glory in his own.  
 On him with measure unconfin'd did fall  
 That pious spirit which inspir'd them all;  
*Edmund* and *Ben* were still a second Paul.  
 But double fame should this new Graduate clad,  
 Others were Doctors, he Double Doctor made.  
 Kind Scotland, to thy learned Sons and thee  
 For ever sacred let his titles be;  
 He's Doctor, double Doctor Calamy\*.

If Dr. Calamy to the Painter sate,  
 He'd make— but time denies to tell you what;  
 Sum all the virtues up, and he is that!  
 Nay, should the Painter all his colours store,  
 He could not praise till he deserv'd no more.  
 Stars in their rising very little shew,  
 And send forth trembling flames; but, Calamy, thou  
 At first appearance dost to all display  
 A shining, bright, and unobscured day,  
 Such as shall fear no cloud, no night; nor shall  
 Thy setting ever be Heliacal;  
 But grow up to a sun, that you may take  
 A shining laurel for your Zodiack;  
 That all the Levites which henceforth arise  
 May only be thy foils, or parelies.  
 Thy foils! but, Doctor, there's no need of that,  
 You do so far transcend the common rate;  
 I heard you preach— but fear you'd make an end,  
 Lessen'd the pleasure that your words did lend:  
 And as you preach you write, both so divine,  
 Such native sweetness flows in ev'ry line,  
 The Reader cannot choose but swear 't is thine.

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\* Alluding to Mr. A——'s letter (one of the new Graduates) who informs us, that at Aberdeen Dr. Calamy had afresh the Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him.



You are a Doctor dignified by sense,  
 But twice a Doctor for your excellence.  
 Who reads your Moderate Nonconformity,  
 Or *Hoadly's* tender, and yet sharp reply,  
 Will find the contest; all the jangle lies,  
 Which of you two are moderately wise \*,  
 And who are not, are Pulpit-Fools, or Spies.  
 For Moderation all good men are bent;  
 Such men are wise, and love through all dissent,  
 Ev'n *Hoadly* owns, that Bigots must repent †.  
 Then, Reverend Sir, your Non-Conformities  
 (Being moderate), will prove you truly wise.  
 'Thus ev'ry line which you to *Hoadly* sent  
 Builds for yourself a lasting monument.  
 Brave sense this privilege hath, though all be dumb,  
 That is the Author's epitaph and tomb.  
 But I employ, so rising is your name,  
 My pen in vain, to overtake your fame.  
 Let *Hoadly* praise you, for I do aspire  
 Enough to worth, whilst I your worth admire.  
 Your fame so spreads, and does so brightly soar,  
 Had Scotland known what jewels 't was you wore,  
 You had been Doctor twenty years before.

Next, cou'd my Muse but sit on soaring wing,  
 The pious Dr. *Oldfield's* fame I 'd sing;  
 He teaches reason † and improves the pence,  
 And is a man of universal sense.

It was from thence that his diploma came,  
 For Joshua Oldfield has a Doctor's name:  
 It was a present; but, had they conferr'd  
 A Bishoprick, 't was what this man deserv'd.  
 Then, Muse, fly high, or you can never reach  
 A fame extended to so high a stretch.  
 On Oldfield what could Scotland e'er confer  
 Beyond his learning, or his rhyming sphere?  
 For he's a Poet, Saint, and Reasoner:  
 He's like the Sun, the higher he ascends,  
 He further warms, and more his beams extends;  
 His life and preaching are so much admir'd,  
 You 'll see why Dr. Oldfield was preferr'd.  
 Like Williams, unto injur'd right his ear  
 Is ever open, and his heart sincere;  
 His thoughts are new, and all his notions clear.

\* I mean, so wise as to prefer moderation, and a due temper, to all noise and bigotry.

† See his Sermon upon Moderation.

‡ He published "An Essay towards the Improvement of Reason, in the Pursuit of Learning and Conduct of Life, by Joshua Oldfield."

Mirth never made him say a thing unfit;  
 Virtue his will, and prudence rules his wit.  
 If any were displeas'd to see him great,  
 For Doctor sounds like one that lives in state,  
 They sold their eyes and ears, to keep their hate.  
 Let them but see, and hate him if they cou'd;  
 Let them but hear what all the world allow'd:  
 For his whole soul but seems a model, fram'd  
 By those rare arts in which his skill is fam'd.  
 Unto Dissenters he does add new fame,  
 For he's a Doctor both in sense and name.  
 What though he was not plac'd in Doctor's chair  
 (For Calamy was all the Doctors there),  
 Yet Dr. Oldfield well may be content,  
 For he's diploma'd by the joint consent,  
 Which makes a Doctor by a compliment;  
 But such as does a finish'd Doctor make,  
 And such as Scotchmen give for Union sake,  
 With them, great Soul, thou shalt immortal live,  
 And in thy reasoning numbers \* Fate survive.  
 Thy reason, wit, and doctoral title, still  
 Shall prove such bays as time can never kill.  
 Far as our conquering British Lion roars,  
 Far as the Poles, or the remotest shores,  
 Where'er is known or heard the English name,  
 The distant World shall hear of Oldfield's fame.  
 Thou only shalt with Nature's self expire,  
 And all the World, in the supremest fire;  
 When Horace and famed Virgil die; when all  
 That's great or noble shall together fall,  
 'Tis then is Doctor Oldfield's Funeral!

Another Graduate that did now commence  
 Was Master *Dixon*—Doctor too in sense.  
 His Scotch Diploma does not reach his parts,  
 For he's but yet a Master in the Arts;  
 But, if true worth can give that high Degree,  
 He'll soon write D. D. in Divinity.  
 I cannot shew the vast advance his youth  
 Has made in learning, eloquence, and truth!  
 How none to pleasure e'er was less a slave,  
 More thoroughly pious, nor more early brave.  
 A second *Charnock* for true eloquence,  
 A second *Howe* for metaphysic sense;  
 A second *Alsop* for polemic skill;  
 A second *Bates* for learning, wit, and stile.  
 He seems to rival all these men of parts,  
 And, though no Doctor, Master is of Arts.

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\* Alluding to his Poem at the end of his "Essay on Reason."

He ev'ry science (and so early) gain'd,  
 As Heav'n inspir'd, not industry obtain'd.  
 Vast Ocean, that from ev'ry channel draws,  
 From Scripture, schools, divine and human laws !  
 A comprehensive man, unskill'd in nought,  
 With all the arts of learn'd assemblies fraught.  
 Ready his wit, his language free and pure ;  
 His judgment quick and sudden, yet mature ;  
 His soul so learn'd, and yet so far from proud ;  
 So soft, so easy, affable, and good ;  
 His motions all so winningly do tend,  
 That ev'ry word he speaks he gains a friend :  
 He 's Master now, and Doctor in the end.  
 Yet no peculiar preference express'd,  
 Not kind to one, to disoblige the rest ;  
 Of which fam'd *Audland* is a noble test.  
 And, Master Dixon, now I am so near  
 As Cumberland, I 'll just salute your ear  
 With joy, great joy ; and may it ever be  
 First of your Wife, and then of your Degree.  
 Was ever Pair so fortunately bless'd ?  
 Was ever shady groves so well possess'd ?  
 Of Saints, a Pair without example seen ;  
 The happiest, loving'st shepherds of the green.  
 He, the great swain, unmatched in virtue, love,  
 Learning, and all things else that Scholars move :  
 Great in himself, but greater in the pride  
 He takes in his all-shining, lovely Bride.  
 She is (and tell 't to ev'ry Wife you find)  
 The truest, fairest, best of woman-kind :  
 Unequal'd in her learning, wisdom, love,  
 In goodness nearest to the Saints above ;  
 She 's mistress of such sense and piety,  
 'Tis Doctor to marry such a Wife as she.  
 A Shepherdess so exquisitely fair ;  
 So wise, so good, in ev'ry thing so rare,  
 That all perfections seem to centre there.  
 So kind she is, so just, so fit to sway,  
 She knows both how to govern and obey ;  
 For, as he Master is of ev'ry Art,  
 So she is Mistress, and does rule his heart,  
 And both a sort of Doctor by desert.  
 It never was, but if it e'er should be  
 That Women preach by leave of a Degree,  
 Then Madam Dixon will be Doctor-She.  
 Howe'er, her Husband is so past compare,  
 Master of Arts, and ev'ry thing that 's rare,  
 That his next step is to the Doctor's Chair.

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The Fourteen Graduates that shall next be seen  
 Are those who took Degrees at Aberdeen.  
 I can't say all these Youths were Doctors made,  
 But all a Cambridge Doctor's learning had :  
 For Scotchmen are so early ripe in sense,  
 At twenty years they Doctors might commence.  
 They shame the tedious discipline of Schools,  
 The loit'ring art of Pædagogick rules :  
 For these Fourteen were all so early read,  
 They 're almost Doctors in the infant bed.  
 Thus, fated to high feats, Amphitryon's son,  
 As soon as born a wond'rous conquest won :  
 The warlike babe did two fierce dragons tame,  
 Too small an hansel for his mighty fame.  
 Go on, young Graduates, to the World be kind,  
 And with the early products of your mind  
 Enrich and entertain us, at one time  
 Expressing native wit without a crime.  
 Nor doat on fame, 't is seldom justly given,  
 And is too small a prize for souls of Heaven.  
 Look up, a due reward will come from thence  
 For him who decks his wit with innocence :  
 You 're Fourteen Doctors, if you keep from stains.  
 All rhymes are proved co-equal with the stars,  
 The birds first taught them to the wond'ring spheres.  
 This the first Poem, man at last was taught,  
 He adds a soul, and dresses it in thought.  
 From thence 't was handed down by rolling years,  
 The allay of grief, and enemy to cares.  
 Homer, the antient'st, freshest laurel wore,  
 The first refiner of the noble ore :  
 Thence many Bards commenc'd, and had their reign,  
 From Latin Virgil to our English Ben :  
 But, when great Cowley did the age allure,  
 We fear'd a Zenith, and the Muse mature ;  
 But, Fourteen Dons, 't is you 're born t' improve  
 The pitch of Learning, and th' extent of Love.  
 To you the husband will his altars rear,  
 Thank you in incense for his pious fair,  
 And make you half his adoration share.  
 Methinks I see the stubborn Celia glow,  
 And blush, and wonder what you mean to do ;  
 Doctors in youth do conquer where they go.  
 She fears your tongue, yet still bears on and sighs ;  
 She starts, and feels a coming passion rise,  
 And sparkles happy omens from her eyes.  
 If forward twenty such a ripeness show,  
 What wonders will a well-knit thirty do ?

Such was lov'd Cowley's voice, so young his pen,  
 When the fleet youth assur'd a second Ben :  
 Such thoughts did Ovid's angry stars defeat,  
 Soft'ning the malice of the cold retreat :  
 Such was your force, so orderly it broke,  
 When you commend, or drooping Country spoke.  
 Pale was her cheek, and doubtful was her look,  
 When War's rough arms the nodding Island shook \*.  
 Now the full streams of joy around her flow,  
 As English Doctors do unite with you.  
 'Tis now her wither'd branches sprout again,  
 Pleas'd to behold the learned Calamy's train,  
 To come for titles that their merit claim.  
 You guard your Country, they her glory raise ;  
 They bring you Learning, you adorn with bays ;  
 And as afresh you gave learn'd Ben † Degrees,  
 May you be Fourteen Doctors made in peace.

}

Thus far of Doctors by Commencement made,  
 Or else transmitted by the Scotchmen's aid ‡ :  
 But there 're Dissenting Doctors yet to name,  
 Who are not Doctors by Diploma fame,  
 But yet are Doctors in the future tense,  
 And now are so in name, in wit, and sense.  
 These Will-be-Doctors I shall here describe ;  
 For I 'll miss none of the Dissenting Tribe,  
 Whose grace and learning best their title show,  
 They 're Doctors made, or else they will be so.

Here, Painter ! set fam'd Grosvenor § to the light,  
 You 'll draw him first, or must have lost your sight.  
 No Doctor yet was ever more divine,  
 And if he's not a Doctor 'tis but time :  
 But stay, 't is Grosvenor ! and it were a crime  
 For you to paint a subject so sublime ;  
 Since nothing but his own celestial lays  
 Are fit the author of such worth to praise.  
 Ah, Doctors ! were you all in Grosvenor's case,  
 Adorn'd with every virtue, every grace ;  
 Your lights would shine, and all your Pulpits blaze.

\* Alluding to the Pretender's design of invading Scotland.

† Alluding again to that expression in Mr. A——'s Letter, wherein he says, " At Aberdeen Dr. Calamy," who I here call learned Ben for the verse sake, " had afresh conferred upon him the Degree of Doctor of Divinity."

‡ Alluding to that expression in Mr. A——'s Letter ; viz. " As to Dr. Williams and Dr. Oldfield ; they not being upon the spot, nothing more passed than the writing their Diplomas of Doctor, and the subscription of them by the Members of the Society."

§ Dr. Benjamin Grosvenor, Minister of Crosby-square.

He thinks, looks, speaks, and does all things beside,  
As far from ostentation as from pride.

He 's a first-rate in the Dissenting Tribe ;

A Doctor, too, if we may judge by sense,

For never did a better man *commence*.

What Age can equal, what Historian find,

Such eloquence with so much goodness join'd ?

What shall I say ? nor this nor that is best,

But all is better than can be express'd ;

And all perfection is so given to all

His parts, that none is best, but each is all ;

He must be Doctor that 's angelical.

Grosvenor, no Painter can thy worth display ;

He draws—and then some unexpected ray

Keeps up his wonder, till his sight decay.

*Charnock* and *Bates*, refin'd in thee revive,

In thee we see the famous *Calvin* live.

But since I on my lyre can touch no string,

Equal to those great merits I would sing,

Hopeless to give such mighty charms their due,

I 'll leave the World to brighter thoughts of you ;

I 'll only add, that Doctorship 's your right ;

And when it is, may you *commence* in sight,

For Dr. Grosvenor is the World's delight.

Draw *Stennet* next, in Verse and Pulpits nurs'd,

And ask his pardon that he was not first.

Here shew your kindness to the rhyming tribe ;

If you 'd but paint as well as he 'd describe,

All Pulpit Fools would either mend or hide.

Give him that look which Poets ought to have,

Give him that modest look which Nature gave.

But *Stennet*'s worth no Limner need proclaim,

His Pulpit and his Verse do speak his fame,

And shew his right unto a Doctor's name.

*Stennet*, the Patron, and the rule of Wit,

The Pulpit's honour, and the Saints' delight ;

The Soul of Goodness, and the Spring of Sense ;

The Poet's theme, reward, and great defence.

His verse, though numerous, flows in easy strains,

Lofty as hills, yet humble as the plains ;

Each thought so strong, so finish'd every line,

All o'er we see so rich a genius shine,

Oh, more than man ! we cry, oh, workmanship divine !

If such bright beams his morning's dawn display,

What flame and light will paint the rising day !

As smooth and musical his numbers move,

As are the restless Spheres which roll above.

He still improves, and always feasts our thought,

But, lo ! the heavenly Charmer soars aloft,

While Angels crowd, and listen to his song ;  
 But not one Angel-Critick in the throng  
 That dares correct a thought, they are so fine,  
 So nobly dress'd, so neat, and so divine,  
 'Tis Doctor, were it only for his Hymns \*.  
 When Stennet rhymes, the very Angels sing.  
 Each airy transport flowing from his string ;  
 With joy they hear, and on their stretching wing,  
 Proud of the rapt'rous load, and warbling o'er  
 The sacred song, to antient glories soar ;  
 Whilst others twine fresh garlands for his brows,  
 And hover o'er their care in shining rows ;  
 When Angels shouted from their crystal shore,  
 And sung the wonders of Creating Power,  
 Scarce sweeter did they sing, or more sublimely soar.  
 Courtly his style, as Waller's clear and neat,  
 Not Cowley's sense more beautiful or great ;  
 No Doctor yet was ever more complete.  
 When he laments, we weep, and mourn, and die,  
 And labour in th' extremes of sympathy.  
 Our Royal Will he rais'd above his hearse,  
 Immortal made in his immortal Verse †.  
 What praises, Stennet, to thy skill are due,  
 Who hast to glorious William been so true !  
 No Doctor mourn'd him half so much as you.  
 By thee he moves our hearts, by thee he reigns,  
 New honour 's done to his immortal pains ;  
 You mourn, as well as preach, in deathless strains,  
 Preacher and Poet ! 'tis excess of soul,  
 Scarce known in England, or in Dryden's Roll.  
 Thus you a Catalogue of Doctors show,  
 Th' Æneas, Maro, and Mæcenæ too ;  
 You scorn the pitch which we so high esteem,  
 And not one virtue, but a system seem.  
 In all thy Poems we with wonder find  
 Great Beaumont's genius with sweet Herbert's join'd ;  
 Sweetness, combin'd with Majesty, prepares  
 To wing Devotion with inspiring airs.  
 I might add more to words that are so true ;  
 This tribute from each British Muse is due,  
 Our whole Poetic Tribe 's oblig'd to you.  
 Long may the laurels on your temples spread,  
 Nor wither till eternal Crowns succeed ;  
 May you a glorious Doctor be indeed.

\* His "Sacramental Hymns" exceed all upon that subject.

† He wrote a most ingenious Elegy upon the Death of K. William.

The youthful *Rosewell* next does come to sight ;  
 But here the Painter is disparag'd quite,  
 For great Apelles scarce could do him right ;  
 Yet mix thy colours, and attempt to paint  
 (Though that be all) this famous Preaching Saint.  
 In fields of Science he the conquest won,  
 When yet his age had scarce the bloom begun ;  
 His Thirteenth Year gave wonder and surprize,  
 At Twenty he was most divinely wise,  
 And now breathes nought but heavenly extasies.  
 Had he conform'd, as some Dissenters do,  
 He had been Doctor; Dean, and Bishop too.  
 So much a Saint, I scarce dare call him so,  
 For fear to wrong him with a name too low ;  
 Angel i' th' Pulpit, and a flowing spring,  
 He talks from Heaven, his mind is every thing.  
 His Wit so flows, that when he thinks to take  
 His Sermon-Notes, he oft new Sermons makes.  
 The *reading Dons* can scarce be said to preach  
 (If Reading's Preaching, every Fool may teach) ;  
 But *Rosewell* shuts his book, can't use a Note,  
 What's wrought i' th' heart flows from the Preacher's throat.  
 Some tuneful Being does his breath inspire  
 With thoughts as noble as celestial fire ;  
 When he exhorted unto Self-denial \*,  
 Our flesh was scarce corrected in the trial ;  
 He prov'd our tears so much our joy and treasure,  
 That now our penance is our greatest pleasure.  
 He painted Death to th' life, has eyes to see  
 How Spirits act, and what they do and be ;  
 If there's a will-be Doctor, this is he.  
 When he of late describ'd the Great Assize  
 (Where Pulpit-fools are damn'd for telling lies),  
 He did so well the Judgment-seat display,  
 That, had he seen that great and flaming Day,  
 He could not add to what he then did say.  
 He talk'd of Heaven in such a glorious strain,  
 As if he had died awhile to live again,  
 And now appears to tell what he had seen.  
 The pains of Hell he did so well explore,  
 You'd almost think you heard the Damned roar ;  
 Who heard these Sermons sure will sin no more † !

\* He preached a most excellent Sermon upon "Self-denial," at Mr. Shower's Meeting-house in the Old Jewry.

† He lately preached upon the "Four last Things;" but it is only his awakening (I might add matchless) Sermons upon "Hell" that are here meant.



He speaks just what he please, but mind it still,  
 He proves as fast as he does speak his will.  
 Big with important sense, his every line  
 Speaks him a *Manton*, or an old Divine.  
 In short (and with those words I take my leave)  
 His Evening Lectures \* and his pious breath  
 Perfumes the air, and makes a Heaven on Earth.  
 I'll add but this (for 't is my very soul),  
 He's Sermon-wise, and hates a Pulpit-fool.  
 Then, Scotland, if you'd have a man of worth  
 To add new honour to the Doctor's scarf,  
 Send for young Rosewell when you next commence,  
 For there—'t is there—you'll find a Man of Sense!  
 Painter, to Jewin-street you now shall steer,  
 Here Angels, if on Earth, would come to hear;  
 Where *Franks* does preach, nothing is wish'd but Ear.  
 In form an Angel, and a Saint in mind;  
 No Pulpit-fool, for he is so refin'd,  
 He ha' n't one spot in body or in mind.  
 Blend for him all the beauties e'er you knew,  
 For, *Franks*, all handsome faces meet in you,  
 And so do all Dissenting Doctors too.  
*Franks* looks so fresh, so shines with every grace,  
 The genuine form excels the painted face;  
 What wond'rous Artist e'er could draw so well  
 As charming Nature, where she strives t' excel?  
 Heaven's work before the Painter's we must rank,  
 Since it design'd its master-piece in *Frank*.  
 God, whose resemblance in each face we view,  
 Has his own Image † drawn for public view,  
 And, *Franks*, we do almost adore 't in you.  
 Too great his worth, too vast to be defin'd,  
 He is a Doctor that is so refin'd,  
 His body's but the picture of his mind.  
 Thus, Painter, if you wish to draw his face  
 (To make it like, and not the Saint disgrace),  
 It must be serious, handsome, chaste, and young,  
 One who charms with, and yet without a tongue.  
 But hold—to draw him learn'd, and truly fair,  
 Consult his Soul—you'll find all Doctor there:  
 Or rather gaze upon that matchless Saint,  
 Whose worth you can't, and therefore do not paint;  
 I mean, draw by his pious Brother *Cullum*;  
 For, if Grace makes a Doctor, he is one.  
 These both assist in the same work and station,  
 And so united, make a Constellation.

\* In the Old Jewry.

† Genesis i. 24.

They harmonize, are free and unconstrain'd;  
 Two Brothers sweetly walking hand in hand;  
 They're so entirely twisted, that alone  
 Not one is view'd—they're both together one,  
 As twinkling Spangles that together lie,  
 Join forces and make up one Galaxy;  
 As various Gums dissolving in one fire  
 Together in one fragrant flame expire.  
 Preach then, united Souls, and preach till Death;  
 Preach for the same—united is your breath:  
 Levites thus join'd do wear the Doctor's wreath.  
 But hold! these Doctors (men of sense I mean)  
 Though as *two Sticks* they join'd in *Shower's Beam*\*,  
 They but unite, and then divide again.  
 For, though learn'd Cullum is too grave to move  
 (Dissenting Doctors do not money love),  
 Yet Franks, I judge, has got some richer seat,  
 For he has made a long (though fair) retreat;  
 For Angels' visits are but short and sweet!  
 The next Dissenter that does preach in Town,  
 Who has no 'Titles got, nor Doctor's Gown  
 (But merits more than any Doctor can),  
 Is pious, learned, rhyming, modest *Watts*:  
 "He that did tune his harp by Chloris' notes;  
 "Nay, was all ear, when on the banks of Thames.  
 "He listen'd to her sweet harmonious strains;  
 "Listen'd!—and well he might; for when she sings,  
 "His zeal did rise on her seraphic wings †."  
 No wonder then his Muse so well indites,  
 That all his Lyrics ‡ have such noble flights;  
 For whosoe'er does hear that Angel sing,  
 Is straight a Doctor, Wit, and every thing.  
 At least a Rhyming Doctor we will call  
 The famous Watts, he's so poetical.  
 Then, Dr. Watts, which way shall I extol  
 Thy Lyric Verse, it is so pious all §?

\* They both preached, one in the Forenoon, and the other in the Afternoon, in that which was formerly Mr. Shower's Meeting-house.

† Reader, consult Mr. Watts's Poem to Mrs. Singer, on the sight of some of her Divine Poems never printed, pp. 58, 59, for your better understanding these five lines marked thus " ".

‡ Alluding to Mr. Watts's "*Horæ Lyricæ: Poems chiefly of the Lyric Kind*. In three Books: 1. Sacred to Devotion and Piety. 2. To Virtue, Honour, and Friendship. 3. To the Memory of the Dead."

§ Alluding to those words in his Preface to his *Lyric Poems*: "Thus almost in vain have the Throne and the Pulpit cried 'Re-

Not Sleep beneath the shade in flowery fields  
 To th' weary Traveller more pleasure yields;  
 Nor, to assuage his thirst, the living Spring  
 In heat of Summer more delight does bring,  
 Than unto me thy well-tun'd Numbers do,  
 In which thou dost both please and profit too.  
 Born in a clime where storms and tempests grow,  
 Far from the place where Helicon does flow,  
 The Muses travel'd far to bless thy sight,  
 And taught thee how to think, and how to write:  
 'Tis Doctor Watts, or farewell Rhyming quite!  
 Thou dost not write like those who brand the times,  
 And themselves most, with sharp satiric Rhymes;  
 Nor does thy Muse with filthy Verses tear  
 The modest Virgin's chaste and tender ear.  
 Free from their faults, whate'er thy Muse indites,  
 Not Ovid nor Tibullus softer writes:  
 The choice of tuneful words t' express our thought,  
 By thy example we have first been taught.  
 Our English Virgil \*, and our Pindar too,  
 In this, 'tis said, some negligence did shew,  
 But you are Doctor to the chiming Crew †.  
 To thee alone we are beholden more  
 Than all the Poets of the Times before.  
 Thy Muse, inspir'd with a more pious rage,  
 Did first refine the Genius of our Age.  
 In thee a clear and female softness shin'd,  
 With masculine vigour, force and judgment join'd.  
 Hail, wondrous Bard! whose Heaven-born Genius first  
 My infant Muse and blooming Fancy nurs'd;  
 With thy sweet Lyric strains I first began,  
 Then fed on nobler Panegyric strain.  
 Numbers seraphic! and at every view,  
 My Soul extended, and much larger grew  
 (Such Wit would make a Layman Doctor too!)  
 Where'er I read, new raptures seize my mind,  
 Methought I heard a rhyming Seraphim;  
 E'en Philomela does not sweeter sing.

formation,' while the Stage and licentious Poems have waged open war with the pious design of Church and State."

\* Cowley.

† Alluding to those Reflections on prophane Rhymes to be found in the Preface to his Lyric Poems; viz. "It has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined World, that Poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to Vice and Prophaneness; that an Art inspired from Heaven should have so far lost the memory of its Birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of Hell."

Long did the untun'd World in ignorance stray,  
 Producing nothing that was great and gay,  
 Till taught by thee the true Poetic way.  
 Rough were the tracks before, dull and obscure,  
 Nor pleasure nor instruction could procure.  
 Their thoughtless labour could no passion move ;  
 Sure in that age the Poets knew not Love !  
 At least Divine, such as those Doctors teach,  
 Who like John Watts can rhyme as well as preach.  
 I'll say but this—if Merit may decide,  
 Or make a Doctor, Watts is dignified !  
 For where 's the Man can match such wit and sense :  
 'Tis Doctor Watts (at least) i' th' future tense !

The next Dissenting Preacher that I'll name  
 Is one that is a universal Man  
 In Learning, and a Doctor too in fame.  
 Whose face must here be taken ? Good Sir, hark !  
 Can any Guide compare with Watts but *Clark* ?  
 Clark, who like Watts has action without blame,  
 Clark, who, like him, is every good man's theme ;  
 Clark, who deserves a double Doctor's name.  
 Clark, by all ears admir'd, for whom all pray,  
 And if he dies, all Earth will mourn that Day\*.  
 Clark, who the Pulpit-fools do dread and shun,  
 Because his fame is bright, and theirs is gone ;  
 Clark, who so many pious charms commands,  
 As won't disgrace the piece where *Palmer* stands,  
 For there be Doctors with but half his brains.

Painter, to make thy lasting fame renown'd,  
 Let all be with the matchless *Palmer* crown'd ;  
 Sum all in him that's good, and learn'd, and great,  
 Place him in Learning's, and in Bates's seat ;  
 For they that hear him, hear the most complete.  
 He shines in wit, and yet is so sedate,  
 That none can equal, best but imitate ;  
 He is a Doctor purely for his wit.  
 His thoughts are fine, and deep, and all agree,  
 That praises here a kinder libel be.  
 Sam *Palmer* is on purpose made by Fate,  
 That Priests might have a Guide to imitate.  
 In *Palmer* see, in *Palmer* all admire,  
 What Nature, Books, and Honour can inspire.  
 Were *Wesley* but impartial, he would own  
 His learned Answer lash'd him to the bone.

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\* This character was written upon the melancholy news that Mr. Clark was dying ; but he recovered again, to the great joy of his hearers, and all good men whatsoever.

A better Vindication \* none could write,  
 Nor any Satire shew us half that wit :  
 Strict sense appears in the most careless line ;  
 And in the most exact, the Graces shine.  
 ('Tis Dr. Palmer's, and it must be fine !)  
 Here Marvel's fancy easily is wrought,  
 And Owen's learned turn improv'd by thought.  
 Bates' pen, How's depth, with Alsop's wit is join'd,  
 And still each Author's Genius is refin'd.  
 Then, if my Muse to her wish'd height would climb,  
 She must this World, and Pulpit-fools decline ;  
 And still with Palmer ev'ry thought refine.  
 But he (pity Dissenters be n't awake)  
 Preaches for little more than preaching's sake.  
 Palmer—('t is strange such worth 's not understood)  
 Takes pleasure still, like Heaven, in doing good.  
 Here, Palmer, I should dwell upon thy praise,  
 Admire thy preaching, and delight to gaze  
 Upon thy face—could but my labouring eyes  
 Preserve their strength, and visive faculties ;  
 But all is summ'd in—Palmer's truly wise.  
 He was so even in Dissenters' clutch ;  
 Could the ungrateful Whigs have seen as much,  
 He'd been Arch-doctor of Dissenting Church.  
 But he *conforms* (I speak it to his praise),  
 For now his Learning spreads the brighter rays :  
 He honours his Gown, and now is so complete,  
 He need not ask a Dean's or Prebend's seat,  
 He merits Lawn, and ev'ry thing that 's great.  
 Stop, Muse !—for others do attract the sight,  
 (All will-be Doctors most divinely bright)  
 But I've not time to do all Doctors right :  
 Besides, two thousand that remain in fame,  
 Deserve a Cowley to embalm their name ;  
 But, lest the Tacking-fools, who still are blind  
 To men of sense, should swear there's none behind,  
 I shall a dozen other Doctors name,  
 Whose praise has almost crack'd the trump of Fame.  
 The first o' th' Reverend dozen I shall paint,  
 Is *Shower*—an humble man, and preaching Saint.  
 When first the great and joyful news was spread,  
 That three Dissenting Preachers were preferr'd  
 To Doctorships—"Sure Shower must be one !"  
 Said all the town that knew the famous John !

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\* I allude here to Mr. Palmer's " Vindication of the learning, loyalty, morals, and most Christian behaviour of the Dissenters towards the Church of England, in Answer to Mr. Wesley's Defence of his Letter concerning the Dissenters' Education in their private Academies."

Howe'er, 't is greater thus to merit fame,  
 Than to put on the Gown, and Doctor's name.  
 Shower—thy name and nature both agree,  
 For both (yes, both) refreshing Showers be.  
 You 're Chrysostom let down from beams on high,  
 You preach like him, charm with his orat'ry :  
 So moving are your Sermons, that 't is clear  
 You 've brought the rhetorick of the Angels here ;  
 So pious in your life, meek in your place,  
 We think you brought up in the Schools of Grace :  
 Which makes a Doctor in Divinity ;  
 For without Grace what signifies Degree ?  
 'Twas never known at once that Nature meant  
 To mould a Subject and an Accident.  
 Thy name and nature do so well agree,  
 Thy name another nature seems to be,  
 And, as we hear, we make it out in thee ;  
 The letters to the humour's so well set,  
 They shew the brightest in the Alphabet.  
 Names may be chang'd, and many often do,  
 But to change thine 's to change your nature too ;  
 Thy name and nature constitute a bliss,  
 'Tis Heaven alone such Doctors makes as this :  
 Thy title by no mortal man was given,  
 But in a New-year's-gift \* was sent from Heaven.  
 Your Pulpit's fragrant, for you preach in flowers,  
 And when the hearer's truly blest, it—*Showers*.  
 Showers indeed ! for both thy tongue and pen  
 Has often made our graces spring again.  
 Thou art restor'd, but with how strange a Fate,  
 Return'd almost from the eternal gate.  
 'Twas nois'd this day † there died the fruitful Shower :  
 Our tears did weep thy loss, as past all cure ;  
 But yet the King of Death could not sustain  
 Our grief, and sent the Fates their threads again.  
 Thou know'st what tears thy false death caus'd for thee ;  
 Enjoy thyself in thy posterity,  
 Live as thine own survivor, hug thy joy ;  
 A life return'd will never lose a day.  
 He 's 'bove learn'd titles that has Shower's deserts,  
 The Doctor lies in piety and parts !  
 The Comment Preacher—next my Muse essays,  
 But 't is in vain, for Time alone can raise .  
 A Poem fit to sing great *Henry's* praise.

\* His excellent Treatise intitled " Serious Reflections on Time and Eternity," is here meant.

† This line owes its rise to a report that was spread in London that Mr. Shower was dead ; as indeed he was very near it, his life being despaired of at that time by his very Physicians.

Yet this I'll say (for Broad-oak knows 't is true)  
 Hyperboles in others are his due :  
 He is a Doctor, or he will be so.  
 Should Angels come from Heaven ('t is my sense)  
 They'd not be heard with greater reverence ;  
 All Pulpits own, his learned pieces raise  
 A work to trouble Fame, astonish Praise.  
 His Comments are so full, and yet so trim,  
 We praise all virtues in admiring him :  
 He's more than Doctor that is so divine.

*Lesley* is learned, wise, and temperate,  
 In him the Graces have a noble seat :  
 For he is built, like some imperial room,  
 For these to dwell in, and be still at home.  
 His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,  
 Where all heroic, pious thoughts do meet ;  
 Where Nature such a large survey hath ta'en,  
 As other souls, to his, live in a lane.  
 To find a Whig in ev'ry grace excel,  
 Is rare—but *Lesley* is that miracle.  
 He is indeed that good Samaritan,  
 That cloaths the poor, and heals the wounded man ;  
 His preaching and his alms do both agree,  
 He don't, like *Stivens*, preach up charity,  
 And give as if he wanted your supply.  
 He is—but he that would this Saint commend  
 Shall find nothing so hard as how to end.

I' th' first Edition of this Character  
 Thus far I went, but I must now retire ;  
 For *Lesley* is no Doctor, nor will be,  
 He loves a Mistress more than a Degree.  
 For in all Churches will a Judas creep,  
 It is their trouble, and was my mistake,  
 When I prais'd *Lesley* for honest *Tutchin's* \* sake.

*Mauduit's* a polish'd Levite, and his name  
 Becomes the wonder and discourse of Fame ;  
 Each verdant laurel, ev'ry myrtle bough,  
 Are stript for wreaths t' adorn and load his brow.  
 He is a Scholar of such pious sense,  
 He's surely Doctor when they next commence.  
 But shall I praise him? When all men agree  
 (Except such Pulpit-fools that will not see),  
 Who tells his worth, seems to write Poetry.  
 Makes Nature maps? since, learned *Freke*, in thee  
 She draws a living University ;  
 (*Freke* is all Doctors in epitome!)

\* It was the extraordinary kindness and compassion *Lesley* shewed to Mr. *Tutchin* in his greatest distress, that made me praise him so much in the first edition of this Poem.

Or strives she, in so small a Pulpit-piece,  
 To sum the liberal Arts and Sciences?  
 Nature in Freke does to the world declare,  
 No bulky kite can with the lark compare;  
 For Freke, though small, is great in what is rare.  
 Nature here shews how little matter can  
 So truly big, as Freke, a form contain.  
 His age is blabb'd abroad by silver hairs,  
 Fame ranks him with the gravest Pulpiteers,  
 But all his limbs still cry out want of years.  
 Here's a vast mind, though in a little cage,  
 A will-be Doctor, that does much presage,  
 For Freke's great virtues double twice his age.  
 So great a soul as his does fret and fume  
 At th' narrow world, meerly for want of room;  
 Conjunction strange! for therein Freke is grown  
 A little mole-hill, and the Alps in one.  
 In the same action we may truly call  
 Nature both thrift, and a great prodigal.

*Walker*, I judge, is made of earth refin'd,  
 At his blest birth the gentle Planets shin'd;  
 Praise him who list, he still shall be his debtor,  
 For Art ne'er feign'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.  
 A better!—equals he has, that shine and speak,  
 In *Andrews*, *Taylor*, and the learned *Freke*,  
*Evans*, *Wright*, *Hughes*, *Shute*, *Billingsley*, and *Leak*,  
 Who now are Doctors for their wit and sense,  
 And will be Doctors in the future tense.

With these Dissenting Doctors I might place  
 The pious *Stretton*, *Lukin*, *Mr. Chace*,  
*Bayley*, *Damer*, *Sprint*, *Hamilton*, and *Wise*,  
*Bragg*, *Hannot*, *Gilping*, *Chandler*, humble *Price*,  
*Flemming*, *Nisbet*, *Bellamy*, and *Powel*,  
*Gidly*, *Blackmore*, *Doolittle*, and *Howel*,  
*Hubbald*, *Bowden*, *Stort*, *Barret*, learned *Boyse*,  
*Weeks*, *Burgess*, *Gilson*, *Benson*, *Mr. Royce*,  
*Bush*, *Reynolds*, *Wilson*, *Gordon*, *Whitaker*,  
*Gough*, *Thompson*, *Mather*, *Wilkinson*, and *Burr*,  
*Willard*, *Hussey*, *Noble*, *Seaton*, *Gledhil*,  
*Ridgley*, *Audland*, *Carstairs*, and pious *Hill*,  
*Dike*, *Catcot*, *Moody*, *Marriot*, *Rogers*, *Grew*,  
*Wells*, *Sheppard*, *Barnard*, *Weaver*, *Mr. Drew*,  
*Guise*, *Douglass*, *Barton*, *Cunningham*, and *Hearle*,  
*Cotton*, *Pope*, *Mayo*, *Anderton*, and *Searle*;  
 To these add *Baldwin*, *Petto*, *Hughs*, and *Tongue*,  
*Trail*, *Allen*, *Waters*, *Gouge*, and *Robinson*,  
 Who all are Doctors, or they will be soon.  
 What though great *Williams*, *Oldfield*, *Calamy*,  
 Are first advanc'd to Doctoral Degree?



They have it but in name before the rest,  
For those I nam'd can stand a Doctor's Test,  
And will in time receive their just advance;  
For, though not Doctors, they have Doctors' Brains.

If Charity does make a Doctor too,

*Pomfret* was Doctor forty years ago.

I did before describe his charity\*,

Where I distinguish'd men of dignity.

I'll add but this, his love is general;

He is not kind to this and that, but all

His light directs—unto no partial end,

Like *Annesley*† he's a universal Friend;

“Mighty in works of sacred Charity †,

Which none knows better how to guide than he;

For thus he gives, that, had he mines in store,

He'd ne'er be rich, while any man was poor;

A heart so great, that, if he had a purse,

He would supply the poor o' th' Universe.”

He is a second Doctor *Annesley*

For Grace and universal Charity,

(’Tis Doctor to resemble such as he.)

But for the Tacking Parson, fly the knave,

“For such as these are all the Devil’s slave,

And ev’ry grace but Charity they have.”

This makes them rail, and such a shameful evil,

That good men think a railing Saint the Devil.

But, if you would a real Doctor be,

Without a ramble for a Scotch Degree,

Keep *Pomfret*, or fam’d *Annesley* in your eye;

And then you’ll Doctors live, and Doctors die.

Nay, if in Glory there be difference,

You will e’en there some new Degrees commence.

Stop here—though others may attract the sight,

My Muse now flags, she has too great a weight,

Who dares attempt to do so many right?

Ah! could I but complete so fine a piece,

As to paint each Dissenting Doctor’s phiz,

I then would boast—nay, challenge Rome and Greece.

\* In my Project intituled “Dignified and Distinguish’d,” p. 664.

† Dr. Samuel Annesley.

‡ This was the character that Mr. De Foe gives in his Poem which he calls “The Character of Dr. Annesley, by way of Elegy.”

EXTRACTS FROM

**“MORDECAI'S MEMORIAL;  
OR, THERE 'S NOTHING FOR HIM;”**

BEING A SATIRE UPON SOMEBODY, BUT IN NAME  
NOBODY: OR, IN PLAINER ENGLISH, A JUST AND  
GENEROUS REPRESENTATION OF UNREWARDED  
SERVICES, BY WHICH THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION  
HAS BEEN SAVED OUT OF DANGER. WRITTEN  
BY AN UNKNOWN AND DISINTERESTED CLERGY-  
MAN\*; AND MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HIS  
ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, GUARD-  
IAN OF THESE REALMS.

*London: Printed for S. Popping, 1716. 52 pp. 8vo.*

In the Dedication to the Prince of Wales, he says,

“The errand is, to acquaint your Royal Highness that Mr. John Dunton is the man, after all his service, hazards, and success, and after large assurances were made him, in case the Protestant Succession should obtain; he has been two years neglected, and after to struggle with an incumbrance of near a thousand pounds debt upon his estate, and exposed to confinement in a prison. The difficulties into which his zeal and loyalty have thrown him are so pressing, that he must die a martyr in the cause of the Country and the Royal Family, if nothing be done for him. Mr. Dunton has done more to open the eyes of the stupid and deluded Jacobites during the late Ministry (by daring to publish those early discoveries of Oxford's and Bolingbroke's treason, which he entitles “Neck or Nothing,”) than all the subjects of Great Britain besides.

“Shall the Jacobites (or High Churchmen) be so very generous to all those infamous tools that promote the Pretender's interest, that Dr. Sacheverell shall have 3000 guineas at one present to encourage his Pulpit Rebellion,

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\* Evidently by John Dunton himself. EDIT.

for calling Royal William, of glorious memory, 'a great Usurper;' King George's just title to the British Crown 'a damned legacy;' his best Friends, the Dissenters and Low Churchmen, 'a parcel of false Brethren,' and drinking the Pretender's health on his bare knees.

"That Dr. Swift shall have 1000*l.* a year for 'writing 'The Examiner,' and asserting the Church is in danger, as a mere bite to poison the Nation, and bring in the Pretender, &c.

"And shall not poor *Mordecai* be nobly rewarded, when his desires are so just and reasonable, they rising no higher than to be out of debt, and, by 1000*l.* and a handsome pension, to be put in a future capacity to serve King George and his native Country?"

In the Memorial itself, he says,

"Mr. Dunton was born a Gentleman, bred a scholar, and is heir to a good estate; was ever distinguished 'for his sincere loyalty to King George, generous carriage to men in distress, and strict justice to all the world \*.' And I must further do him that honour to say, he was always constant to his Whiggish principles, unchangeable in his fidelity where trusted, and has the most courage, mercury, and diligence in his natural temper, of any virtuosi I ever knew—witness his 'Athenian Oracle,' 'Idea of a New Life,' 'Weekly Pacquet,' and 300 books he wrote besides; and if he lives but to his 60th year, I believe he will treble their number—so that Mr. Dunton is author of more Books than any one man in the age we live in, and (except Tostatus) has no equal in former ages as to the number of books he has printed. Yet, for all these excellent qualities, he never was so proud or vain as to put in for the character of an extraordinary wise man. No—I know no phoenix in this age, except it be the immortal *Walpole*.

"Was not Dr. *Fleetwood* made Bishop of Ely for his distinguished loyalty to King George, and writing that truly-protestant and celebrated preface which a Jacobite Parliament burned by the common hangman?

"Was not Dr. *Hoadly* made Bishop of Bangor for fairly proving the piety, justice, and necessity of Revolu-

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\* Flying Post.

tion principles, against the Hereditary whims of the Bishop of *Chester*?

"Was not Mr. *Steele* raised to the honour of Knighthood, made a Commissioner to the forfeited estates, settled in 3000*l.* a year, and is still expecting greater preferment, for only *Tattling* (ingeniously) twice a week against the Pretender, Popery, and Slavery?

"Was not Mr. *H——ck* (as wretchedly as his morals have been out of order) most deservedly fed with a place of 500*l.* a year, for curing the distempers of the body politic with a German Doctor?

"Was not that first-rate Poet Mr. *Oldmixon*, by having a friend at Court, (for kissing goes by favour,) lately advanced to a considerable post for the great service he has done by his loyal rhymes?

"And was not the ingenious Mr. *Samuel Buckley* raised from nothing to something by his early zeal for the Hanover Succession? for his *SUN* first set in a Bookseller's shop, but dawned again in the Printer's Art, where it shined, loyally, several years, in a *DAILY COURANT*, till bare printing 'Baron Bothmer's Memorial' raised it at length to its meridian glory in a *London Gazette*, where it dazzles indeed! and revives and cheers all that behold it; for Mr. Buckley is now, by the rays of his great loyalty, wit, and virtue, most deservedly made a Justice of Peace, and will keep his coach in a few years, as a just reward for his *DAILY* labours to serve the publick; so that the Royal gratitude has been so general, as well as noble, that all the Authors of note that are yet unrewarded are only,

"The Rev. Mr. *William Bisset*, Author of that 'Modern Fanatic' which proves Dr. Sacheverell a scurvy Jacobite tool; for writing whereof he has been assaulted, and goes still in fear of his life, from the Sacheverellite or High-Church Mobbers.

"Mr. *William Clark*, a Dissenting Minister, living in Shadwell; whose proposal to raise and head a company of soldiers at his own charge, to suppress the Pretender's Rebellion; discovery of a Jacobite-plot in Southwark to defeat the Protestant Succession, which Mr. Dunton published at the hazard of his life, and for which Mr. Clark was actually shot at by three men; and two Sermons

entitled "The Rebel's Doom," and "Undoubted Heir, and he must reign," which he fairly proves to be King George; most justly recommend him to the generous bounty and protection of the present Government.

"Mr. *Joseph Harrington*, now Pastor to a large Congregation in Coventry; whose great courage and loyalty to the House of Hanover, in dispersing Mr. Dunton's early discoveries of Oxford's and Bolingbroke's treason, called "Neck or Nothing," at a time when there were six warrants to seize the Author, and the Traitors in power were resolved to ruin all that promoted Dunton's impeachment, sufficiently prove that both himself and that loyal Heroine Mrs. *S. Boulter* deserve a Royal reward.

"The first, as Mr. Harrington is a second Rothwell\*, I mean that pious, bold, and loyal Divine, to whom the Nation is in some sort obliged for those early discoveries called "Neck or Nothing," for this generous Samaritan giving Mr. Dunton a visit, where Summer Friends seldom come, I mean in the Fleet prison, he presented me with Mr. Walpole's celebrated tract, "A Short History of the Parliament," which Mordecai read with that vast satisfaction, that the same night he resolved to attempt the writing a Supplement to it, and entitle it "Neck or Nothing;" and the following day (as if Mr. Harrington had been privy to all the discoveries) comes a packet of Jacobite secrets from a person of honour, well known to Bishop Burnet and Marquis of Wharton, that furnished Dunton for that day's enterprize; so that all that abhor the treason and villainy of the late Ministry must acknowledge the Nation is much indebted to Mr. Harrington for his great courage and loyalty in contributing so seasonably to its discovery.

"In the second place, all the friends to the Protestant Succession would be very ungrateful to Mrs. Boulter, if they did not think she deserved a very distinguishing mark of his Majesty's favour; for this courageous and chaste Virgin, preferring a good conscience, and serving the House of Hanover, to that tempting present that Boling-

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\* He was called *Bold Rothwell* (as Mr. Clark tells us in the History of his Life) for his great courage in daring to speak to the Devil, when he went to pray with a person possessed.

broke offered, to debauch both her body and mind, sold many thousands of 'Neck or Nothing' in her own shop, and (by her Whig Friends) in all parts of the British Dominions, when all other Booksellers were afraid.

"Mr. *George Ridpath*, the ingenious and loyal Author of the *Flying Post*, who was unjustly tried in the late Reign for his great zeal and courage in defending his Majesty's just title to the British Crown; and still weekly drudges, with such great success and applause, to expose the High-Church Enemies to King George, that Dr. Swift (a professed Jacobite) tells the world "that he is celebrated by the Dutch Gazetteer, as one of the best pens of England;" and yet this accomplished Writer is unrewarded, &c. &c.

"I would next attempt to give a character of that truly honest and ingenious Gentleman, Mr. *Charles Gildon*, who suffered much in the late Reign, for that great and eminent service he did for the House of Hanover by his loyal writings, but more especially for his excellent remarks upon the Princess Sophia's Letter to Queen Anne. Neither would I omit giving a large character of Mr. *John Toland*, the learned and polite Author of that seasonable and famous tract, "The Art of Restoring," who has suffered more by the persecuting tongue of Irish *Higgins*, and other Jacobite tools, than any man in the kingdom; but that I cannot think two Whig Authors, of their shining and distinguished merits, and that are personally known to Baron de Bothmer, and other generous Patriots, are still put to their shifts, for want of a considerable Place or Pension, they having both of them so greatly deserved a Royal reward; for Mr. Gildon had his loyal services approved by the Princess Sophia, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Secretary Stanhope; and Mr. Toland's early and great love to the House of Hanover carried him over to that Court, made him explain their MEDALS, and write a glorious character of every branch of that Royal Family.

"I know but two Authors more of distinguished merit and sense, that are still unrewarded; and that is Mr. *Stephen Whatley*, and poor *Mordecai*. The first is distinguished by many excellent qualities; he is master of his passions, master of style, and master of the French

tongue, and was ever true to King George's interest in the worst of times ; so that we may properly call Whatley a second Ridpath, for sense, courage, and honesty ; for when Ridpath was forced to fly to Holland, Ridpath so ingeniously lived in Whatley, that the Flying Post was still thought to be written by that State-martyr. We will next view him in a Mug-house ; he deserves the honour of being called the Arch-Muggite of Great Britain ; for it is chiefly owing to his invincible courage, that the two Mug-houses in St. Jones's\* and Cheapside have subdued all their enemies, and do daily increase and flourish. Mr. Whatley is never President but the Jacobites preach and tremble, and dare not look so bold a man in the face. His quick and wise repartees, and great presence of mind, confound his Jacobite enemies ; and he fills the chair with such loyal huzzas, as give joy and transports to every Whig that hears the sound."

Then follows a long and fulsome account of his own fancied claims and merits, of which the Reader may judge by the Tract which follows next in order.

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## AN APPEAL

TO HIS MAJESTY'S MOST GRACIOUS PROMISE † OF  
NEVER FORGETTING THOSE THAT HAVE DISTIN-  
GUISHED THEMSELVES IN HIS SERVICE ;

OR, THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOHN DUNTON, GENT.  
TO HIS LAWFUL AND EVER-GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN  
KING GEORGE ; THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE LEFT TO  
STARVE IN A JAIL, AFTER HIS EARLY, BOLD, AND  
SUCCESSFUL VENTURING HIS LIFE AND FORTUNE  
IN DETECTING HIS MAJESTY'S ENEMIES, WHEN  
PLOTTING IN THE ROYAL PALACE, AND OTHER

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\* Sic. EDIT.

† His Majesty's first Speech from the Throne ; " I will never forget the obligations I have to those that have distinguished themselves by their zeal and firmness to the Protestant Succession, against all the open and secret practices that have been used to defeat it."

( PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND TO RE-  
STORE THE PRETENDER. THE WHOLE PETITION  
HUMBLY SUBMITTED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQ.  
FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, AND TO THE  
OTHER WORTHY PATRIOTS NOW IN THE MINISTRY;  
IN HOPES THEY WILL GIVE IT SUCH A RECOM-  
MENDATION TO HIS MAJESTY AS THEY KNOW IN  
HONOUR AND CONSCIENCE IS DUE TO IT.

4to. No Date\*.

To the King's most Excellent Majesty;  
The humble Petition of John Dunton, Gent.

SHEWETH,

That your Petitioner, very early in the Queen's Reign, when Oxford and Bolingbroke were at the head of the Ministry, did publish a Pamphlet, called "Neck or Nothing;" (or, a Supplement to Mr. *Walpole's* celebrated Tract, called, "The Short History of the Parliament,") discovering the measures then taking (in the Royal Palace, and other parts of Great Britain and Ireland) to blind the People, bring in the Pretender, and injure your Sacred Majesty's Family's right to your Throne (which he prays God you may long enjoy); which bold discoveries no man durst publish at that time but himself (so great a risk did he run of his life and fortune in their publication), as is proved by a Reverend Clergyman, in his Narrative, entitled, "Mordecai's Memorial; or, there is nothing done for him†;" wherein he proves your Petitioner a parallel instance to the Persian Mordecai for his distinguished (though, as yet, unrewarded) services, in detecting the Jacobites' Plots against your Majesty's Royal Person and Family:

That your Petitioner had, upon the publication of these discoveries (entitled "Neck or Nothing"), several Officers, with Warrants from the State, in pursuit of him; with severe threats of his life, and large rewards for taking him: by Providence he escaped their fury, but

\* Published in 1723. EDIT.

† See p. 730.



with great fatigue and expence, and to the impoverishing your Petitioner ; till God Almighty sent your Majesty for a general deliverance, in which your Petitioner had the most distinguished share, the Pretender having sworn (as the Jacobites report) "that John Dunton is the first man he will hang at Tyburn, if ever he ascends the British Throne, for his having writ Forty Books to prove him a Popish Impostor, and all his Adherents either Fools, Knaves, or Madmen." But your Petitioner most humbly assures your Majesty, that the threats of this would-be King (or little Popish Work of Darkness) have so little frightened him from his sincere and steady loyalty to his lawful Sovereign, that he resolves to re-print (in a few days) "The Golden Age revived ; or, a Vision of the Future Happiness of Great Britain, under the glorious Reign of King George, and his Illustrious House, to the World's End ;" of which the late Order of both Houses of Parliament for burning the Pretender's Declaration by the hands of the common Hangman is a good and joyful omen :

That your Petitioner, living in daily fear of a prison by reason of the great sums of money which he freely spent out of his own pocket in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, applied himself to his two good friends, the late Marquis of Wharton and the Bishop of Salisbury, who faithfully promised to lay your Petitioner's wants and services before your Majesty, which *two thousand pounds* would relieve (a small sum, if compared with his early, bold, and expensive hazards to serve the Public) ; but they, to his great sorrow, dying, left him destitute ever since, but of the hope of relief from your Sacred Majesty, and your condescending goodness in distinguishing him by your Royal Present of a *Gold Medal*, which your Petitioner received by means of that truly generous and illustrious Patriot the Count de Bothmer, and will keep it till death, were he to die with hunger.

That the expectation of some reward (according to your Majesty's Royal promise from the Throne, which was "never to forget those that have distinguished themselves in your service") has gained your Petitioner credit for subsistence for these several years, which is now withdrawn, and a *jail* threatened : and that your Petitioner

was formerly called the *Patriot* of Great Britain, for venturing his *all* to save it from the Usurpation and Tyranny of a Popish Pretender (as was well known to the immortal *Stanhope* \*, who, like a true and generous Patriot, gave your Petitioner a noble present of guineas, in acknowledgment of his public services); and for that reason it was generally thought he would have been the first man rewarded at your Majesty's happy Accession to the British Throne; but all the reward your Petitioner has yet had (save that glorious one of having done his duty to your Majesty's Royal Person and Family in the worst of times) is the utter ruin of himself for saving his Country from it, if your Royal Bounty does not prevent it; and yet your Petitioner has not once started from his constant and affectionate loyalty to his lawful Sovereign King George, ever since he drew his pen in your Majesty's service (whatever some Proteus Loyalists have done, when they have been no longer honoured or loaded with Royal Bounty), which has occasioned some of your Majesty's best Friends to persuade him to write a *Paradox*, and entitle it "The Honour of deserving a Knight-hood exceeds the Title;" for though your Petitioner was born a Gentleman (being the eldest Son of a Reverend Divine of the Church of England) and bred a Scholar, and heir to a good estate (a great part of which your Petitioner has spent in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, both in the late and present Reign); yet he most solemnly declares to your Majesty, that he had much rather starve in the glorious cause of King George and his Illustrious House, than to be advanced to the greatest honours and riches by a Popish Pretender; and for that reason, your Petitioner ever thought it his *duty*, both as a Liveryman of the City of London and a Freeholder of the County of Bucks, to stick at no charges in choosing such Members of Parliament that were for securing to Great Britain King William's glorious Legacy, the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of Hanover; nor shall either rewards or punishments, the frowns or flatteries of any creature, hinder him from faithfully dis-

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\* The Right Honourable James Earl Stanhope is the true and generous Patriot here meant.

charging the duty he owes his God, his King, and Country, to the utmost of his power ; for, as your Petitioner would not for a thousand worlds wrong any man by a false accusation, if he knows it to be so ; so neither will he, for fear or favour, conceal any villainy that comes well attested to his knowledge. This ever was, and ever shall be, his principle and practice ; by this he will stand or fall, live or die. That man, he thinks, ill understands his duty to God, his Prince, and Country, that will be bullied out of the performing it by any man on earth. This, your Petitioner hopes, will never be attempted towards him ; but, if it should, it will be in vain, for he would willingly lose, for the service of your Majesty, as much as others get by pretending to serve you.

All which fully proves to your Majesty that your Petitioner is sure to die a Martyr in the cause of his Country and of the Royal Family (or, in plainer English, must starve out his remaining days in a prison), except enabled by a Royal Reward to pay those *debts* that he has contracted in serving the Publick ; and therefore, as your Petitioner has the honour to be one of those loyal Clergymen's Sons, to whom your Majesty has promised " that they shall always have your protection and encouragement ;" he humbly hopes he shall not be suffered to starve in a jail for debts contracted in the service of his King and Country ; it being now a *National complaint* that his distinguished services to your Majesty's Royal Person and Family have gone nine years unrewarded, as will be declared in several Addresses to your Majesty from some of the chief Corporations of Great Britain and Ireland ; by the whole Athenian Society, of which your Petitioner has the honour to be a member ; and in a very particular manner from his brethren the Sons of the Clergy, if this present Petition does not meet with good success, as is both desired and expected by all your Majesty's true Friends. For it is generally thought your Petitioner's early venture of his life and fortune in detecting your Majesty's Enemies had not gone thus long unrewarded, had it not been either *concealed* or *misrepresented* to your Majesty by those South Sea (or pretended) *Whigs* that are lately dead, or displaced ; for those real *Whigs* that are now in the *Ministry*, were ever men

of a truly generous and faithful character; but pretended Whigs have robbed a whole Kingdom of its riches and credit; and, like the knavish contrivers of the fraudulent Hamburgh Lottery, would reward merit in none but their own creatures, or such as had money enough to purchase their favour. And these, your Petitioner's enemies, the Jacobites and pretended Whigs, will have him pass for a MADMAN; the first, to stifle the early and bold discovery your Petitioner made of their treason against your Majesty; and the last, to excuse their scandalous avarice and ingratitude, in not rewarding the many desperate and chargeable hazards that he ran at his own expense, to secure to them their Religion, lives, and estates. But your Petitioner is so far from being MAD, or in the least CRAZED in his Intellectuals, he is ready to stand the test before the whole College of Physicians upon that undeserved slander; for even the Reverend and learned Dr. Jonathan Swift, though a great Jacobite, and as such your Petitioner's avowed Enemy, yet does him the honour to clear him of all MADNESS, in his irony called "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," by calling his "Neck or Nothing" "a cutting satire upon the Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke;" and to affirm "it galled them more than 'The Crisis,' written by Sir Richard Steel, or any other *pamphlet* had done, during their whole Ministry." It would therefore be doing justice to your Petitioner's own reputation, and to those of his fellow subjects, who are merely robbed of their own estates, to set these South Sea or pretended Whigs (the only Enemies your Petitioner had at Court) in a true light, in a satire, intituled, "Neck or Nothing on both Sides; or, the National Complaint, that John Dunton, that ventured his *all* in the service of his King and Country, has gone Nine Years unrewarded; and that those State Pickpockets, the late Directors of the South Sea Company, their Aiders, Screeners, and Abettors, are not yet hanged."

This satire, if your Majesty's two Principal Secretaries of State, the Right Hon. the Lord Townshend and the Lord Carteret, will give leave for its publication, shall set the impudent and matchless knavery of the South Sea, or pretended, Whigs (but more especially of that

proud Son of a Judas, that was not only accused of robbing a whole Kingdom, but also of basely concealing and misrepresenting your Petitioner's PUBLIC SERVICES), in such a true light as will make their memory stink to the world's end; and in the mean time, that your Petitioner might not quite sink under that load of *debts* which he has contracted in the glorious cause of Religion and liberty, by still having his loyal and national services either concealed or misrepresented to his gracious Sovereign, he has taken effectual care to have this his humble Petition presented to your Majesty's own hand; to the Right Hon. Robert Walpole, Esq. first Lord of the Treasury, and to the other worthy Patriots now in the Ministry; in hopes they will give it such a recommendation to your Majesty, as they know in honour and conscience is due to it. But, whether they do or not, a Minister of State's not performing his duty to those that have distinguished themselves in the service of their Country, can no way blacken your Majesty's spotless character; for it is universally acknowledged, if our gracious Sovereign excels in one virtue more than another, it is in that of nobly *rewarding* such as deserve it; of which the present Lord Chancellor, Earl Cadogan, Lord Townshend, Lord Carteret, and the Right Hon. Mr. Walpole, &c. are so many illustrious instances, which *your Petitioner does not speak with an eye to his own advancement*; for he can with truth affirm, when he first ventured his life and fortune in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, he had no other reward in view but barely doing his duty to his King and Country. And, to speaking truth, of all the ways of which your Petitioner is capable of relief, a ROYAL BOUNTY to pay his debts, and a *Pension for Life*, would make himself most easy, in regard his frequent attendance upon an ill state of health unfits him to execute an office; and this way of being delivered from *debt* (by the blessing of God upon his loyal and studious endeavours) would make your Petitioner farther serviceable to his native Country, both in detecting the Enemies to your Majesty's Government, and promoting of VIRTUE and LEARNING; and that,

*First*, By re-printing at least one thousand of those vendible copies which your Petitioner purchased from

Authors of distinguished piety, learning, and ingenuity, whilst he traded in the Stationers' Company; of which the "*French Book of Martyrs*," published in English with Queen Mary's Royal Privilege; "*Bishop Barlow's Genuine Remains*, in one hundred theological, philosophical, and historical essays;" "*The Works of the Right Hon. Lord Delamere*;" and "*The Casuistical Morning Exercises*," published by the famous Dr. Samuel Annesley, your Petitioner's ever-honoured Father-in-law, are four of the said copies; which, with nine hundred and ninety-six valuable copies more (to which your Petitioner has a just TITLE, and are now so scarce as not to be bought in London), had been long since re-printed, had not the money your Petitioner spent in your Majesty's service prevented it.

*Secondly*, By your Petitioner attempting to reform the debauched lives, corrupt principles, and ill-manners, of all your Majesty's Subjects, from the wanton Duke to the knavish Beggar, by discovering to them (from his own experience) the vanity, errors, and inconstancy, &c. of this present world, and reality of the next. And therefore, that this religious Project might awaken the conscience of the most hardened sinners, it is intituled, "Upon this Moment depends Eternity; or Mr. John Dunton's serious Thoughts upon the present and future State, in a fit of Sickness that was judged mortal; being a new Directory for Holy Living and Dying, composed of the Author's own Experience in Religion, Politicks, and Morals, from his Childhood to his Sixty-third Year; and submitted to the impartial censure of the Right Reverend Father in God William Lord Bishop of Ely."

*Thirdly*, By publishing "*Intellectual Sport; or a Packet for the Virtuosi of Great Britain*;" which your Petitioner has now ready for the press, and intends to intitle it, "*The Athenian Library; or a Universal Entertainment for the Lovers of Novelty; containing two thousand distinct Treatises in Prose and Verse, upon subjects never handled before.*" The whole written by the Author of "*Neck or Nothing*," (a Member of the Athenian Society) and revised, corrected, and approved by the Gentlemen concerned with him in writing "*The Athenian Oracle*," (a Work answering all nice and curi-

ous Questions, concealing the Querists), of which your Petitioner had the HONOUR of being the first Projector and Author.

And, *lastly*, By your Petitioner completing, in a *Second Edition*, what he calls "The Life and Errors of John Dunton, late Citizen of London; written by himself in solitude; with an Idea of a New Life, wherein is shown how he would think, speak, and act, might he live over his Days again; intermixed with the new Discoveries that the Author has made in his Travels abroad, and in his private Conversation at home; together with the Lives and Characters of a Thousand Persons (both male and female) of distinguished Piety, Learning, and Ingenuity (all of your Petitioner's Kindred and intimate Friends); and the whole Life and Errors digested in Seven Stages, with their respective Ideas. To which is prefixed, a Letter, written by a Reverend Divine of the Church of England, recommending this *Idea of a New Life* to the frequent perusal of Young Persons of both Sexes, but more especially to his own Children."

That your Petitioner has presumed to inform your Majesty of his great zeal, expence, and industry, in promoting of Virtue and Learning (as well as of his distinguished loyalty to your Majesty's Illustrious House in the worst of times) in hopes that you will be graciously pleased to give him your Royal Pardon for this *bold* (but necessary) *discovery* of his loyal and typographical services. But, as it was wholly owing to the *Muses*, that Cardinal Du Bois had the first access to the Monarch of France, and obtained the honour of a celebrated admission into the French Academy; so your Petitioner does not in the least doubt but the Virtuosi of Great Britain (*i. e.* such Members of the Athenian Society that have distinguished themselves by their steady loyalty to your Majesty, and great zeal in promoting of Virtue and Learning) will be as nobly rewarded with marks of Royal favour, as the Virtuosi of France have been by the French King. Neither had your Petitioner been now out of a prison, had he not assured his Creditors of the great hopes he had of the good success of this present application to your Majesty's most gracious promise, of

never forgetting those that have distinguished themselves in your service.

May your Majesty long live, the blessing of your People, and support of the Protestant Interest, and the Liberties of Europe; all of them now in the utmost danger by the cursed conspiracy of the High-Church Party to restore a Popish Pretender. May your Majesty be the glorious instrument of Providence to extricate them out of it. And to this end, may God bless your Majesty with a wise Council, a faithful Ministry, and an obedient, loyal, affectionate, dutiful, and united People!

Your Petitioner, therefore, most humbly lays himself at your sacred Majesty's feet, begging your generous pardon for this long and tedious Address (as it is in some sense his "Dying Groans from the Fleet Prison; or last Shift for Life,") and imploring your tender goodness and compassion on his miseries, wants, and services, in such manner as your Majesty in your great wisdom, shall think fit.

And your Petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray:

[This Appeal is followed, in the same Pamphlet, by "Some Impartial Remarks upon Mr. Dunton's Petition to his Majesty; written by that Reverend Clergyman that published the Narrative, intitled 'Mordecai's Memorial; or there's nothing done for him;' and proving, it is now a National complaint, that the Author of 'Neck or Nothing' has gone Nine Years unrewarded for his distinguished services to his King and Country."]

Then is given a List of Mr. John Dunton's

#### FORTY POLITICAL TRACTS,

Proving King George our Rightful and ever glorious Sovereign, and the Pretender a Popish Impostor: being Forty Books mentioned in [page 737. of] the Petition to his Majesty, and were most of them published when Oxford and Bolingbroke were two reigning Favourites; and the rest since his Majesty's happy Accession to the British Throne.

1. Neck or Nothing; in a Letter to the Earl of Oxford. Being a Supplement to [Mr. Walpole's] Short



History of the Parliament; also, The New Scheme (mentioned in the aforesaid History) which the English and Scotch Jacobites have concerted for bringing in the Pretender, Popery, and Slavery. With the true Character of the late Ministry. The 10th edition.

2. Queen Robin; or the Second Part of Neck or Nothing, detecting the secret Reign of the four last Years of Queen Anne; in a familiar Dialogue between Mr. Trueman (*alias* John Dunton) and his Friend, meeting accidentally at the proclaiming King George. The whole Discoveries humbly inscribed to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and contains the true History of the White Staff; in answer to that false one lately published by the Earl of Oxford. The third edition.

3. The shortest Way with the King; or, Plain English spoken to his Majesty. Being the Third Part of Neck or Nothing. Containing the Secret History of King George's Reign, from the Death of the late Queen to the Report made in the House of Commons by the Committee of Secrecy. Introduced with the Secret Reign of the Monarchs of Great Britain for the last Sixty Years.

4. The Impeachment, or Great Britain's Charge against the late Ministry, in Sixty Articles.

5. Whig Loyalty; or, an humble Address to her Majesty, by Mr. John Dunton, Author of the Court Spy; in which he offers to appear and prove all his discoveries (in his Letter intituled "Neck or Nothing"), and several others of great moment to the Queen and Kingdom, if her Majesty will be pleased to grant her Protection to himself and Witnesses. The third edition.

6. The Golden Age, exemplified in the glorious Reign of his present Majesty King George and his numerous Issue; or, a Vision of the future Happiness of Great Britain, under truly Protestant Kings and Queens, to the world's end. Humbly inscribed to his Majesty.

7. The Medal; or, a loyal Essay upon King George's Picture, as it was presented to Mr. John Dunton by his Majesty's order. To which is added a Picture of the Golden Age (drawn from a general Union amongst Protestants) with this title, "Dunton's Shortest Way with the Dissenters:" also a Discovery of the Principles and Practices of the Dissenting Ministers, written by the in-

genious Mr. Alsop, and printed from his original Copy, which on account of its rarity was purchased by the Author of this "Medal," at a great expense. Third edition.

8. Dunton's Ghost; or, a Speech to the most remarkable Persons in Church and State; but more especially to the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford (late) Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain. In Two Parts. By the Author of "Neck or Nothing," whilst he was numbered amongst the Dead.

9. The Hereditary Bastard; or, the Royal Intrigue of the Warming Pan, fully detected; in a Sermon upon Zech. ix. 6: "And a Bastard shall dwell in Ashdod."

10. Ox—[ford] and Bull—[ingbroke]; or, a Funeral Sermon for the two Beasts that are to be slaughtered upon Tower-hill this Session of Parliament, upon these words, "But these as natural brute Beasts must be taken and destroyed," 2 Pet. ii. 12.

11. King Abigail; or, the Secret History of the She-Favourite, detected and applied, in a Sermon upon these words, "And women rule over them." Isa. iii. 12.

12. Bungey; or, the False Brother [Dr. Sacheverell] proved his own Executioner. In a Sermon upon these words, "And went and hanged himself." Matth. xxvii. 5. In which the secret Vices, lewd Principles, and supposed shameful Death of that Tool Dr. Sacheverell (*alias* Bungey) is set in a new light; and the black Charge exhibited against him offered to be attested in any Court of Justice, or even in St. Andrew's Pulpit, whenever the Doctor will appoint the time. 1715.

13. *Frank Scamony* \*; or, the Restoring Clergy detected in their Names, Haunts, Plots, Heresies, and lewd Conversation; in a Sermon upon these words, "Her Priests have violated my Law, and I am profaned among them." Ezek. xxii. 16. Occasioned by a certain Bishop's swearing, "We'll have the Pretender, by G—d."

14. Seeing's Believing; or, King George proved a Usurper, and his whole Reign one continued Act of Cruelty and Oppression, and other notorious Failings. Written by a Subject to the lawful King. The whole Essay being a Satirical Irony, to prove King George

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\* This scandal was levelled at Bp. Atterbury. EDIT.

the most rightful and glorious Prince that ever sat upon the British Throne.

15. The High Church Gudgeons; or, a Day's Ramble to catch the foolish Jacks with their own Treason: being a Key to that loyal Irony, intituled, "Seeing's Believing," &c.; for writing whereof, Mr. Dunton was three times carried before a Magistrate the same day, and as often acquitted, for a loyal Subject and honest man.

16. The Devil's Martyrs; or, Plain Dealing. In answer to the Jacobite Speeches of those two perjured Rebels, William Paul, a Clergyman, and John Hall, a Justice of Peace; fairly proving, no British Subject can be a true Son of the Church of England that dies asserting that the Pretender has any right to his Majesty's Crown.

17. Royal Gratitude; or, King George's Promise never to forget his Obligations to those who have distinguished themselves in his Service critically considered. In a Letter to Robert Walpole, Esq. occasioned by a general Report that Mr. John Dunton (Author of "Neck or Nothing") will speedily be rewarded with a considerable Place or Pension.

18. King George for ever! or, Dunton's Speech to the Protestant Associations of Great Britain, but more especially to those of the Tower Hamlets.

19. The Manifesto of King John the Second (*alias* Mr. John Dunton) declaring he has fairer Pretensions to be sole Monarch of these Kingdoms than that Popish Impostor that styles himself James the Third.

20. The Ideal Kingdom; or, a Description of what Court John the Second resolves to keep, and in what manner he intends to reign, in case (after the death of King George, and the several Branches of his Illustrious House) he should defeat his Popish Rival for the British Crown, and be chose sole Monarch of Great Britain.

21. The Mob War; or, a Detection of the present State of the British Nation. But more especially with respect to that WOULD-BE KING, or little Popish Work of Darkness, that threatens us with a speedy Invasion. In Sixteen Letters\*, containing such Discoveries in

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\* The Title expresses Sixteen Letters, as above. But the copy of this Pamphlet in the British Museum contains only Eight Letters, which Dunton calls the *First Part* of the Mob War. He reserved the

**Church and State as were never published before. Dedicated to that truly noble and illustrious Patriot Holles, Duke of Newcastle.**

Eight remaining Letters to furnish out the *Second Part*. Whether the *Second Part* was ever published, I cannot learn. The Contents are,

1. The Would-be King; or, a Letter to the Tyler's Son (commonly called the Pretender,) proving the impossibility for this sham Prince to dethrone King George our rightful Sovereign.

2. The New Race of Monsters; or, a Letter to those Passive-obedience Rioters and Frenchified Englishmen, that persuade the Pretender to the Rebellion, under a false Cry of the Church's being in danger under his Majesty's Administration.

3. The Jacobite's Association; or, a Discovery of that general Massacre of English Protestants with which the Pretender intends to begin his bloody Reign.

4. The Janus Priest; or, a Letter to Mr. Lesley, Chaplain to the Pretender, upon his Report of the Pretender being turned Protestant.

5. The Blenheim Hero; or, a Letter to the ever-glorious Marlborough, upon his constant and glorious Success in the Day of Battle.

6. Death or Victory; or, a Letter to the new-raised Regiments of Horse and Foot, that resolve to fix the Crown on King George's Head, though it were through a Sea of Blood.

7. Now who's the Republican? or, a Letter to those Dissenting Ministers and their People, who have voluntarily offered their Lives and Fortunes in defence of his Majesty's just Title to the British Throne.

8. Reformation at Sea; or, a Letter to the King, detecting many Secrets relating to the Royal Navy.

The subjects of the Eight Letters which were to form the *Second Part* of Dunton's *Mob-war*, were:

9. The Highland Rebel; or, a Letter to the Earl of Mar, upon his tempting several English Soldiers to betray Edinburgh Castle into the hands of the Rebels.

10. The Growth of Popery, detected in the Life and Character of Sir Wm. Wyndham, bart. with some Account of those treasonable Papers which were seized at his Escape from the King's Messenger.

11. The Pretender's last Declaration answered; or, a glorious Vision of the Unanimity, Justice, and Loyalty, of the present Parliament to the Hanover Succession.

12. The Queen-killers; or, the Secret Steps that were taken by Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Lady Masham, to break Her Majesty's heart, cheat the Nation, and restore the Pretender.

13. Fair Warning to England; or, a Letter to my dear Countrymen and Fellow-subjects, proving they can expect nothing but Popery and Slavery, should the Pretender usurp his Majesty's Throne.

14. God save the King; or, a Panegyrick upon the Royal Orange, as it is to King William (of ever-glorious memory) we owe the invaluable blessing of the Hanover Succession.

15. George the Second; or, the Royal and most illustrious Character of the true Prince of Wales, George Augustus.

16. The Queen by Merit; or, the great Blessing of having many Protestant Heirs and several heroic Virtues to adorn the British Crown.

Some of the last Eight Letters Dunton published afterwards as separate Tracts; which makes it the more probable that he never printed the *Second Part* of his "*Mob-war*." EDIT.

22. *King William's Legacy*; an heroic Poem. In Two Parts; containing, 1. The Celestial Coronation; or, the joyful Acclamations of the Blessed in Heaven on the same Day on which our glorious George was crowned Monarch of Great Britain. 2. No Pretender; or, the General Thanksgiving on Earth. Being a Comment in Prose and Verse, upon all the Rejoicing Sermons that were preached June the 7th, upon the total Defeat of the English and Scotch Jacobites.

23. *Burnet and Wharton*; or, the Two immortal Patriots. An heroic Poem. Inscribed to all true Lovers of their King and Country, but more especially those that had the honour to be personally known either to the late Bishop of Salisbury or the Marquis of Wharton.

24. *The Pulpit Lunatics*; or, a Mad Answer to a Mad Report, made by a Committee of Mad Priests, against Benjamin, Lord Bishop of Bangor, and most humbly inscribed to that truly pious and learned Prelate.

25. *The Bull-baiting*; or, Sacheverell dressed up in Fireworks; lately brought over from the Bear-garden in Southwark, and exposed for the Diversion of the Citizens of London, at Sixpence apiece. Being Remarks on a scandalous Sermon bellowed out at St. Paul's on the Fifth of November, 1709, before the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by Dr. Sacheverell.

26. *The Conventicle*; or, a Narrative of the Dissenters' New Plot against the present Constitution in Church and State, with the Names of the Plotters, and their Places of Meeting. The whole written by way of Irony; occasioned by the High Church Party's passing the Bill to prevent (what they call) the Growth of Schism. Proving the Protestant Dissenters and Low Churchmen his Majesty's most loyal Subjects and best Friends!

27. *The Hanover Spy*; or, Secret History of St. James's, from the Reign of Queen Robin down to the late Misunderstanding in the Royal Palace.

28. *Dunton's Recantation*; or, his Reasons for deserting his Whiggish Principles, and turning Jacobite; being a loyal Irony, or Bite for the Jacobites.

29. *The Passive Rebels*; or, a Satire upon the High Church Impudence of wearing Oaken Boughs on the Restoration Day, Rue and Thyme on the Thanksgiving Day, and White Roses on the Pretender's Birth-day.

30. The Pulpit Trumpeter; or, the Substance of all the Treasonable Sermons that have been preached at Whitechapel by that Nonjuring Rebel Dr. Walton; attested by two of his constant Hearers.

31. The High-Church Martyrology; or, the true Character of all that have died by the ignominious Death of the Halter, for rebelling against their lawful Sovereign King George.

32. The Pulpit Bite; or, a Satire on the Hereditary or High Church Fools, however dignified or distinguished, that would restore a Popish Pretender under a false Pretence that the Church is in danger under his present Majesty.

33. The Pretender; or Sham King; a Tragi-comedy. As it was acted upon the Theatre of Great Britain during the late cursed Rebellion.

34. God save the King; or, a Speech to our rightful and ever-glorious Sovereign upon his first landing at Greenwich; giving him a hearty Welcome to his new Dominions.

35. The Protestant Nosegay; or, a Panegyrick upon the Royal Orange, and upon all things dignified with an Orange Colour, as it is to King William we owe the invaluable Blessing of a Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of Hanover.

36. George the Second; or, the true Prince of Wales; an heroic Poem. Dedicated to that truly loyal and thoughtful Patriot, who was the first Proposer of that blessed Legacy, the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of Hanover.

37. The Queen by Merit; a Paradox fully proved in the illustrious Character of the Princess of Wales.

38. The Royal Pair; or, a Panegyrick upon Conjugal Love. Inscribed to that matchless Instance of it, the Prince and Princess of Wales.

39. The Unborn Princes; an heroic Poem. Inscribed to the Issue of the illustrious House of Hanover not yet in being; but is more particularly addressed to Prince Frederick George, and the Two young Princesses, more lately arrived at the Port of Life.

40. All's at Stake; or, the only Way to retrieve the lost Glory, Honour, Piety, Morals, and Unanimity of Great Britain, is by the Choice of a good Parliament.

EXTRACTS FROM "DUNTON'S CREED,"  
or, "*Religio Bibliopolæ*." (See p. xxv.)

"The Author of this Treatise not having leisure to finish this Piece as he intended, being called aside upon unavoidable reasons; we have been compelled to supply that defect by another Hand, yet with all the care possibly to reach the air and style of the Author, which is of that neatness and facility as must needs recommend it, were there nothing else considerable, to the taste of such an Age as this: the method being obvious and easy, the notions bold and intelligible, and the whole throughout acted with such a spirit of life and vigour, as certainly can never fail of acceptance with the truly learned and ingenious. Under such prejudices do we labour, and our conceptions of things are for the most part so irregular and monstrous, that but to attempt our delivery, and set us free from the slavish power of custom and education, wherewith we are so miserably involved, merits no small commendation, though the success be unanswerable to the undertaking; but to clear our dim sight, to take the film from our eyes, and place us in the open sun-shine of reason, and true judgment; to acquaint us with the prerogative of our own understandings, and the due liberty and freedom of using them, is an achievement that exacts the highest applause and gratitude from the better and nobler part of mankind. Hereby we are enabled to make a true estimate of things, to divest them from all those foreign and specious accoutrements, with which error and mistake have clothed them. We shall then see things in their own native and naked forms, and be able to reduce them to their true and intrinsic worth and value.

"Though trades, as well as Nations, have scandals fastened upon them in the lump, yet there are some in all professions to whom the abusive character is not due. Booksellers in the gross are taken for no better than a pack of Knaves and Atheists; though, thanks to our few kindred among the Stars, it is only by prejudiced men: yet among them there is a retail of men who are no strangers to Religion and Honesty. I, that am one of that calling, am bold to challenge the title of a Christian, neither am I ashamed to expose my morals.

"I have no reason to tax my education, or blame those who had the care of my juvenile years. My Tutors were learned and orthodox, and made it their business to form my mind, and square my soul by the best precepts and purest examples. Yet, when I arrived at years of maturer judgment, I found occasion to prune myself, and lop off many excrescences; to wipe out the early impressions of my infant years, and unlearn the notions I sucked in with my Mother's milk. Though there were no Legends in the nursery, nor Heresies in the schools where I was brought up; yet my blooming fancy was fertile in *Errors*, and sprouted forth in many luxuriant thoughts. It was the task of my riper judgment to correct these, and reduce myself to the standard of Reason and Faith. Having, therefore, got the weather-gauge of youthful mistakes, by diligent scrutinies, and proper remarks; having put in the balance and weighed my native Religion with all others that are extant; I now make that the object of my choice, which, before, was only the effect of prepossession; and as I was listed a soldier of Christ in my baptism, so now I declare myself a volunteer in his service; what was then done without my knowledge, I now ratify by my free consent. And I resolve not to change my banner as long as I live.

"I pretend not, by the title of this small Treatise, to any extraordinary scheme or new draught of Religion for men of my own profession; much less would I be thought slyly to suggest any neglect or deficiency of theirs in the practice of the old. I am very well assured, that '*Religio Bibliopolæ*' seems a direct tautology; but surely it can be no offence to say, that I could wish we were all more in earnest for Heaven, and that we had all the wisdom and virtue that ever appeared in the guise of true reason in the world, summed up and amassed in a Christian Bookseller; especially in a daily sincere contempt of this World. No eager pursuit, or restless intemperate desire of wealth or honour, must be harboured by us, who are to fix our whole hopes on another Country; and we should confess ourselves Strangers and Pilgrims on this Earth, by the precepts and examples of all the Holy Prophets and Apostles throughout the whole Book of God. To set any extraordinary value on the world, is to unravel the peculiar principle of Christianity, and run retrograde to the steps of the Holy Jesus."



\* \* Among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library (Miscell. No. 71 and 72) are two curious Volumes of Dunton's Epistolary Correspondence on various subjects, both of a private nature and on matters of business. An abstract\* of their contents is here presented to the Reader, as it may serve to illustrate and authenticate many particulars in the Author's Narrative of his own Life.

[MS. RAWL. in BIBL. BODL. *Miscell.* No. 71.]

1. Several Letters on Ireland, giving a Description of various Parts of that Kingdom.

Letter I. begins—"Since Nature, not without a long nine months' cookery, has fitted us to enter into the world, and the care of our parents or friends is generally employed for qualifying us to make some figure therein; I think them unworthy both, who, having made any considerable observations upon its stage, basely confine them within their own breasts, without affording their fellows the benefits or diversions which they may receive thereby. If, then, any thing in my Ramble be worth their notice, it is from you they must receive it, as a debt wholly due to you, both by my promise and inclination; and if the following account have any thing useful or agreeable to you, I am sure the rest of the world which sees it will not be disgusted at it, especially if they be blest with the same apprehensions that you are. To begin then. Having first furnished my pockets with necessary cash, which you know will make the mare go, if the spurs be not blunt, nor the switch broken; I got upon the outside of an easy pad-nag; for you may observe, that, since the Trojan wooden horse, none have been heard to travel in the inside of their palfrey, and, following my nose, which pointed Westward, the first place I arrived at was Chapel Izod, a country-house within two little miles of Dublin, seated upon the banks of the Liffey, and by the wall of the Deer-Park, whereto the Governors of this Kingdom commonly retire from the fatigues of their

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\* For which the Editor desires to express his obligations to the Rev. Philip Bliss, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, the very accurate Editor and Improver of "Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses."

Court. There is little remarkable here, more than the situation, which, lying between two heights upon a pleasant smooth river, makes it agreeable enough in the summer. At that time the Lady Marchioness of Winchester was lying in child-bed here of the young Lord Nassau Pawlet."

2. "A Summer's Ramble (through Ten Kingdoms) occasionally writ by John Dunton in his Travels; and sent to his Friends in England. Wherein he relates the History of his Sea-voyages, his conversation on the Roads, at the Inns, and Towns he staid at, with particular Characters of Men and Women, and almost every thing he saw or conversed with: more especially in Holland, America, Dublin, &c. where 500 Persons may find their Pictures, that little expect it. The whole writ in a different method from other Travellers, and discovers the mistakes of some late Writers. Illustrated with Copper-plates representing the most pleasant Passages in the whole Adventure."—This "Ramble," so frequently referred to in Dunton's "Conversation in Ireland," was prepared for the press; but has never yet been printed.

The following Letters are in the same MS Volume.

Letter 1. To his Wife, dated from West Cowes in the Isle of Wight, October 25, 1685.

Letter 2. To my only Brother Mr. Lake Dunton, lately returned from Surat in the East Indies, dated from Boston in New England, Feb. 17, 1685-6.

Letter 3. To Mr. George Larkin, Printer, at the Two Swans without Bishopsgate, London, dated Boston, March 25, 1686.

Letter 4. To Mr. John Woolhurst, at his house in Clare-market, London:

"My dear Cousin,—Not only your relation to me, as the Son of my Father's own Sister, but much more our being contemporary in years, and companions to each other in our juvenile sports and recreations, has made," &c. &c.

Letter 5. To his ever-honoured Father, the Reverend Dr. Samuel Annesley, in London.

Letter 6. To my dearest Wife:

DUNTON MSS. IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. 753

Letter 7. To my beloved Sister, Mrs. Sarah [Dunton.]  
[Some other name erased, and *Dunton* written by Dr.  
Rawlinson.]

Letter 8. To Mr. Rich. Wilkins, Boston, New England.

[MS. RAWL. in BIBL. BODL. No. 72.]

1. Letter to Mr. Sheafe the Stationer, on the Seizure  
of his "Life and Errors," dated December 24, 1704.

2 & 3. Letters from Sappho to Dunton.

4. Letter to Mrs. Hester Wainhouse, at the Hog in  
Armour in Lambert-street, Goodman's Fields; with the  
Answer in Short-hand.

5. Letter subscribed Ariadne, directed to "Mr.  
Leander, to be left at John Dunton's, at the Raven."

6 & 7. Letters signed Orinda; the latter addressed  
"Dear Papa."

8. Assignment from a Lady to "Mr. Leander," pro-  
mising to meet him at St. Lawrence's Church, at Dr.  
Hickman's Lecture.

9, 10, & 11. Letters on Love Affairs. Philaret, Igno-  
tus, Leander, &c.

12. Retirement from the World not necessary for the  
practice of Virtue. [Not in Dunton's hand, anonymous.]

13—17. More Love Letters, from and to Dunton.

18. Note offering a Translation of "Instructions to  
Ladies for their Conduct in the World" from the French.

19. Letter of William Dockwra, of the Penny-post, to  
Dunton, on his Case, and requesting assistance in alter-  
ing and correcting his Statement, dated Sept. 16, 1701.

20. Letter from Daniel Williams to Dunton, refusing  
to lend him Money.

21—29. Love Letters, with Answers in Short Hand.

30. Letter from D. B. to Robert Mawson, at the Bible  
and Star in Irland-yard, &c. dated Sept. 5, 1715, N. S.

31. Letter to Dunton from his Sister Elizabeth Guyse.

32. "Sabine's Thoughts on several Divine Subjects."

33. Letter from George Larkin, dated London, April  
15, 1703, to Dunton (though the direction is torn off).

756 DUNTON MSS. IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

34. Letter from Thomas Dixon to Dunton, dated Whitehaven, October 22, 1705, proposing the publication of Letters between Sir —— and a Nonjuring Clergyman, on several licentious subjects.

35. Letter from William Richardson to Mrs. Norraway (sent by Dunton to be printed).

36. Letter from George Ridpath to Dunton, dated September 22, [16]97.

37. Letter from some Female, directed for Mr. Wilkins, to be left at the Post-house in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, dated August 12, 1699. She laments the indisposition of his health, and offers to send "Mr. Larkin" to nurse him. With "Philaret's Answer," in short-hand.

38. Letter to John Dunton, from Sarah Dunton, complaining of ill-treatment, neglect, &c. (See p. *xix*.) This and No. 37 in the same hand.

39. Letter, signed "Anonyma," to Leander, in which she declares to have discovered John Dunton, "the famous paltry Bookseller, in a mask, and in the habit of a spark and a lover." A good letter. Dunton's Answer in Short-hand.

40. Another Letter, from the same to the same, on the same subject; with Answer in Short-hand.

41—46. Letters signed *Swancastle*, to his Grace *John Duke of Frome*.

(Probably written for the *Post-Boy Robbed*.)

[I think this name, with others, chosen by Dunton to correspond with Larkin and his Brother, in order to avoid detection, probably at a time when he was concealed from his Creditors. This opinion is strengthened particularly by Letter 43, where Dunton's own case is evidently related:—"May it please your Grace,—I wrote to you last Saturday, &c.—I need not tell you of Philaret's letters to Valeria and her Mother, nor Valeria's last answers to those letters, for those I hope you have received, which I hope will satisfy you that Valeria's love to Philaret is more than what you and I believed some time ago; at least it appears more to me; and since I have perceived such a disposition in good earnest in Valeria, it is my opinion (with submission to your Grace's better judgment) that it is the interest of Phi-

laret to cohabit with her, because such a cohabitation is the most likely way to confirm her love, and in time (as bad as her Mother is) to engage her's also."—Now this is Dunton himself, who was then in great distress, parted from his Wife, and who was advised to live with her once more. This letter is dated Aug. 22, 1700.

Letter 44 is from his Brother, or Brother-in-law; and in the conclusion, he says,

"I did not read *my Lord's* Letter," &c. Now here "my Lord's" is evidently an insertion in the place of "*Mr. Larkin's*," which name is erased, but still visible on a near examination. And it is directed

"These for Mr. John Johnson," &c. the Writer having commenced writing *Dunton*, but recollecting himself, altered it to *Johnson*.

47. On Cock-fighting. A letter by Dunton.

48. Letter from Ste. Humble [to Dunton], recommending him to be reconciled to his Wife, whose Mother was dying. Dated March 31, 1706. (See p. *xx*.)

49. Letter signed "Orinda," addressed to Dear Papa on the back.

[Articles of Agreement between Daniel De Foe and John Dunton, for writing a weekly Paper to be intituled *The Hanover Spy*, dated October 28, 1717. (The rough draught.)

50. Letter (Anonymous) giving an opinion of one of Dunton's Books, and of the disagreement between himself and his Wife.

51—53. Letters signed Almira, desiring the commencement of a correspondence on Platonic Love, &c.

54. Letter on Mr. Norris's Epistles.

55—64. Love Letters.

65. Articles of Agreement between Sam. Wesley, clerk, Richard Sault, gent. and John Dunton, for the writing the Athenian Gazette, or Mercury, dated April 10, 1691. Original, executed by the three persons.

66. A Letter of advice to Dunton, probably from Dr. Woodward. (See p. *xxii*.)

67. Agreement between Andrew Bell and John Dunton for Copy of the "Athenian Oracle," dated November, 1702. (See p. 195.)

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68. A Letter from Sir Peter Pett. (See p. xvii.)  
69. To Mr. Dunton, to be left with Mr. Larkin at the Black Bull in Sherborne Lane, near Stocks Market.

SIR, *Kath. Hall, Dec. 20.*

When I first read your obliging Letter, I immediately resolved to gratify your request, and to send you a few verses on your new performance : but as for the answer which you speak of, I confess I was not aware that you had desired any such thing ; till, being alarmed by your second Letter, I took an occasion to review the former of them ; wherein I do find, after long inquiry, in an absconding corner of it, that there really was such a kind of insinuation ; though, if it had not been for this accident, I had certainly concluded myself guiltless, and could never have believed that such a thunderbolt of a letter as your second was forging against me. After all, I am heartily sorry for this oversight, and I ask your pardon for it ; for I am wont, if you remember, to be more sharp-sighted ; for which reason I confess it might well astonish you. As for Mr. Dandy and my character, what he tells me of that business is this, that you have been pleased, in a certain Journal, to introduce my name, which he has endeavoured, he says, to strike out again ; but is withal persuaded that the thing was designed for my good ; I do not fear that my character will suffer in your hands, for I have too great a confidence in your friendship to entertain such a thought ; but I say that, as the case stands at present, and considering me, forsooth, in my public capacity, such a thing as that is will create a foolish unnecessary disturbance, and make a vain-glorious figure in the eyes of my Benefactors : so that if you please, it would do well if it were wiped out again. Though I would not have you think that I am so rag-mannered as not to return you my thanks for your beneficence ; but you might spare your incense for better services, and not lavish it away upon such dull unmeritorious wretches as I am. As to the poetical promise I have made you, I must humbly offer it to your consideration, that I have not written above seven or eight lines in that way since I left London ; so that if I happen to drop in the performance, and fall flat upon my eyes in the middle of a stanza, you must excuse me.

Secondly, Term-time being just over, I shall set about your business out of hand; and in six days time, you may expect your trifle. In the mean time I am sorry to see you drop so many jealousies of my friendship in your letters; for my part, I am passionately desirous of your correspondence, and have a great inclination to continue, or (as you would call it) to revive our old Platonism. But I think we must get your blood scarified from the saline particles, and put you upon a moderate use of Venus: for all jealousy proceeds from the habit of a man's body. But I perceive I have not room to make a leg at parting; and therefore, Sir, I am

Your old friend and servant, R. KEY.

I have not time to review this letter, and therefore you must endeavour to make it out with your own invention. My kind service to Mr. Larkin, and Mrs. —, Mr. Kenswell, and Mr. Eels, with his Lady, &c.

70. Letter to Dr. Fowler of Cripplegate, from Anthony Horneck, promising Dunton the refusal of his Sermons to print.

71. Dr. Annesley's Answer to Dr. Fowler on the foregoing Letter. Dated January 5, 1684-5.

72. To Mr. John Dunton, to be left with Mr. Kenswell, Shoemaker in Little East-Cheap, London.

DEAR MR. DUNTON,

*April 10.*

I am even heartily glad matters are brought to an accommodation betwixt us; though I was often ready to conclude you and your peevish piece of Flesh would be as easily reunited; but I see the bonds of friendship are more sacred and inviolable than those of marriage. My Friend has told me the whole process since I left Chester, and I must needs applaud the whole conduct, and embrace your generous proposal with freedom and satisfaction. I have been out of joint, and without ballast ever since I left Mr. Dunton, and my comfort at present is a reflection on the old proverb, that a bone once dislocated, if restored and adjusted, is more strong for the future than before. I hope you will receive a penitent Prodigal, when I tell you, that I frequently anticipate the ravishment I shall have in your charming converse, when the kindness of the Stars shall make us neighbours. In the mean time I shall strive to bear up under the un-

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comfortable distance, for which disadvantage the frequency of your Letters can only atone. Your candour commands my respect and gratitude, and your worth and learning my reverence and wonder, and both together inflame the reckoning so prodigiously, so that I am afraid I shall be insolvent. However, I had the boldness to press for another favour, that you would keep Mr. Dandy ignorant of our reunion, for I design to live in London unknown to him. I am as drowzy as a dormouse, and as dull as if I had never had a line from you; and therefore you will excuse this hasty address, for it is already turned of twelve: however you may expect I shall dream of you to-night, and take me at present for your affectionate son and servant, R. KEY.

I expect a letter next post.

73. Letter from R. Gwyn, Feb. 10, 1715, relative to Dunton's presenting his Book to the King.

74. Letter to Dunton from Dr. Bullivant, dated Northampton, (in America,) Feb 18, 1710-11. (See p. 100.)

75. Letter from Lord Warrington. (See p. xv.)

76. Letter from Dunton to his Wife.

77. Letter from Dunton to Mr. Highland, the person with whom Mrs. Dunton lodged.

78. Letter from J. Spademan to Dunton, dated Rotterdam, October 8, 1695.

79. Letter from J. Ellesby, on Dunton's printing some work of his; [probably "The Directory for Tender Consciences."]

80. Letter from Rev. W. Turner to Dunton, on the former's "Book of Religions," dated November 14, 1697.

81. Letter from Sappho to John Dunton.

82. Dunton's Letter of Petition to Lord [Quære, if not Lord Sunderland?] praying for his Majesty's Bounty, and setting forth his Losses in the Service of his Country \*. Dated, June 9, 1713.

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\* The Earl's answer to this Letter was, "Tell Dunton he is an impudent Fellow, and has abused the greatest men in the Nation."



## INDEX OF NAMES.

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### A.

A——, Romish Priest 607  
 A——, Rev. M. 694, 712  
 Ab——l, Mrs. 109  
 Abercromby, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Abington, *beauish* 292  
 Abney, Alderman 354  
 Adams, Rev. Richard 172  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 287  
 Addison, Rev. Dr. 675  
 Agchmooty, Captain 520  
 Ailmer, Brabazon, bookseller 206  
 Albyn, Rev. Mr. 177  
 Alecto 450  
 Alkin, Rev. Mr. 160  
 Allen, Rev. Mr. 94, 107  
 ——— Rev. Mr. junior 94  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 728  
 Almira, *unknown* 293  
 Alsop, Rev. Vincent 174, 676, 714  
 ——— Capt. Benjamin, bookseller 147,  
     214, 262  
 Amery, *thinking* 292  
 Ames, Mr. poet 186  
 Anderton, Rev. Mr. 728  
 ——— *sweet* 293  
 Andrews, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Anglesey, Countess of 280  
 Anne, Queen 333  
 Annealey, Anne 354  
 ——— Rev. Dr. S. 65, 69, 80, 91,  
     95, 113, 165, 376, 377, 676, 697,  
     729, 742  
 ——— Judith, Dunton's Sister-in-  
     law, 355  
 ——— Capt. 570  
 Annion, Capt. Simon 521  
 Arnold, Mr. 354  
 Artemisa 186  
 Arwaker, poet 355  
 Ashbury, actor 563  
 Ashe, Dr. St. George, Bishop of Clog-  
     her 506, 516, 627  
 Ashton, Rev. Dr. 675  
 Ashurst, Sir Wm. 203  
 ——— Sir Henry 273, 350  
 ——— Alderman 353  
 Aspin, Mr. 518

Astell, *divine* 293  
 Astwood, printer 245  
 ——— John 245  
 Atherton, *grave* 292  
 Atterbury, Bp. 368, 675, 746  
 Audland, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Axe, Thomas, binder 258  
 ——— Mr. book-auctioneer 236

### B.

B—ry, B— Dunton's Sister-in-law 82,  
     85, 446, 493  
 B——l 463  
 B——y, engraver 264  
 B——, Rev. Mr. 294  
 B—ford, *sh—ing* 293  
 B—set, *amorous* 292  
 B——neels 405  
 B——nce, *thirsty* 292  
 B——n 406  
 Back, *solid* 292  
 Bacon, Dunton's porter 510, 546  
 Badden, *good acquaintance* 293  
 Baily, Rev. John 95  
 ——— Rev. Thomas 95  
 Baker, Mr. bookseller 226  
 ——— binder 258  
 Balch, Justice 79  
 Baldwin, Richard, binder and book-  
     seller 259  
 ——— Anne, news-woman 236, 260  
 ——— Mary 260  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 518  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 728  
 Ball, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Ballard, bookseller 222  
 Bancks, *faithful* 292  
 Barber, Alderman, printer 249, 250  
 Barlow, Bp. *xviii.* 152, 160, 742  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 160  
 Barnard, Rev. Mr. 177, 728  
 Barnes, Mr. 107  
 ——— *Williamite* 292  
 ——— newswoman 236  
 Barret, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Barton, Rev. Mr. 371  
 Basset, R. bookseller 226  
 3 c

- Bateman, bookseller 217  
 ——— Richard, surgeon 357  
 ——— his father, died a martyr 357  
 Batersby, bookseller 218  
 Bates, Rev. Dr. 166, 708, 714, 718  
 Bath, Countess of 624  
 Baxter, Rev. Mr. 115, 167  
 Bayly, Rev. Mr. 675, 728  
 Bayley, *grammatical* 293  
 Beardwell, printer 251  
 Bedford, Duke of 342  
 Bedle, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Bell, Andrew, bookseller 195, 206,  
 269, 757  
 Bellamy, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Belland, Mr. 359  
 Bennet, Thomas, bookseller 207  
 ——— news-woman 236  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 677, 692  
 Benskin, bookseller 215  
 Benson, Rev. Mr. 62, 728  
 Bentley, Rev. Dr. 367, 675  
 ——— bookseller 550, 552  
 Bentley, *novel* 292  
 Berriman, Rev. Mr. 376, 377  
 Bettisworth, Mr. 355  
 Bever, bookseller 226  
 Beveridge, Bp. 363, 665, 675  
 Bill, printer 292  
 Billingsley, bookseller 230  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 728  
 Bingham, Mrs. 355  
 Birch, Dr. Peter 677  
 Bishop, Mrs. 356  
 ——— bookseller 237  
 Bisset, Rev. Wm. 369, 675, 732  
 Blackall, Bp. 668, 669  
 Blackmore, Rev. Mr. 728  
 ——— poet 291  
 Blackstone, Rev. N. 288, 370  
 Blagrove, *plain* 292  
 Blaire, Mr. bookseller 212  
 Blake, bookseller 213  
 Blanchard, Mrs. 355  
 Bliss, Rev. Philip 753  
 Blount, Sir Thomas Pope 194  
 Boddington, Nicholas, bookseller 209  
 Bohun, Edmund, licenser and author  
 268  
 Bolton, Dr. 518  
 ——— *chaste* 293  
 Bonner, Bp. 651, 656  
 Bonny, Wm. printer 247  
 ——— Mr. of Dublin 521  
 Bonwick, bookseller 216  
 Boswile, bookseller 210  
 Bosworth, Mr. 590  
 Boulter, Mrs. S. 733  
 Bourn, Samuel, binder 258  
 ——— Mr. 590, 634  
 ——— Canon of St. Paul's 651  
 Bowdin, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Bowley, *limping* 293  
 Bowly, Richard 23  
 Bowtel, *generous* 293  
 Bowman, *sincere* 293  
 Boyer, Abel 209, 431  
 Boyle, Rev. Mr. 555  
 Boyse, Mr. of St. Alban's 289  
 ——— Rev. John, of Dublin 152, 168,  
 533, 575, 728  
 Braddyll, printer 251  
 Bradford, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Bradshaw, author 18  
 Bragg, Benjamin, bookseller 219  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 372, 675, 728  
 Brand, Rev. Thomas 174, 675  
 Brandon, Rev. Mr. 160  
 Brent, printer 522  
 Brewster, Edw. bookseller 206  
 Brick, Widow 106, 115, 122  
 Bridges, printer 250  
 Bridgwater, Rev. Ben. *xrv.* 177  
 Br—ggs, *tippling* 292  
 Brinly, Isaac 65  
 Briscoe, Samuel 292  
 Briscow, Sarah 64  
 Brocas, John, printer 522  
 Brome, bookseller 222  
 Brooks, *military* 292  
 Brooksbank, Bathsheba 422  
 Brotherton, binder 258  
 Brown, Thomas, poet 179, 190, 293  
 ——— Daniel, bookseller 208  
 ——— Dr. George, Provost 626  
 Brudenell, printer 251, 447  
 Brunning, Minbeer, a Dutch book-  
 seller 96  
 Buck, Rev. Charles 404  
 Buckingham, Duke of 340  
 ——— Sir Owen 352  
 Buckley, Samuel, bookseller, and  
 printer of the Gazette 234, 433,  
 732  
 Buckly, actor 563  
 Bullard, book-auctioneer 236  
 Bullivant, Dr. Physician 100, 760  
 Burgess, Rev. Mr. 169, 675, 728  
 Burhop, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Burnet, Bp. 362, 665, 666, 676, 749  
 Burr, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Burrige, Mr. 518  
 Burroughs, Francis 135  
 ——— bookseller 218  
 Burthogg, Dr. 182  
 Bury, coffee-man 358  
 Bush, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Butler, bookseller 257  
 ——— Hon. Col. *xix.* 491—493, 515,  
 520, 628  
 ——— the poet 641

C.

C——ry, *intriguing* 293  
 C——k, a beau 98  
 C——le, *rampant* 292  
 Cademan, *blunt* 292  
 Cadogan, Earl 741  
 Calamy, Rev. Dr. 371, 671, 678, 680,  
 681, 690, 691, 695, 696, 706, 707,  
 728  
 Calvert, *working* 292  
 Campbell, Duncan, bookseller 96  
 ——— Patrick, bookseller *xix.* 491,  
 492, 494, 497, 499-508, 515, 525,  
 529, 547, 561, 562, 578, 611, 619,  
 632, 639  
 Care, Harry 265  
 Carleton, *lovely*, of Hull 293  
 Carr, Robert 186  
 Carstairs, Rev. Mr. principal of Edin-  
 burgh University 680, 681, 683, 690,  
 711, 728  
 Carter, Mr. 637  
 Carteret, Earl of 740  
 Catcot, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Catharine, Wife of Charles II. 337  
 Cayley, Mr. 588, 638  
 Chace, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Chalouer, Rev. Dr. 624  
 Chamberlain, Dr. 451  
 Chambers, apothecary 635  
 ——— Joseph 577  
 Chandler, bookseller 227  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 728  
 Chantry, bookseller 269  
 Charles I. 593  
 ——— II. 594  
 ——— V. Emperor 585  
 Charlton, Rev. Mr. 370  
 Charnock, Dr. 714, 718  
 Cheek, Mrs. Grace 293  
 Child, bookseller 216  
 Chiswell, Richard, bookseller 204, 666  
 Christian, *cheerful* 293  
 Christmas, Mr. 151  
 Churchill, Major 291  
 ——— Awnsham, and John, book-  
 sellers 204, 211  
 Clark, Francis, printer 249  
 ——— *austere* 292  
 ——— Rev. Wm. 62, 378, 724, 732  
 ——— Henry, printer 249, 461  
 ——— *Zaccheus* 292  
 ——— *Thee and Thou*, 292  
 Clarkson, Mr. 573  
 ——— Rev. David 173, 573  
 Clavel, Robert, bookseller 207  
 ——— Roger 354  
 Clayton, bookseller 238  
 ——— Alderman 353  
 Cleave, Isaac, bookseller 228

Clements, bookseller 237  
 Clerk, Rev. Mr. Rector of Arkesden,  
 161  
 Climene, Duntion's nurse 330, 404,  
 486, 490, 602, 638  
 Clogher, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Clonuff, Lord 590  
 Cock 489  
 Cockrill, Thomas, senior and junior,  
 booksellers 214  
 Coggen, bookseller 226  
 Coke, Edward, historian 179  
 Colchester, Colonel 273  
 Cole, Dr. Archdeacon of St. Alban's  
*xxi.* 287, 675  
 Collier, Joseph, bookseller 219  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 369  
 Collings, Dr. 237  
 Collins, Deputy, printer 244  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 372  
 Colton, Rev. Thomas 419  
 Comber, Dr. 676  
 Comfort, Mrs. 131, 135, 137  
 Compton, Bp. 675  
 Congreve, Madam 570  
 ——— poet 291  
 Constantine, apothecary 634  
 Conyers, G. bookseller 230  
 Cook, *Man* 293  
 ——— Edward, licenser 267  
 Cooper, Rev. Wm. 172  
 Coot, Mr. Justice 521  
 Corbury, Mr. and Mrs. 638  
 Cornish, Alderman 86  
 Costan, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Cotton, Rev. Mr. 115, 728  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 373  
 Cowley, Abraham 184, 585  
 Cowper, book-auctioneer 226  
 Cox, binder 259  
 Crail, stationer 256  
 Crowthroft, Mr. 590  
 Cray, *obliging* 293  
 Crisp, Rev. Mr. 374  
 Crook, bookseller 215  
 ——— Andrew, King's printer 566  
 Croom, news-woman 236  
 ——— printer 252  
 Crouch, Nath. bookseller 206, 435  
 ——— Samuel, bookseller 211, 225  
 Crow, apothecary 634  
 Crusoe, Rev. Timothy 378  
 Cruttenden, *nice* 292  
 Cullum, Rev. Mr. 721  
 Culverwell, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Cumberland, Bp. 675  
 ——— *honest* 292  
 Cunningham, Rev. Mr. 370, 728  
 Cuppage, Mr. 521  
 Curtis, news-woman 236

## D.

D—, Mrs. 109  
 D—ton, bookseller 221  
 D—y 445, 468  
 D—ke 478  
 D—e, Madam 531, 547, 548, 601, 612, 636  
 D—s, Rev. Mr. *xxvi*.  
 Damer, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Dancer, Nat. bookseller 228  
 ——— Sylvester 357  
 Dangerfield, Mr. 572  
 Darby, printer 247, 445  
 ——— 543  
 Darker, printer 249  
 Darrack, printer 696  
 Davis, bookseller 227  
 ———, Rev. Mr. schoolmaster 517, 519  
 ———, Capt. 571  
 ———, *polite* 293  
 Dawes, Sir William, Abp. 365, 669  
 Dawks, Ichabod, printer 250  
 Dawson, Rev. Joseph 419  
 Dawson, Mr. 151  
 Day, Sarah 63  
 Deacon, *Giltspur* 292  
 De Foe, Daniel *xxviii*. 180, 192, 423, 449  
 Dell, Mr. 529, 552, 634  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 675  
 Delamere, Lord 178, 541, 742  
 Denmark, Prince George of 335  
 Dennis, *critical* 291  
 Devonshire, Wm. Duke of *xxii*. 340  
 Desborough, *charitable* 293  
 Dick, coffee-house keeper 529, 543, 552  
 ——— his Wife 552  
 Dickenson, Rev. Thomas 421  
 Digby, Sir Kenelm 115, 577  
 Dike, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Dixon, Rev. Mr. 370, 714  
 ——— Thomas 756  
 ——— Mrs. 715  
 Dobbs, William 505, 529, 532, 634  
 Dobson, Eliphal, bookseller 238  
 Dockwra, William, inventor of the Penny Post 352, 755  
 Dodgins, binder 258  
 Dодwell, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Doolittle, Sarah 64  
 ——— Rev. Samuel 47, 62, 170, 371, 676, 728  
 Dopping, Bp. Anthony 626  
 Dorrington, author 207  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 370, 677  
 Dorset, Earl of 344, 452  
 Dove, Rev. Mr. 675  
 D—ve, *unfortunate* 292  
 Douglas, *contented* 293  
 Dowley, binder 261  
 Downing, Lieut. 569  
 Drake, Rev. Mr. 675

Dring, *ruling* 292

——— *witty* 292

Drury, Mr. 518

Dryden, John 231

Ducket, John 23

——— *calligraphy* 293

Dudley, Major, President of Boston 98, 111

Duncombe, Sir C. 472

Dunton, John, memoirs of &c.—his character under the assumed name of Philaret 68, 92, 143—opened a shop at Black Raven in Poultry, just upon the Revolution 152—list of works printed for him 152—seven books of which he repented the printing 159—his case respecting his second marriage 286—married the second time in St. Peter's Church, St. Alban's 286—had no children 308—his intended epitaph 285—lived a prisoner to his Wife's fortune 287—his own character 239, 641, 730, 731—his Appeal to George I. 735—list of his Political Tracts 744—his Creed 751—account of his MSS. in Bodleian Library 753

——— Elizabeth (John's first Wife) 65-68, 526, 527—her letter to Madam Singer 198, 408, 412—her character under the assumed name of Iris 68, 92, 142—view of her life and death 276—285—tears to her memory 285—her epitaph *ib*.

——— Sarah (John's second Wife) *xviii*. *xix*. *xxxi*. 196, 408, 464, 526, 527, 544—character under that of Valeria 286

——— Rev. John (Father of John) *vi* 21, 27, 40, 42, 43, 45, 48, 63, 568, 699

——— Lake, (brother of John) 347, 359, 754

——— Elizabeth (sister to John) 485

——— Lydia (Mother of John) 21, 40, 41

——— Mary (sister of John) 27, 485

Durant, Mr. 359

D'Urfey, poet 86, 179

Dyer, stationer 255

## E.

Eachard, historian 291

Earle, Rev. Mr. 371

Ecling, Mr. Baron 521

Edwards, Rev. Dr. 206, 367, 675

——— Mrs. 581

——— Mr. 584

——— *dairy* 293

Eggesfield, *hoary* 292

Eliot, *affectionate* 293

Elizabeth, Queen 627

Ellesby, Rev. J. 760  
 Elliot, Rev. Mr. Apostle of the Indians  
     115, 121, 152  
 Ellie, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Ellwood, Master 661  
 Emlyn, Rev. Mr. 575  
 Emp—n, William 405  
 Epes, Mr. 128  
 Essex, Earl of 344  
 Evans, Joshua 49  
 Evans, Bp. 675  
     Rev. Mr. 728  
 Everingham, printer 250  
     *Yorkshire* 292  
 Evets, bookseller 219

F.

F——y 466, 476, 484  
     Mrs. 109  
 F——eux, P—— 295  
 F——, T——, bookseller 510  
 Fabian, *Lord* 292  
 Fairclough, *reverend* 293  
 Falkland, *Lord* *xxiii.*  
 Faucet, *Exchange* 292  
 Fazerkerley, W. Chamberlain of London 352  
 Fearn, Rev. Mr. 675  
     Dr. 291  
 Fell, Rev. Dr. 675  
 Feltham, *smiling* 292  
 Fennet, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Ferguson, Johnny 598  
 Field 489  
 Fineaux, of Canterbury 444  
 Finch, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Finley, Mrs. 357  
 Firth, Rev. John 421  
     William 422  
 Fisher, Rev. Mr. 519, 675  
 Flamstead, Dr. 673  
 Fleetwood, Bp. 366, 675, 731  
 Fleming, Rev. Mr. of Rotterdam 141  
     Rev. Mr. his son, 374  
     Rev. Mr. 681, 728  
     *gude* 293  
 Fonvive, Mr. 428  
 Foster, Mr. 562  
     *ingenious*, alias Father Jacob 293  
 Fowler, Bp. 363, 675  
 Fox, bookseller 225  
 Francis, Rev. Dean 518  
     Rev. Mr. 675  
 Franks, Rev. Mr. 721  
 Fraser, *Catalogue*, the licenser 266  
 Freke, Rev. Mr. 374, 727  
 Freeman, bookseller 215  
     Rev. Mr. 675  
     copper-plate printer *xxiii.*  
 Freind, Rev. Richard *x.*  
 Fromantle, Madam, Dunton's Sister 358  
 Froom, Duke of 590, 756

Fuller, Mr. author 181  
     Mrs. *xxvi.*

G.

G——, F——, Col. 294  
 G——tham, *smarking* 292  
 Galway, Earl of 343, 553, 609  
 Gardiner, Mrs. 404  
     Bp. 656  
 Gardner, *prudent* 293  
 Gardon 520  
 Garret, *Indenture* 292  
 Garth, Sir Samuel 291  
 Garthwait, Mr. 358  
 Gastrell, Bp. 675  
 Gaunt, the compassionate Mrs. 86  
 Gazette, the writer of the, characterized 437  
 Gee 634  
 Gellibrand, John, messenger to the press 253  
     *religious* 292  
 George of Denmark, Prince 335  
 Geoghagan, a priest 624  
 Gerbier, Sir B. 472  
 Gery, Capt. 97  
     Rev. Mr. 132  
 Guy, Thomas, bookseller 205  
 Gilson, Rev. Mr. 373  
 Gidly, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Gifford, binder 260  
 Gilbert, Mr. 518  
 Gildon, Charles 181, 191, 734  
 Gill, *charming* 293  
 Gilliflower, bookseller 213  
 Gilson, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Gipling, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Glanvil, Dr. 675  
 Glasscock, Rev. Mr. 373  
 Gledhil, Rev. Mr. 373, 728  
     Mrs. 373  
 Goddard, *joining* 293  
 Godfrey, Anne 203, 357, 483  
 Godolphin, Earl of 345  
 Goldsmith, *wax-wool* 293  
 Goodall, Mrs. 357  
 Goodwin, Timothy, bookseller 208  
     Rev. Mr. 372  
     Rev. Thomas *ib.*  
 Goodyear, *Teneriffe* 293  
 Gookins, Rev. Mr. 118  
 Gordon, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Gore, Mr. 98  
 Gouge, linen draper 101  
     Rev. Thos. 378, 665, 728  
 Gough, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Grantham, printer 246, 405  
 Gregory, mathematician 661  
 Green, printer 96  
     his Wife 104—106  
     an enemy of Dunton's 288;

Greenwood, Jonathan, bookseller 227  
 Grew, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Griffith, Rev. Mr. 624  
 Grisstock, *fatherly* 293  
 Grosvenor, Rev. Dr. Benj. 372, 717  
 Grover, news-woman 236  
 Guise, Elizabeth *xxx*. 755  
 Gun, Nat. bookseller 550  
 Gwillim, bookseller 224  
 ——— Madam 293  
 Gwither, Dr. 625  
 Gyles, bookseller 237

## H.

H——, Mrs. 110  
 H——, Alderman 257  
 H——, stationer to James II. 291  
 H——, 468  
 H——, Counsellor 560, 580  
 H——ck, Mr. 732  
 H——sets, Rev. Mr. *xxvi*.  
 Hacker, Madam 359  
 Halifax, Marquis of 193, 345  
 Hall, Bp. John 363, 612, 675  
 ——— Dr. of Dublin 518  
 ——— Mary 568  
 ——— *diligent* 293  
 Halsey, bookseller 217  
 Hamer, Mr. and Mrs. 634  
 Hamilton, Rev. Mr. 681, 728  
 Hamlin, Mr. 641  
 Hamlin, Joe 293  
 Hammerton, copper plate printer 264  
 Hammon, *agreeable* 293  
 Hammond, Rev. Mr. 176  
 Hancock, bookseller 224  
 ——— Archdeacon 518  
 ——— Recorder of Dublin 614  
 Hannot, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Hardesty, Mrs. 357  
 Harding, bookseller 223  
 Harley, Robert (afterwards Earl of Oxford) 349  
 Hartington, Marquis of 343  
 Harman, Mr. 576  
 Harper, bookseller 210  
 Harrington, Rev. Joseph 733  
 Harris, John, bookseller 203, 223, 231  
 ——— Ben. *neat and poetical* 293  
 ——— Benjamin, printer and bookseller 188, 208, 216, 447, 465—467, 474  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 675  
 ——— Elizabeth, bookseller 223  
 Harrison, bookseller 229  
 Hartley, William, bookseller 208  
 Harvard, Rev. John, founder of Harvard College 114  
 Harvey, Benjamin 359

Haskard, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Hatley, Major, stationer 235  
 Haversham, Lord 346  
 Hawes, bookseller 208  
 Hawkins, binder 258  
 ——— *noisy* 292  
 Hawks, *spelling* 293  
 Hawksworth, Mrs. 598  
 Hayes, Rev. Mr. 48, 675  
 ——— *sociable* 293  
 Hayhurst, Robin, printer 247, 293  
 Hayley, Rev. Dr. Wm. 367, 675  
 Hearle, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Heath, Mr. merchant 98  
 Heathcote, Alderman 354  
 Hedges, Sir William 194  
 Helder, *familiar* 292  
 Hemsworth, Rev. Mr. 518  
 Henderson, bookseller 238  
 Henry, Rev. Mr. of Chester 376  
 ——— Mr. 404  
 ——— Dr. Philip 677, 706, 726  
 Hephtinstall, printer 248  
 Heron, Mr. licenser 268  
 Herrick, Mr. of Salem 126  
 ——— bookseller 233  
 Herringham, *rich* 292  
 Hescot, actor 563  
 Hewling, Madam *xxvi*.  
 Hewly, Lady 418  
 Hickeringil, Rev. Mr. 161  
 Hickes, Dr. 677, 692  
 Hicks, Mrs. 124  
 ——— Capt. 147  
 ——— bookseller 237  
 Hickman, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Higgins, Rev. Mr. 127  
 ——— *Irish* 734  
 Hiland, Mr. 289  
 Hildyard, bookseller 237  
 Hill, Joseph 115  
 ——— Rev. Mr. of Rotterdam 140  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 728  
 Miller, *independent* 292  
 Hindmarsh, *Tory* 292  
 Hoadly, Bp. 669, 671, 713, 731, 749  
 Hodgson, bookseller 215  
 Holt, Sir John 347  
 ——— *virgin* 292  
 Hooke, book-auctioneer, 236  
 Hook, Nicholas, and numerous family, 568  
 Hool, Sam. stationer, 255, 405  
 Hooper, Bp. 675  
 Horn, bookseller 221  
 Horneck, Dr. Andrew 161, 676, 759  
 Hotchkis, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Houlton, alderman 354  
 Hough, Bp. 364, 675  
 Howe, Rev. Mr. 169  
 How, John, bookseller, 220  
 ——— Job, printer 250

How, John, 350  
 ——— Larkin, 441  
 Howe, Rev. John 714  
 Howel, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Hubbard, bookseller 229  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 133, 728  
 Hughes, Rev. Mr. 728, 728  
 Humble, Ste. *xxi*. 757  
 Humphreys, Mr. 204  
 ——— Bp. 675  
 Humphries, Sir W. 352  
 Hurst, Rev. Henry 172  
 Husbands, actor 563  
 Hussey, bookseller, 209, 210  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 377, 728

I & J.

Jackson, James 599, 601  
 ——— *candid* 293  
 Jacomb, Rev. Dr. 166  
 James, printer 252  
 ——— Eleanor 253  
 ——— Dunton's servant 510, 546  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 675  
 Janes, Rev. Mr. 677  
 Janeway, printer 250  
 ——— Dick, binder 257  
 Jay, Rev. Mr. of Chinnor 63, 152, 160  
 ——— Eliphal, bookseller 227  
 Jeffreys, Judge *xxvi*.  
 Jenkyn, Rev. Mr. 171  
 Jenner, Capt. Thomas 86, 88  
 Jey, Robert 521  
 Jey, lawyer at Dublin 579  
 Ingoldsby, Sir Henry 568  
 Johnson, bookseller 238  
 ——— Mrs. of Kensington 293  
 ——— Mrs. of St. Alban's 293  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 675  
 Jollyff, Mr. 97  
 Jones, author 181  
 ——— Edward, printer 220, 244  
 ——— Herbert, senior 358  
 ——— Rev. David 369  
 ——— Rev. John 516  
 ——— Mr. Rath. 521  
 ——— Mr. of Dublin 630  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 675  
 Ireton, *accomplished* 293

K.

Kairns, Counsellor 589  
 Keble, bookseller 219  
 Keblewite, bookseller 237  
 Keith, George 532  
 Kelsey, Mr. 600, 601  
 Kennett, Bp. 675  
 Kenswel, Mrs. 358

Kentish, Rev. Mr. 377  
 Ker, Dr. 682  
 Kereen, Father 557  
 Kerr, Rev. Dr. an eminent school-  
 master 178, 372, 379, 682  
 Kettleby, bookseller 209  
 Key, R. 759, 760  
 Kiblewaite, *London and sober* 292  
 Kidder, Bp. 162, 364  
 Kilfield, *hospitable* 293  
 King, Mr. of Boston 97  
 ——— Dr. William, civilian 468  
 ——— Abp. 533, 675  
 ——— bookseller 359  
 ——— Capt. 291  
 Kingston, Mr. 62  
 Kinsey, book-auctioneer 236  
 Knaggs, Rev. Mr. 368, 675  
 Knaplock, bookseller 216  
 Knapton, bookseller 217  
 Knight, painter *xxiii*.  
 Knowles, binder 260  
 Knox, bookseller 238

L.

L——, usurer 636  
 Lake, Mary 27  
 Lamb, Dr. 675  
 ——— *meek* 293  
 Lambert, Martha 87  
 Landers, Mr. 588, 638  
 Lane, Alderman 354  
 Larkin, George, bookseller *xxvi*. 99, 186,  
 202, 245, 435, 438, 439—441 (*his*  
*family ib.*) 486, 487, 490, 523, 529,  
 551, 617, 622, 634, 754  
 Larkin, junior, printer 250  
 Latham, *balsamic* 293  
 Lawrence, John, bookseller 42, 205  
 Laycock, bookseller 213  
 Lea, *kind* 293  
 Leach, printer 247  
 Leak, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Lecrose, Mons. 198  
 Lee, bookseller 214  
 Leeds, Duke of 341  
 Leek, *humble* 292  
 Leers, bookseller of Rotterdam 141  
 Leeson, tooth-drawer 248  
 Leg, Capt. Samuel 137  
 Leibourn, printer 246  
 Leigh, bookseller 207  
 Lesley, Rev. Samuel 453, 459, 478,  
 677, 727  
 L'Estrange, Sir Roger 247, 265  
 Levett, Alderman 354  
 Lewis, Rev. Mr. 379  
 ——— Dr. W. 77  
 Lindsey, bookseller 229  
 Lines, Justice 97

- Lintott, Bernard, bookseller 234  
 Lisle, Mrs. 549  
 Lister, Rev. *accepted* 421  
 Littlebury, stationer 256, 269  
 Lloyd, Bp. 61, 75  
 Lobb, Rev. Mr. 175  
 Locke, *Understanding* 291  
 Long, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Longmore 563  
 Lorrain, *kind* 293  
 Lovel, Sir Salathiel 353  
 Lownds, bookseller 213  
 Loyd, Rev. Dr. 518  
 Lucas, Rev. Mr. 518, 675  
 Ludlow, Stephen 521  
 Lukin, Rev. Mr. 175, 728  
 Lum, Mr. banker 520, 571  
 Luntley, Mr. 360  
 Lutwich, Wm. 404, 486, 489, 490  
 Lyddel, *pious* 293  
 Lye, Rev. Thomas 175  
 Lyttelton, Sir Thomas 350
- M.
- M——al, Capt. 191  
 M——y of Cornhill 444  
 M——ls, Mr. 233, 447, 468  
 M——rn, *spurious* 292  
 Macarty, Mr. 97  
 Mackensie, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Mackworth, Sir Humphrey 350  
 Malinson, Mr. 99  
 Mallet, newswoman 236  
 Malthus, Thomas, bookseller 86, 220  
 ———, Sarah, bookseller 220, 446,  
 447, 448, 459, 462, 463, 475, 476, 478  
 Manhood, binder 259, 260  
 Manley, Isaac 291  
 Manningham, Bp. 675  
 Manship, Samuel, bookseller 206, 356  
 Manton, Dr. Thomas 721—*epitaph* 417  
 Mariat, Obadiah 65  
 Mariot, a celebrated eater 90  
 Marlborough, Duke of 338  
 Marriat, Rev. John 699  
 ——— Rev. Obadiah 123, 699  
 ——— Rev. Zephaniah 699  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 682  
 Marriott, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Marsh, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Marshal, John, bookseller 216, 355  
 ——— Capt. 126  
 ——— *composing* 292  
 Marshall, Rev. J. 370, 669  
 ——— *Essex* 293  
 ——— Mr. of Suffolk 404  
 Martyn, bookseller 212  
 Martin, Samuel 521  
 Mary I. Queen, Court and Character of  
 648-658—her character 649, 657  
 Mary II., Queen 665
- Mash, Mr. 518  
 Masham, Lady 293  
 Mason, Mr. 98  
 Mather, Rev. Increase 94, 96  
 ———, Rev. Cotton 94  
 ———, Rev. Mr. 372  
 Mauduit, Rev. Mr. 377, 737  
 Maxfield, Mrs. 638  
 ———, *conscientious* 293  
 Maynard, Sir John 115  
 Mayo, Rev. Richard 174, 375, 675, 722  
 Mead, Rev. Mr. 148, 676, 689  
 ———, printer, 252  
 Mearn, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Meath, Earl of 609  
 Megee, Mr. and wife 583  
 Meggot, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Meridith, *fortunate* 292  
 Merreal, Alex. stationer 234  
 Middleton, Rev. Dr. 681, 691, 693  
 ———, *Jamaica* 293  
 Midgely, Dr. licenser 267  
 Midwinter, bookseller 207  
 Milbourn, printer 244  
 ———, Dr. 354  
 ———, Rev. Mr. 370  
 Miller, Dr. 179  
 ———, bookseller 213  
 Millington, Edw. book-auctioneer 235  
 Mills, Mr. 354  
 Milner, Johanna 360  
 ———, Jacob 638  
 ———, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Milward, Rev. Mr. 173  
 Milton, *philosophic* 292  
 Minshull, John, bookseller 237, 625  
 ———, his son 625  
 Mitchell, binder, 262  
 Monckton, *Christianity* 292  
 Moncrief, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Monk, George 97  
 Montgomery, Hugh, bookseller 269  
 Montgomery, Sir Thomas 600  
 Moody, Rev. Mr. 95, 728  
 Moore, printer 252  
 More, Madam 567, 571  
 ———, Bp. 675  
 ———, *peeping* 293  
 Mortimer, Mr. merchant 97  
 Mortlack, bookseller 210  
 Morton, Rev. Charles 123  
 ———, Dr. physician 123  
 Mery, *little* 292  
 Moss, Bp. 369, 673  
 ———, Mr. 521  
 Motte, *learned* 292  
 Motteux, Mr. 192  
 Moulins, Mr. 518  
 Moulton, Capt. 87  
 Mount, bookseller 219  
 Moxon, printer 251  
 Murray, Rev. Mr. 675



N.

Nelson 546  
 Ness, Rev. Mr. 176  
 Nevil, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Newborough, bookseller 229  
 Newcastle, Duke of 341  
 Newcome, *press* 292  
 Newman, Dorman, bookseller 211  
 ——— Hugh, bookseller 215  
 ——— printer 249  
 Newton, bookseller 233  
 ———, Sir Isaac 661  
 Nicholas, Madam Jane (Dunton's mother-in-law) *xviii. xiz. xxi. xzv.* 196, 406, 287, 445, 481  
 Nicholets, Mr. licenser 269  
 Nicolls, Rev. Dr. 366, 675  
 Nicolson, John, bookseller 209  
 Nisbet, Rev. Mr. 375, 681, 728  
 Noble, Rev. Mr. 374, 728  
 Norman, bookseller 238, 565, 566  
 Norris, Rev. Mr. dissenter 375, 376  
 ———, actor 563  
 ———, Rev. Dr. John, rector of Bemer-ton *xvii.* 189, 206, 291, 375, 376, 408, 664, 671  
 Norton, *dimpled*, of Fleet-street 293  
 ——— *single-eyed* 293  
 Northcot, *friend* 292  
 Nottingham, Earl of *xviii.* 345  
 Nowel, bookseller 211  
 Noyse, Rev. Mr. 128  
 Nutt, bookseller 220  
 ——— newswoman 236

O.

Oaks, Rev. John 173  
 Oakes, Dr. physician 100  
 ——— Rev. Dr. of New England 373  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 377  
 Oldfield, Rev. Dr. 680, 695, 696, 706, 707, 713, 728  
 Oldham, poet 291  
 Oldmixon, poet, 732  
 Oliver, Dr. 147  
 Oneby, Justice 338  
 Only, printer 248  
 Ormb, printer 252  
 Ormond, Duke of 194, 592, 594, 626, 669  
 ——— Duchess of 574, 593  
 Orson, Thomas, and wife 585, 638  
 Osborn, George 521  
 ——— *Resumption* 292  
 Owen, Rev. Dr. John 166  
 Oxford, Earl of 349  
 Oxtou, Mary 357

P.

P——er, *substantial* 292  
 ——— *insolvent* 292  
 P——rs, Rev. Mr. *xvii.*  
 P——s 451  
 Paget, Lord 347  
 Pain, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Palmer, Samuel, bookseller 87, 118, 129, 130  
 ——— Rev. Samuel 379, 724  
 ——— *relick* 293  
 Parker, Richard, bookseller 210  
 ——— Peter, bookseller 228  
 Parkhurst, Thomas, bookseller *vii.* 39, 42, 205, 224, 699  
 Partridge, *Westminster* 292  
 ——— Dr. Roger, almanack-maker 146, 292, 466  
 Passenger, *fair* 292  
 Pate, Mr. 190  
 Patt, coffee-man 579  
 Patrick, Bp. 362, 676  
 Pawlet, bookseller 296  
 Pead, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Peirce, *affable* 298  
 Pembroke, Earl of 344  
 Penn, William 532, 556  
 Penny, Mr. 512, 634  
 Pero, bookseller 215  
 Peters, Rev. Peter 429  
 Petto, Rev. Mr. 376, 728  
 Pett, Sir Peter *xvii.* 178, 194  
 Phoenix, Dr. 619—his wife 623  
 Philips, bookseller 25, 216  
 Phillips, author 181, 432, 451, 452, 474, 595  
 Pickance, Capt. 639  
 Piggot, Rev. Mr. 371  
 Pitts, surgeon and author 185  
 ——— bookseller 233  
 ——— Captain 278  
 ——— attorney 580  
 Place, bookseller 234  
 Plowden, Edmund 710  
 Pomfret, Rev. Mr. 171, 674, 675, 706, 729  
 Ponder, Nathan 356  
 Pool, bookseller 226  
 ——— Joseph, binder 258  
 Pope, Rev. Mr. 37, 728  
 Poplar, D. licenser 267  
 Porter, Serjeant 293  
 Povey, Rev. Dr. 701  
 Powell, Rev. Mr. 374, 728  
 Powell, *grave* 293  
 ——— printer 522, 529  
 Pratt, Wm. *vi*  
 Prentice, Father 286

Price, Dunton's book-keeper 510, 546,  
634  
—— Rev. Mr. 728  
Priestly, Rev. Mr. 420  
Proctor, stationer 255  
Pullen, *genteel* 292  
Purcell, Henry, Ode on 662 — epitaph  
663  
Purefoy, Col. 556  
—— Mr. 571  
Purvil, *virtuous* 291

## Q.

Queensberry, James, Duke of 342  
Quick, Rev. Mr. 176  
Quin, apothecary, and Lord Mayor of  
Dublin 632

## R.

R—— 405  
R——d of St. Omer's 444  
R——ns, *wiring* 292  
Ratliffe, Rev. Mr. 111, 112  
Raven, bookseller 290  
Rawlins, printer 251  
Rawson, Mr. 571  
—— Mrs. 571  
Ray, bookseller 238  
—— printer 551, 562  
Read, Matt. barber, 631, 645  
Reading, William *vi.* 23  
—— Counsellor 520  
Reynolds, Mr. 373  
Reynolds, Rev. Mr. 706, 728  
R——nolds, *settish* 292  
Rheams, Rev. Mr. 675  
Rhodes, Henry, bookseller 207  
Richards, bookseller 237  
—— *heavenly* 293  
Richardson, Mr. (Dunton's brother-in-  
law) 140, 146  
—— Mr. writer in the Athenian  
Mercury 192  
—— printer 250  
—— Edmond, binder 257  
—— Rev. William *xvii.*  
Ridley, Mr. 371, 728  
Ridley 624  
Ridpath, George *xviii.* 179, 199, 429,  
734, 756  
Roberts, printer 244  
—— Sir Thomas 351  
Robinson, bookseller 206  
—— Rev. Mr. 371, 728  
—— Dunton's assistant, 510, 546,  
634, 639  
—— Dr. of Dublin 639

Rochester, Earl of 343  
Rochford, Rev. John *xviii.* 288, 675  
Rogers, Rev. Mr. 152, 168  
—— William, bookseller 208  
—— Rev. Timothy 277, 692, 699, 728  
Rogerson, Mr. 565  
Rooke, Sir George 348  
Roper, bookseller 210  
Rosewell, Rev. Mr. 374, 682, 730  
—— senior 378  
Rothwell, bold 733  
Row, Rev. Mr. 675  
Rowe, Elizabeth *xxix.* 185, 193  
—— Rev. Mr. 519  
Royce, Rev. Mr. 728  
Roycroft, printer 292  
Roystone, *orthodox* 292  
Rumbal, *post-house* 292  
Rymer, Mr. 354

## S.

S——l, 474  
S——r, Doll 110  
S——ge 463, 476  
S——ing, Susannah 44  
S——, engraver in wood 264  
S——s, Tom, publisher of the Whip-  
ping-post 450, 451  
Sabina, a lady near Manchester 413-416  
Sacheverell, Dr. 677, 707, 746, 749  
Salisbury, John, bookseller 211  
Sampson, *card* 292  
Sands, Lady 573  
Sanders, Mary 27  
—— *brewing* 293  
—— Mr. 62  
Sare, bookseller 218  
Saunders, bookseller 214  
Sault, Richard, the methodizer, *xvii.*  
*xvii.* 154, 155, 156, 189, 190, 194,  
757  
—— Mrs. 139  
Savage, Rev. Mr. 671  
Sawbridge, George, bookseller 211  
—— junior, bookseller  
211  
Sawyer, Rev. Mr. 675  
Scot, bookseller 269  
—— Rev. Mr. 675, 676  
Schooling, Mrs. actress 568  
Searl, Rev. Mr. 518, 519, 609, 630, 728  
Seaton, Rachael 47, 63, 350, 582, 603,  
636  
—— Rev. Mr. 728  
Sedgwick, printer 249  
Serjeant, *noble* 293  
Servant, Thomas, binder 579, 634  
Settle, Elkanah 183, 191  
Sewel, Mr. 124, 127  
Seymour, Sir Edward 351

Sh—n, Mr. 503  
 Sharp, Abp. 361, 675  
 ——— stationer, brother to Abp. Sharp 256  
 ———, Abraham 422  
 Shaw, *witty* 562  
 ——— bookseller 573, 578  
 Sheafe, Sam. stationer 254, 755  
 Shephard, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Shepherd, Mr. 638, 639  
 Sherlock, Dean 365  
 Shermerdine, bookseller 209  
 Shewel, Mr. 62  
 Shirley, Mr. (alias Dr.) 184  
 ——— *Oxford* 292  
 Sholdham, Mr. 521  
 Shower, Rev. John 63, 124, 148, 152, 168, 674, 696, 725  
 Shrewsbury, duke of 343  
 Shrowsbury, bookseller 221  
 Sbute, Rev. Mr. 675, 728  
 ——— *good humoured* 293  
 Silvester, Rev. Mr. 78, 169  
 Simmons, Thomas, bookseller 224, 356  
 Simmonds, Nevil, bookseller, 356  
 Simpson, binder 258  
 Sims, *liberal* 292  
 Sinclair, Rev. Mr. Nonconformist 575  
 Sinclair, Rev. Mr. Conformist 675  
 Singer, Madam *xxix*. 185, 193, 197  
 Singleton, Rev. Dr. 167  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 600  
 Slater, Rev. Mr. 171  
 Smelt, bookseller 212  
 Smith, coffee-man 196  
 ——— Sam. bookseller 207  
 ——— Ralph, bookseller 222  
 ——— Elephant 358  
 ——— John 521  
 ——— Mrs. actress 563  
 ——— Dr. physician 567, 580  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 675  
 Smithies, Rev. Mr. 369, 675  
 Snell, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Snowden, printer 251  
 Sollers, *country* 292  
 Sophia, Princess 338, 475  
 South, Rev. Dr. 365, 675  
 Southby, bookseller 235  
 Sowle, Mrs. Tacy, printer and book-seller 222  
 Spademan, Rev. Mr. of Rotterdam 141  
 Sparlin, Mr. 638  
 Speed, bookseller 218  
 Sprat, Bp. 361, 667, 675  
 Sprint, Samuel, senior, bookseller 209  
 ——— John, bookseller 230  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 728  
 St John, Sir Andrew 352  
 Stacy, Rev. Mr. 161  
 ——— *rhiming* 292

Stamp, Alderman 353  
 Stanhope, Dean 366, 670  
 ——— James, Earl 738  
 Stapleton, Lady 146  
 Starkey, Mr. bookseller 212  
 Staughton, Mr. Deputy Governor of Boston 93  
 Steel, Rev. Richard 174  
 ——— an extra-binder 258, 262  
 Steele, Sir Richard 732  
 Stennet, Rev. Mr. 373, 696, 706, 718  
 Stephens, or Stevens, Rev. Joseph, lecturer of Cripplegate 152, 163, 513  
 ——— Robin, printer and messenger to the press 253  
 ——— Rev. Mr. minister of Sutton 369  
 Sterne, Bp. John 517, 675  
 Stevens, Counsellor 520  
 Steward, Mr. 133  
 ——— Mrs. 133  
 Stillingfleet, Bp. 676  
 Stivens, Rev. Jeffery 705, 709, 710, 727  
 Stone, *farming* 293  
 Stopford, Robert 520  
 Stort, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Stot, Rev. Mr. 375  
 Strahan, bookseller 269  
 Stretton, Rev. Mr. 373, 728  
 Stubbs, Rev. Mr. 368, 675  
 Sudal, Mr. and Mrs. 635  
 Sudbury, Mr. 139, 489  
 ——— Mrs. sister of Dunton 360  
 Sunderland, Earl of 760  
 Swall, bookseller 216, 221  
 Swancastle, Marquis of 590, 756  
 ——— Lady 633  
 Swift, Dr. Jonathan *xvi*, *xvii*, *xviii*, 193, 740  
 Swinnock, bookseller 224  
 ———, Caleb, binder 261  
 Sympson, Ralph, bookseller 224  
 Syngue, Dean 518

T.

T——, Mrs. 111  
 T——d, Dunton's sister-in-law 86  
 Talbot, Bp. 675  
 Tate, N. poet-laureat 192, 291, 627  
 Taylor, John, bookseller 207  
 ——— newswoman 236  
 ——— Mrs. cousin of Dunton 359  
 ——— Richard 402, 489  
 ——— Mrs. poetess 572  
 ——— *Bridge* 292  
 Taylor, *Mercury* 292  
 ——— Rev. Mr. 728  
 Tempest, *beautiful* 293  
 Temple, Sir William 193

Tenison, Abp. 360, 684  
 Thackery, *quiet* 293  
 Thanet, Earl of 347  
 Theophilus 625  
 Thomas, Mr. news-writer 431  
 ——— *physical* 293  
 Thompson, Rev. Mr. 728  
 ——— *pillory* 293  
 Thoresby, Ralph, antiquary 420  
 Thorncomb, Andrew, bookseller 97  
 ——— *musical* 293  
 Thornton, bookseller 500  
 ——— King's stationer 562, 566  
 Thorp, Mr. 442  
 Thrale, *wise* 293  
 Thurston, *Holborn* 293  
 Thurstone, *sea* 293  
 Thwaites, Mr. 573  
 Tichbourn, Sir Henry 530  
 Tidmarsh, *travelling* 293  
 Tillotson, Abp. 665, 666  
 Timbrel, *sincere* 293  
 Tooke, Ben. 212  
 ——— bookseller 212  
 ——— *Heracitus* 293  
 Tookey, printer 250, 447, 696  
 Toland, John 734  
 Tom——, Dr. 406  
 Tongue, Rev. Mr. 372, 728  
 Tonson, bookseller 216  
 Townley, Captain and Lady 570  
 Townsend, Capt. 97  
 Townshend, Lord 740  
 Toy, Mrs. 108  
 Tracy, bookseller 212  
 ——— alias Pat, coffee-man 634  
 Trail, Rev. Mr. 176, 681, 728  
 Travel, Sir Thomas 291  
 Trelawny, Bp. 675  
 Trench, Rev. Dean 518  
 ——— Mr. 630  
 Trent, Mr. 358  
 Trop, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Tryon, Mr. 101  
 Tr——t, *obedient* 293  
 Turner, Rev. William 161, 283, 496, 760  
 ——— bookseller 230  
 ——— *Purgatory* 293  
 Tutchin, John, the Observator 291,  
 356, 426, 449, 727  
 Tyrrel, James 178  
 Tyson, waste-paper stationer 256

## V, and U.

Vallenge, bookseller 238  
 Vander Gucht, engraver *xxiii*  
 Vanhove, engraver 263  
 Veal, Rev. Edward 62, 172  
 Venables, Mr. 357

Vincent, Rev. Nathaniel 171  
 ——— copper-plate printer 265  
 Vines, Rev. Mr. 676  
 Vink, Rev. Mr. 176  
 Vivian, Mr. 518  
 Usher, Mr. bookseller 95  
 ——— Abp. 497, 694  
 ——— Christopher 520

## W.

W—— 484  
 W——s, Dr. *xxvii*  
 W——s, Mr. *xxviii*  
 W—— B——, Dunton's sister-in-law,  
 82-85, 406, 483  
 W——st, engraver in wood 264  
 Wade, *shortset*, of Ireland 293  
 Waghorn, Daniel 489  
 Wainwright, William 529, 580, 581  
 Wake, Abp. 366, 675  
 Walse, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Walford, Benjamin, bookseller 207  
 Walker, Rev. Mr. 374, 728  
 ——— translator of Epictetus 601  
 Wall, Thomas, bookseller 236  
 Waller, *matchless* 293  
 Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. 567, 571  
 ——— Dr. John 658—661  
 Walpole, Sir Richard 736, 741  
 Waltho, bookseller 208  
 Walton, Dr. 750  
 Walwyn, Herbert, bookseller 218  
 Ward, Author of "London Spy," and  
 poet 355  
 Ware, Mr. 563  
 Warrington, Earl of *xv*, 204, 344  
 Warwick, Edward Rich, Earl of 409  
 Waters, Rev. Mr. 62, 728  
 Watts, Dr. Isaac 696, 722  
 Watson, Mr. merchant 98  
 ——— Rev. Thomas 172  
 ——— apothecary 599  
 Wavil, Mrs. 293  
 Weeks, Rev. Mr. 377, 728  
 Weld, Rev. Nath. 556, 576, 675  
 Wellington, bookseller 212  
 Wells, Rev. Mr. 62, 728  
 Wellwood, *Court* 291  
 Welsted, Mr. 630  
 Wesley, Rev. Samuel *ix*, *xvii*, 62, 86,  
 163, 172, 187, 190, 287, 483, 724,  
 757  
 ——— Mrs. B. Dunton's Sister-in-law,  
*xi*, 82-85, 406, 483  
 West, Mr. 356  
 Whaley, Dr. 637  
 Wharton, Marquis of 347, 749  
 Whatley, Stephen 724  
 Whincop, Rev. Dr. Thomas 367, 675

- Whitaker, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Whitechurch, *discreet* 293  
 White, Mr. 79  
     — Mr. merchant 96  
     — engraver 263  
     — *Minorities* 292  
     — *hue and cry* 292  
 Whitmore, Madam 112  
 Whitledge, printer 250  
 Whitwood, *rolling* 292  
 Wi——, Jack, a poetaster, 468, 469-  
     472, 475  
 Wiat, bookseller 207  
 Widdows, widow 292  
 Wiggins, Mr. 356  
 Wild, printer 252  
     — Rev. Dr. 417  
     — *abridging* 292  
 Wilde, Richard, book-auctioneer 498,  
     505, 507, 509, 510, 550, 617, 634  
 Wilks, actor 563, 565  
 Wilkins, *apprentice* 292  
     — bookseller 136  
     — Mrs. 136  
     — Miss Comfort 131, 135, 137  
 Wilkin, Richard, bookseller 234  
 Wilkinson, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Willard, Rev. Mr. 94, 728  
 Williams, Bp. John 364, 675  
     — Rev. Daniel *xxvii.* 152, 167,  
     292, 680, 695, 696, 706, 707, 710,  
     728, 755  
 W——ms, *tetchy* 292  
 Williamson, Mr. 521  
 Willis, Rev. Dr. Richard 675  
 Willy, Mr. 96  
 Wilson, Mr. 404  
 Wilson, Rev. Mr. 728  
     — *hooping* 293  
 Winch, Rev. Mr. 675  
 Wincop, Rev. Dr. 367  
 Winter, news-woman 236  
 Wire, Sarah 23  
     — *slovenly* 292  
     — *dame* 293  
 Wise, Rev. Mr. 728  
 Wolf, *industrious* 292  
 Wood, Dr. physician 580, 591, 596  
     — Mrs. (the Doctor's lady) 597  
 Woodcock, Rev. Mr. 173  
 Woodward, Dr. John *xxx.* 757  
     — binder 262  
     — Rev. Mr. 675  
 Woolhouse, Rev. Mr. *vi*  
 Woolhurst, John 754  
 Wooly, Rev. Mr. 163  
 Worminton, Mr. Charles, poet 569  
 Wotton, bookseller 210  
 Wrighte, Sir Nathan 347  
 Wright, ensign 574  
     — *ballad* 292  
     — Rev. Mr. 728  
     — *indulgent* 293  
 Wyatt, Rev. Mr. 675

Y.

- Yates, bookseller 217  
     — Mr. 273  
 York, Mr. 97  
 Young, Mr. 518, 574, 623  
     — dean 675, 691, 692, 693

THE END.

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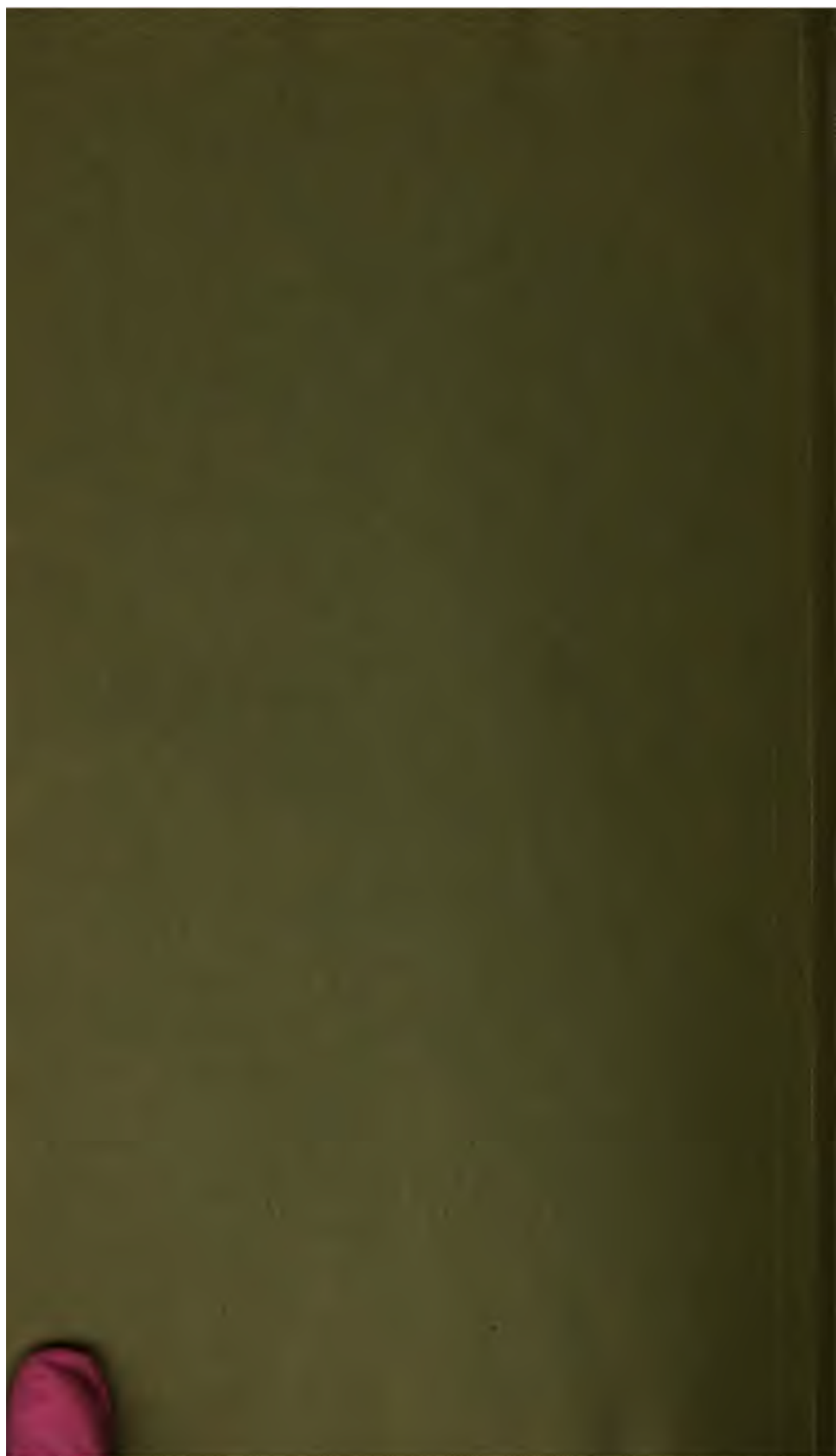
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